REAL WEST

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

Riding High on the Concord

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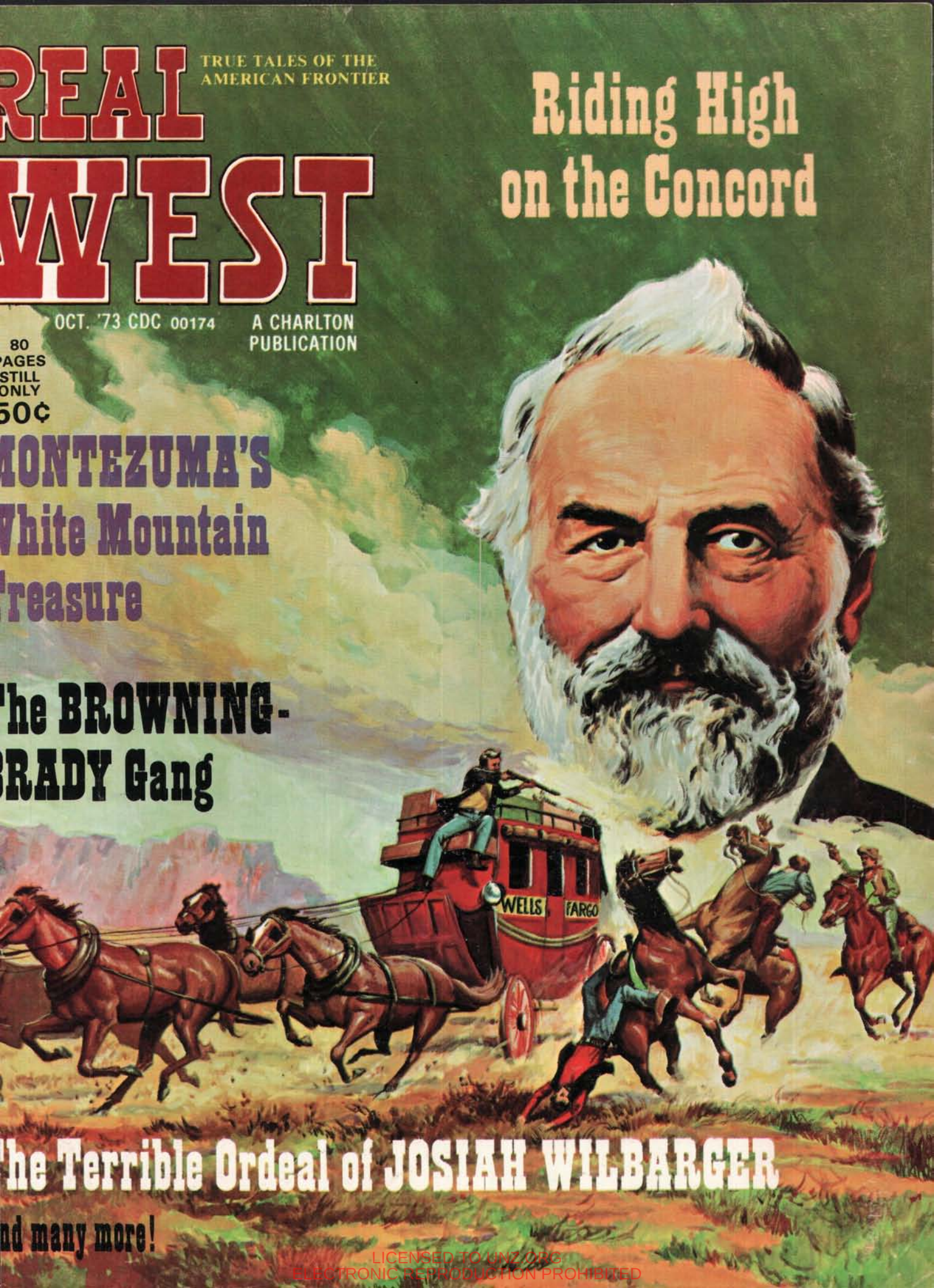
MONTEZUMA'S White Mountain Treasure

The BROWNING-BRADY Gang



The Terrible Ordeal of JOSIAH WILBARGER

and many more!

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IS IT POSSIBLE?

An Automatic Income for Life of $20,000... $50,000...$100,000 a Year...Without Working ...from a Business That Runs Itself!

"I'll show you dozens of plans you can start easily—without investing a cent!" says Ty Hicks.

Dear Friend:

Did you ever stop to think how great it would be to have an automatic income for the rest of your life—an income that goes on whether you work or not? An income of $200...$400...$800... $1,000 a week or more, to do with as you please?

Believe it or not, there are actually scores of businesses that could be bringing you a fortune, without your lifting a finger! Easy, proven, money-making businesses that practically run themselves —to give you extra income without work! All *you* bring to them is a little ingenuity and the step-by-step methods outlined in this book!

Furthermore, you can get into many of these businesses, in your spare time—and build a fortune fast—starting with no money of your own! That's right! An automatic income, without investing a cent!

For Example—

- I'd like to tell you about a method a former blue-collar worker uses—requiring no equipment other than a pencil and paper, and no special skills. He helps other businesses get started. As part of his fee, he becomes a "silent partner" in each business. Today he has an income of more than $50,000 a year, from some 18 businesses. Yet he doesn't work even a minute a month at any of them!
- In another spectacular fortune-making method, all you do is make up company names, and sell them to companies that need names. Using this method, one fortune builder sold nearly $30,000 worth of corporate names in 6 months. And in the next six months, she sold $237,700 worth of names!
- And I'd like to show you how another fortune builder acquired a business that practically runs itself—a parking lot—without spending a cent of his own, even though he was a bad credit risk. Today, he owns 14 parking lots. His net income from each lot is $15,000 per year, giving him a total net income of $210,000 per year!

You'll find the full details in a new book which I have written . . . an eye-opening, profit-laden book that shows you a dazzling array of powerful, proven, money-making opportunities . . . 90% of which require little or no cash, and even less effort!

How To Borrow Your Way To A Great Fortune!

Everywhere I go in this world I meet successful, wealthy people. Were you to travel with me, you'd meet these rich people in the best hotels, the finest restaurants, exclusive clubs, and the biggest resorts.

What's more, you'd learn a great secret from these wealth builders.

- Nearly every person who built great wealth for himself in recent years did so with little or no cash and wound up with a lot of money!

If you met these people, as I have, you'd soon be convinced that the best way to build a fortune today is by using OPM—other people's money. It is the most powerful, the greatest key to fast riches, starting with little or no cash, known in the world today!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ty Hicks has built several fortunes for himself and others, using the methods he gives you in this book. Today he has several *automatic incomes going for him.* "Automatic" because he spends less than two days a week, supervising these businesses—with ample time for travel, entertainment, hobbies!

During his career, Mr. Hicks has made money in hotels, apartment houses, rental real estate, boating, shipping, publishing, amusements, the stock market, and theaters.

More amazing still, he began his search for wealth with *no contacts, no private fortune,* his father having died when Mr. Hicks was only 14.

In this book you'll find scores of tried and proven ways to borrow money quickly, and use it to build a fortune...

Whether you're a man or woman, old, young, married, unmarried...Even if you haven't got a job...or are a member of a minority group...or have no permanent residence...these techniques will work for you! You'll discover...

- How you can get up to $5,000 easily on your signature alone, even if you have been refused before!
- How you can get up to $5,000 for as little as $8 a month!
- How you can get as many as six signature loans, for $5,000 each—in ONE DAY—for a total of $30,000!
- How you can get a large sum of money—thousands of dollars—that does not have to be repaid, is interest-free, tax-free, and can be used for any business purpose, including your salary!
- Over 10,000 ready sources of cash for you (many by mail)!

I'll show you how to use a loan as your springboard to riches! For unlike a car or TV loan, which doesn't pay you anything back, except pleasure, a business loan will often pay you a PROFIT of $50, $100, $200 or more PER WEEK!

Put these wealth-studded tips to work and you can soon be richer than you ever thought possible.

Fantastic Fortune-Making Bargains!

There are unbelievably powerful fortune-making bargains available to you today. Opportunities—open to everyone—that you can take advantage of, with little or no cash, that can stuff wads of profit dollars in your pocket, quickly and easily! For example, you'll discover—

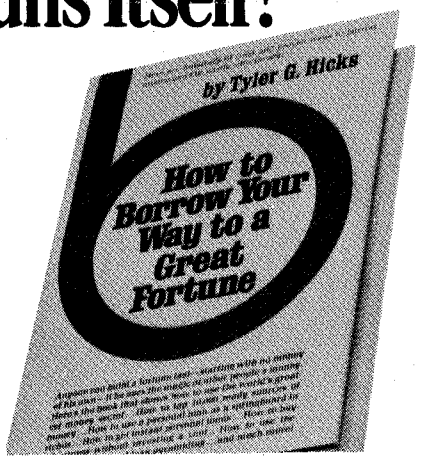
- How a $23,500 split-level home was purchased for only $180.22—and sold for thousands of dollars profit!
- How a 27-room mansion on 13 waterfront acres was purchased for only $98.18!
- How a $12,000 farm-style home was purchased for $55!
- How you may "mortgage out"—a technique that gives you ownership of a property with no money down and with a cash payment to you!

Incredible as it seems, these opportunities are in your local area right now! You don't need any kind of "luck" to find them. I'll show you exactly how to find such fortune-making bargains right away, in the pages of my book. Just apply a little imagination to fit them into your own situation—and you're on your way to a fortune like these.

Shortcuts That Zoom Your Income!

You can, by using the methods in this book, make yourself a millionaire. Others have done exactly that. I've watched them. People like—

- Cliff R. using the secret just mentioned above, Cliff purchased and sold some 25 properties in a six-month period. His profit on these deals was $68,000!
- Sam T. used another one of the sources revealed in this book to get $400. He invested this money in valuable postage stamps, and sold them to fellow stamp club members. Within 3 years, he was worth $500,000!
- You'll see how Larry M. got the money he needed to buy $14,000 worth of paintings. In 2 years, he was offered almost FIVE TIMES as much for them. But Larry waited another year and sold them for more than SIX TIMES the purchase price: $100,000. This is a neat income —particularly when you remember that Larry didn't invest a dime of his own!
- Ben D., considered such a poor credit risk that six banks had refused him time after time, used a method revealed in this book to get a $50,000 five-year loan in less than 30 minutes! He used this money to buy a restaurant. Today, he has five booming restaurants, and more money than he can spend!
- Joel L. started with a gas station which he took over, using one of the many easy loans I tell you about. Once Joel had the gas station, he began to look around for other easy-money



businesses. Soon he had a real estate office, a pet shop, a hardware store, a second gas station, and a laundry! His net income from these businesses was $75,000 the first year!

- Herb F. was a mailman for the Post Office, in a little town in the midwest. Using the method I tell you about—for obtaining large sums of money for as little as $8 a month—he obtained $40,000 without putting up a cent! He used this money to buy a $600,000 motel. Today he's on easy street after only a few weeks!
- Clint T. couldn't stand the 9-to-5 routine of his job. He decided he had to make a pile of money as quickly as possible. Using one of the sources revealed in this book, he borrowed $2,000 and invested it in a meat business. In less than 2 months, he made a profit of $12,300 —OR OVER $200 PER DAY FOR DOING NOTHING, while he had other people's money invested!

I Want To Tell You All About These— And Many Other—"Automatic Income" Opportunities Entirely At My Risk! Like This:

There are hundreds of other profitable deals you can set up, using this ready cash! You'll learn about all of them in my book. I'll show you how to get into a business that's

- Simple to run! • Gives an immediate income! • Can grow quickly!

...and give you an automatic income for the rest of your life, perhaps! An income that goes on whether you work or not! Prove it yourself, entirely at my risk!

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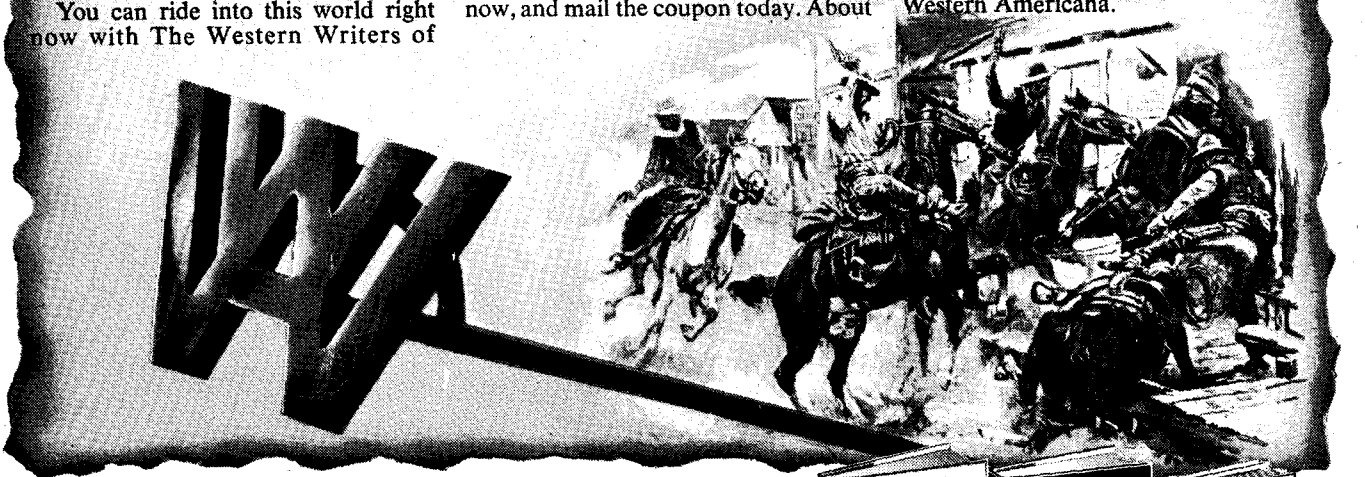

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The Brand of Quality

Volume XVI
Number 120
Oct. 1973

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By Ernest H. Hart

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By Thomas A. Frazier

●

ONLY THE EARTH AND THE MOUNTAINS LIVE FOREVER
By Norman B. Wiltsey

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CHRISTMAS DAY MASSACRE AT EL PUEBLO
By Xanthus Carson

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THE JOURNEYS OF JAMES MAHAN
By Harold Preece

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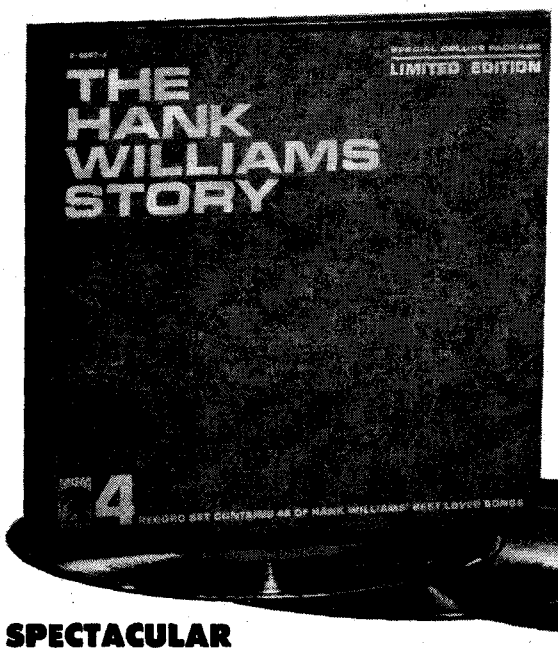
Here he is...The Immortal King of Country Music!

HANK WILLIAMS



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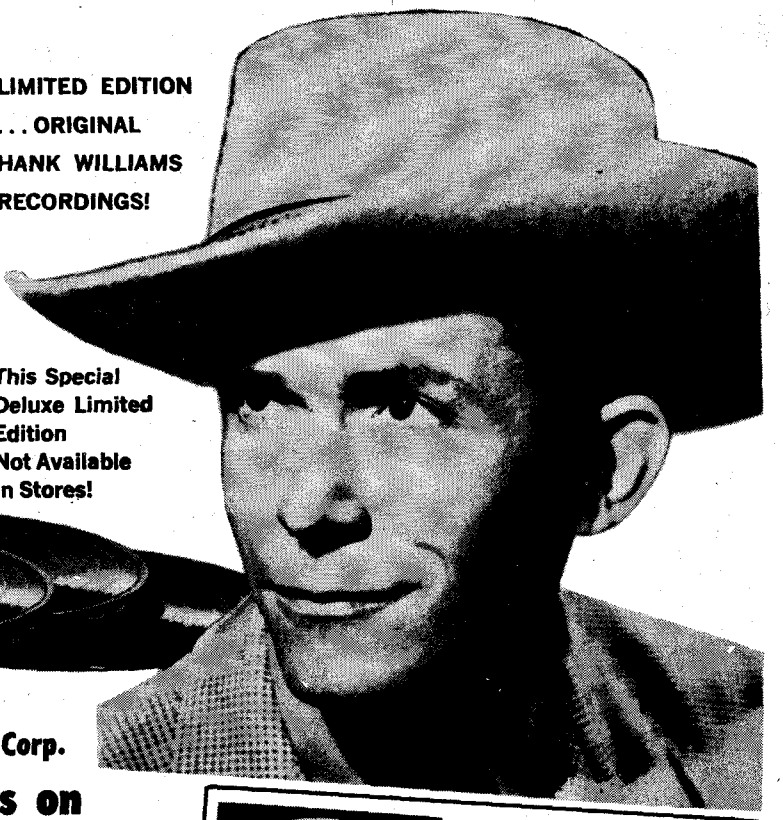

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MAIL COUPON AT ONCE & GET HANDSOME PHOTO OF HANK WILLIAMS (suitable for framing) as an EXTRA BONUS!

Hank Williams died in 1953; he was only 30 years old. He had not even reached the peak of his career, yet he was recognized as "the king of country and western music." His death was a tragedy. It meant that America had lost one of its greatest artists, for Hank Williams had brought joy and pleasure to millions . . . had truly interpreted "country and western music" so greatly that his influence is evident in many country and western artists popular today.

In memory of this unsurpassed artist, here is a wonderful Memorial Album, produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for whom Hank Williams recorded exclusively. Hear Hank Williams sing—as only he could—such haunting hits as *Cold, Cold Heart . . . Your Cheatin' Heart . . . Move It On Over . . . Hey, Good Lookin' . . . Jambalaya . . . Honky Tonkin' . . . Howlin' At The Moon . . . Lonesome Whistle . . . You're Gonna Change (Or I'm Gonna Leave) . . . A House Without Love* . . . and dozens more!

Truly a fitting memorial to Hank Williams are these four 12-inch LP records containing 48 hits! Faithfully reproducing every note and nuance of his homey, haunting delivery, these records will thrill and delight you as only Hank Williams' voice and music can.

And best of all, you can hear these records in your own home for 10 days FREE! You can sit in the comfort of your own living room while you listen to the hit songs previously mentioned . . . plus *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry . . . There'll Be No Teardrops Tonight . . . Rootie Tootie . . . Lovesick Blues* . . . and still more—most of which were Hank's own compositions.

Yes, play these fabulous records in your own home over and over, to your heart's content! Then, if for any reason you decide you don't want to keep them, return them in 10 days and owe nothing. Or if you decide to keep them (as we're quite sure you will), you need send only $5 a month until the total price of $12.95 plus postage and handling is paid.

So act promptly. SEND NO MONEY . . . but do mail the coupon today . . . so we can rush this wonderful, heart-warming 4-Record Memorial Album to you for your enjoyment . . . and 10 days FREE trial!

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

FROM A DESCENDANT OF THE DALTONS

Dear Sir:

In reading your publication, **REAL WEST ANNUAL** 1972, I was interested in the articles on Jesse James and Pat Garrett. As a child, listening to my relatives talk about the old west as they knew it, I often wondered why Pat Garrett didn't shoot the outlaws and everyone would get a good laugh out of my question but I didn't get an answer to the question. Now that I am an adult, I wish I had had the foresight to write down their tales because:

E.A. Dalton — my great - great - grandfather

Zurelda Dalton Cole James Samuels — Mother of Frank and Jesse James

James Lewis Dalton — Father of the Dalton Gang (his wife was Adaline Younger, sister of Henry "Hank" Younger and aunt to the Youngers)

Mrs. Ford — Mother of Charley and Bob Ford

"appear" to have been brothers and sisters. There was supposed to have been another brother "General Bud" Dalton. I cannot find any Civil War records on him but it is rumored in the family that he was a "general" in the Lost State of Franklin, set up in Tennessee since it was not recognized by North Carolina and the US Federal government. The Lost State of Franklin was dissolved after three (3) years and one governor.

My great - grandfather, Joel Anderson Warford (son - in - law of E. A. Dalton), had two (2) sisters that married Garretts. One of the sisters (according to family chatter) was the Mother of Patrick Floyd Garrett. My great - grandparents, Joel Anderson Warford and Mary Catherine Dalton named their second daughter, Alice Floyd Warford (later Mrs. Clinton Hamilton of Bartlesville, Okla. across the line from Coffeyville, Kansas). Floyd shows up several times as a family name.

Do you have a list of persons interested in exchanging data on the above named outlaws? I would appreciate any help you can give me at this time. I am unemployed at the present time and cannot travel about the country looking for the info myself. Thank you.

Betsy Ross Pigg
Lineage and Genealogy Committees
Flag and Heritage Chairman
Santa Ana Chapter, DAR
13631 Havenwood Drive
Garden Grove, Calif. 92643

NEWS OF KIT CARSON'S SON, SAM

Dear Sir:

In your REAL WEST MAGAZINE for May 1972, page 54, "Ask Your Questions" regarding Kit Carson and his wife, how they died, etc.

Do you happen to know these facts?

I have in my possession a newspaper clipping from OUTLOOK, a newspaper published in Santa Monica, California many years ago. The clipping is about Sam Carson, who was the son of Kit Carson. Sam Carson lived with my great grandfather, Don Francisco de Marquez, who had a Mexican land grant called Ranchero Boca de Santa Monica. Sam Carson used to tell lots of tall stories about his father. He lived on the ranch until he passed away. He was buried in the Marquez Cemetery located in the Santa Monica Canyon, part of the land grant.

Yours truly,
Daniel K. Marquez
245 Talley Ho Road
Arroyo Grande, California 93420

LOOKING FOR ALICE MARTIN

Sir:

I am looking for an old lady. She must be near 85-90 years old. Her name is Alice Martin and she was raised in Tennessee. She had a brother named D. A. Martin and another named David (Dade) Martin and a relative named Joseph Martin. I believe they are related to the Martins of Martin Mills, Tennessee and of Scotch-Irish descent.

I would like to hear from anyone who feels they may be related to my late father. He was called Dock Martin and a blacksmith by trade. Anyone know Alice Martin?

Thank you,
E. Martin Moutray
200 Dodson St.
Canton, Texas 75103

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW STILL BEING PERFORMED

Dear Mr. LeBlanc:

On July 21, 1973, the third annual reenactment of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show will begin a five week engagement in North Platte, Nebraska, site of Cody's Scout's Rest Ranch.

As a follow-up to the article in your April issue about Lillian Smith and Cody, it occurred to us that you perhaps would be interested in having further information about the current Wild West. The show is produced by Western Showman Montie Montana, Jr. whose dream it was for twelve years to re-create Cody's grand old show. Enclosed is a circular - poster used by the original Wild West Show in 1900.

Sincerely,
Shirley Palmer
Box 656
North Platte, Nebraska 69101

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THURSDAY JULY 25
BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST
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(continued on page 80)

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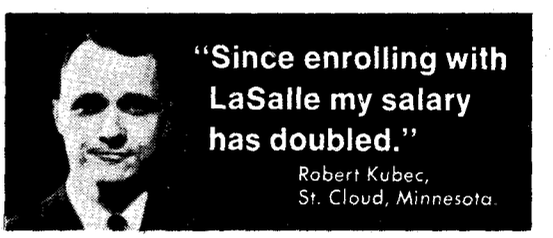

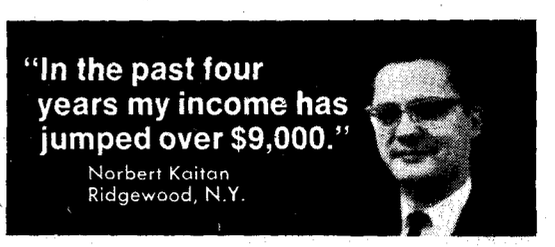

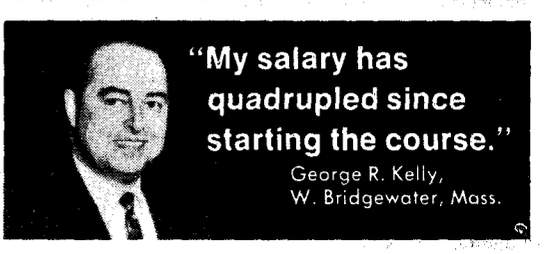

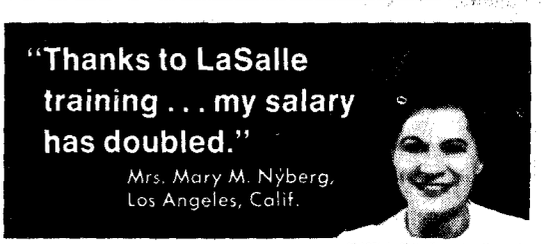

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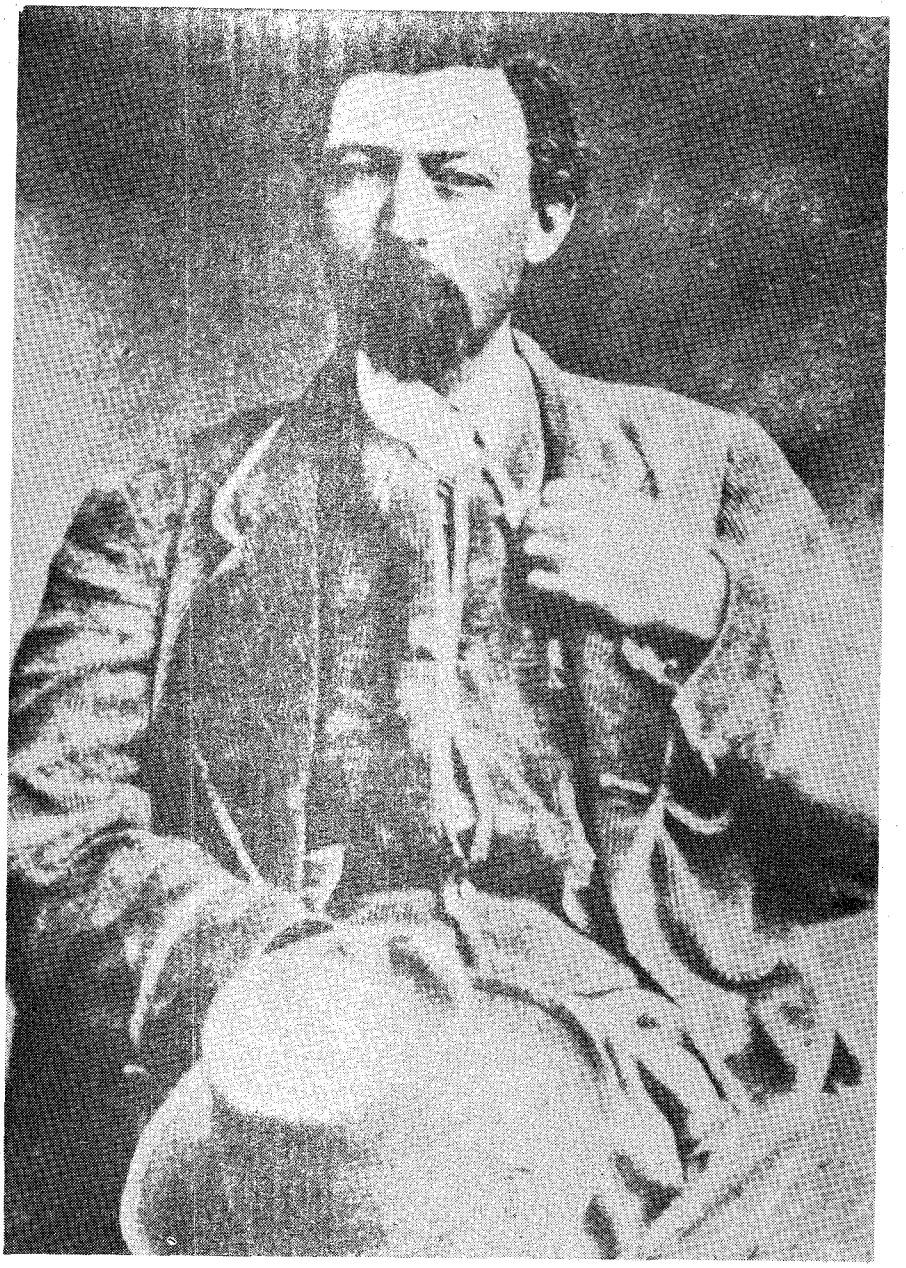
RIDING HIGH ON THE CONCORD

By Doris Cerveri

COVER STORY

Fellow-drivers conceded that "one-eyed" Charlie Parkhurst was one of the smartest, bravest, and most skilled stage drivers in the West. He was just one of a colorful breed but they didn't discover how unusual Charlie was until after 'his' death.



Hank Monk, stage driver made famous by the stories of Mark Twain and Artemus Ward. He once drove Horace Greeley from Carson City to Placerman, a distance of 109 miles, in 10 hours. Greeley never forgave him.

Fellow drivers considered "one-eyed" Charlie Parkhurst one of the best in the business. Mind you, he wasn't smart alecky or reckless, just downright skillful, with nerves of steel and braver than most.

There was the time Charlie drove across the Tuolumne River in high water. Sensing that the bridge might collapse momentarily, Charlie fiercely lashed his horse who leapt forward as if possessed, and the entire rig barely managed to reach the other shore just as the bridge was swept away.

Another story in Charlie's favor concerns the time he was stopped by bandits and had to surrender his express box.

"Next time you come, I'll be fixed for you," Charlie angrily avowed. Sure enough, two weeks later when armed men once again demanded the valuables, Charlie shot the leader before either of them could wink an eyelash, again lashed his horses and sped away without harm thus saving a valuable consignment.

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That was the way Charlie drove for over 30 years for California stagecoach outfits on different runs between Stockton-Mariposa, Sacramento-Placerville, and from Knights Ferry to Stockton.

Tall, broad shouldered, with a face bronzed from consistent over exposure, Charlie was fairly good looking until a rambunctious horse kicked him in the face, severely injuring one eye.

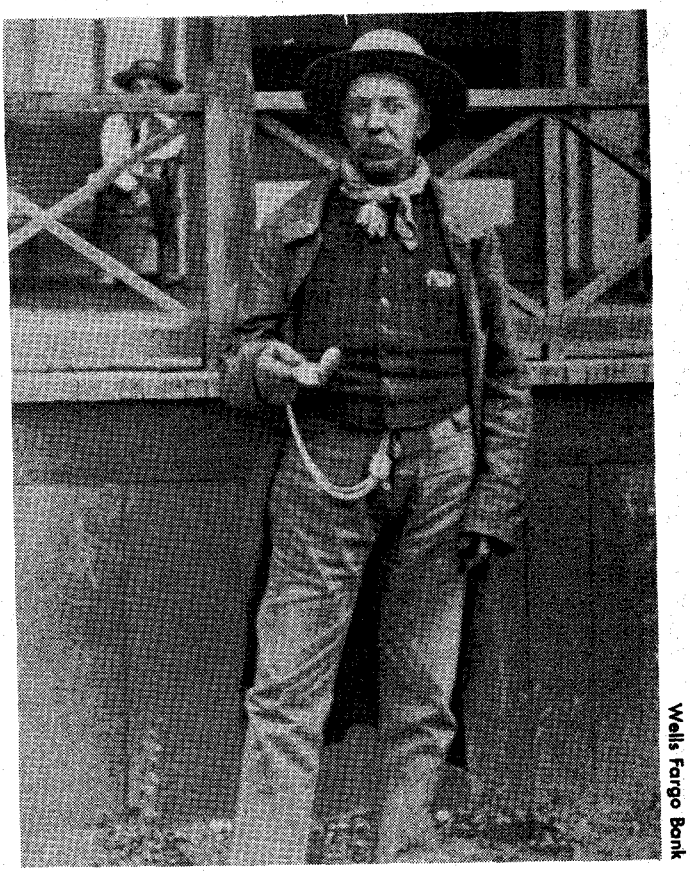
One could always tell there was a bad road ahead. Charlie would cut off an extra large wad of cut plug tobacco to chomp on. There was no guessing about payday either-Charlie drank as much whiskey as any driver, if not more. In fact he usually ended up flat broke after indulging in whiskey drinking and rolling the dice for two-bit cigars.

As Charlie grew older, he suffered acutely from rheumatism and was obliged to quit driving. Instead, he purchased a ranch in the Salinas Valley and lived alone until his death in 1876 at Watsonville.

It was then that Charlie was discovered to be a woman and that's not all - the attending physician certified that at some time, somewhere during Charlie's lifetime, he had been a mother. That was a feat no driver on record could hope to match!

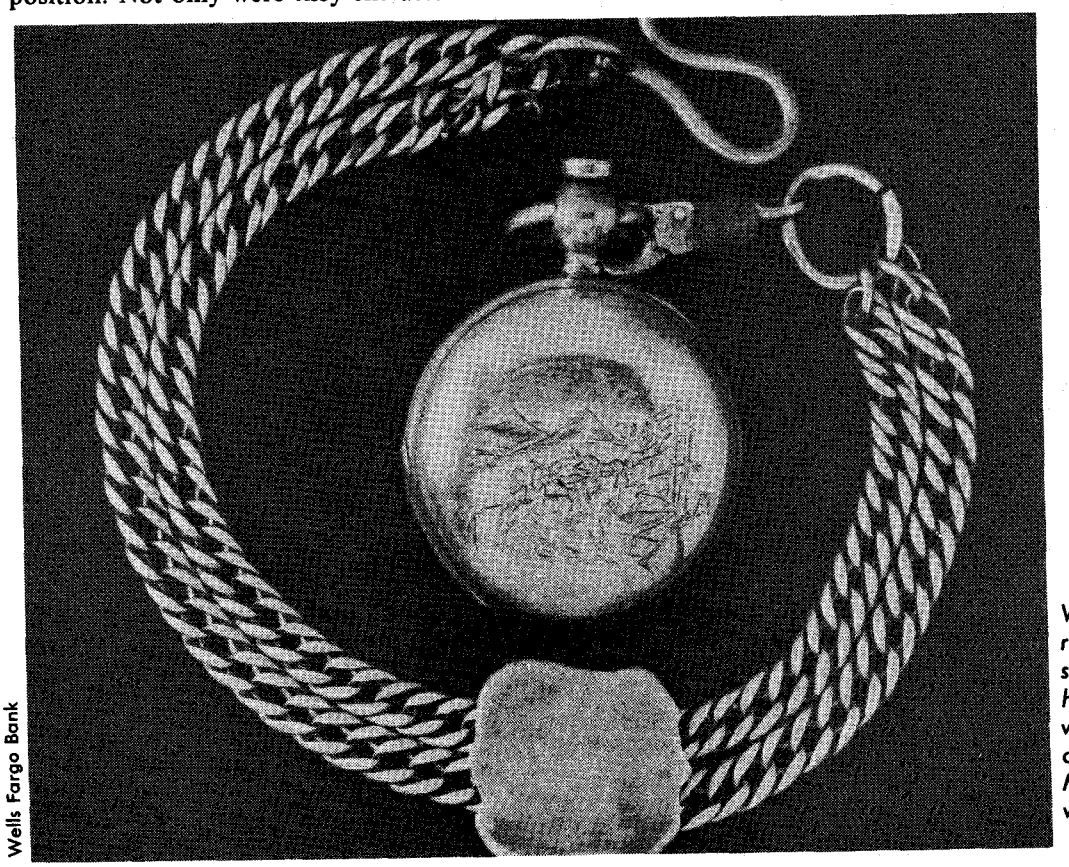
Charlie's story became the sensation of the year all the way from California. About the only item that was learned about Charlie's early life was that a man named Balch took her as a child out of a poorhouse somewhere in the East and promised to "make a man of her". Reportedly Balch taught her to drive a team, then four, then six horses. She was said to be an expert even in her teens, but the interval of Charlie's life from that time until she started driving a stage in California is an unsolved mystery. Charlie is buried in the Oddfellows cemetery, the privilege accorded a paid up member.

The majority of stagecoach drivers were remarkable men, usually intelligent and extremely capable of handling their rigs and horses. Their's was a responsible position. Not only were they entrusted with the lives of men, women and children, but also accountable for the safe delivery of thousands of dollars, enormous quantities of gold and silver bullion from the mines and other valuables. No wonder they swaggered and lorded it over ordinary men-literally they were kings of the road!



Wells Fargo Bank

James Wales Miller, stagecoach driver of the Mother Lode country



Wells Fargo Bank

Wells Fargo always gave a reward to a driver who saved his stage from a holdup. With the reward went a gold watch. The one above was awarded to Jim Miller. The scene on the watch depicts the attempted robbery.

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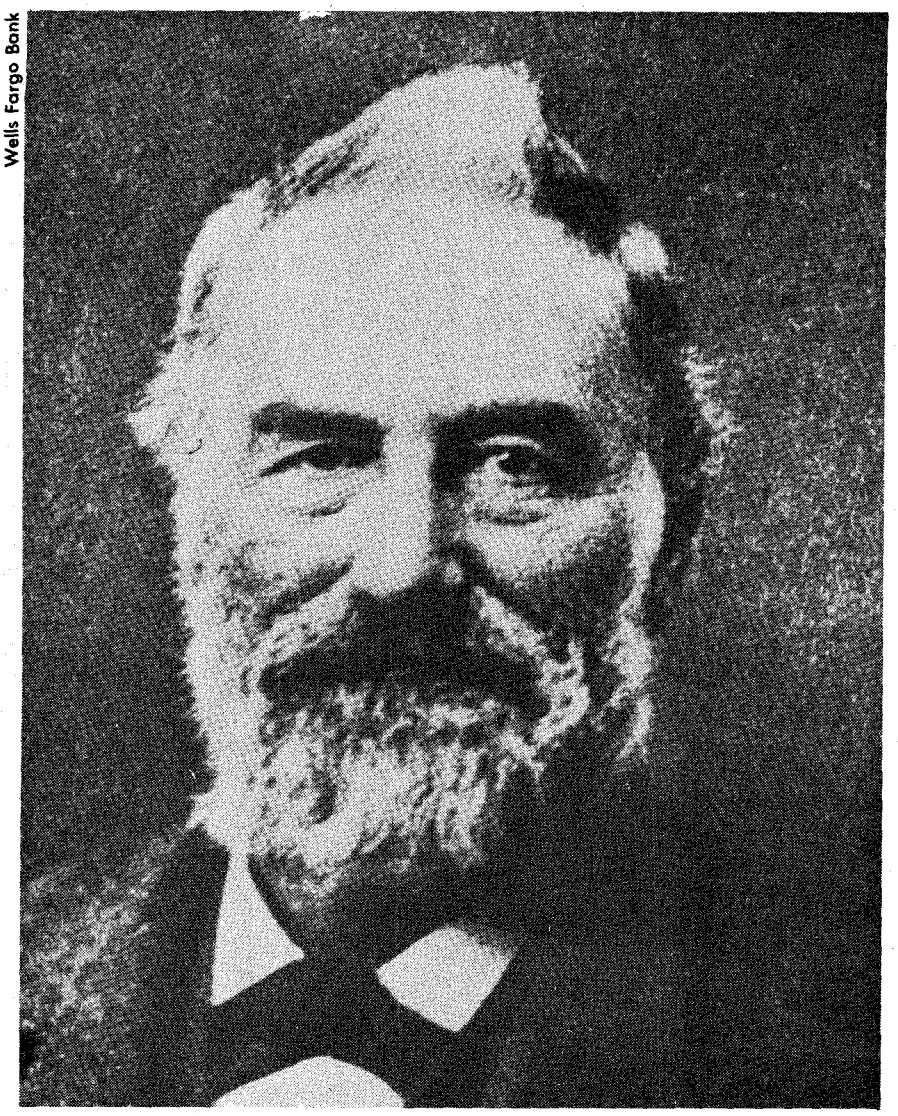
Wells Fargo Bank



Stephen Venard killed three bandits as they tried to hold up and rob the North San Juan Coach.

Some say Ben Holladay's drivers were the best; they also say he boasted that no storm or danger of any kind could scare them.

Driving an elegant Concord over long stretches of desert - alkali terrain with the constant threat of Indian ambush and greedy bandits eager to challenge every run was at times a thankless job. (The first Concord rounded the Horn and appeared in San Francisco drawn by six horses on June 24, 1850. This vehicle, some costing as much as $2000, was said to be the only perfect passenger conveyance in the world. It carried seven passengers inside and twelve on top. Traveling day and night, the journey from New York to California was made in 13 days at a cost of $290.00)

Hundreds of coaches, drawn by thousands of horses and mules transporting enormous quantities of freight, passengers and mail, all headed West, spelled big business. And the one man who seemed "to have a corner on the market" during this period was Ben Holladay. He bought the Central Overland in 1862 and renamed it Holladay's Overland Mail & Express. The extent of his staging and mail contracts, not counting that under Wells Fargo from Salt Lake City west, was approximately 2760 miles with about 6000 horses and mules hitched to approximately 260 coaches.

By the spring of 1864, Indians had massacred so many passengers and station keepers that, for weeks at a time, stages on some of his routes did not run at all.

Naturally there were many complaints. According to the Reese River *Reveille* of July 13, 1866: "The stage which arrived from the East today brought no mail from any point east of Salt Lake City. Perhaps Holladay miscarries the mail for a large compensation with more regularity than any other contractor that ever wearied a people's patience."

However, the following day, the newssheet changed its tone: "From the regularity of arrival of the mails and the quick time made in the last few days, we should judge that Holladay was carrying very few passengers at present, and actually paid some attention to the mails. By today's mail we received New York papers to the 25th ult., making the trip in 20 days."

Finally, Holladay became discouraged and sold out to Wells Fargo late in 1866.

Some drivers enjoyed their job; others grumbled. They didn't mind hauling express, but passengers- that was a different story. According to one driver's viewpoint: There are places where crinoline is out of order - and babies a downright nuisance." "One time," related a veteran stager, "I found myself with a grass widow and four children under eight years of age. Each had a specific want at least once in every twenty minutes."

It was very uncomfortable riding in a coach, being jostled, bumped, jarred and shaken up for many weary miles. In cold weather passengers covered themselves with clothing, blankets or buffalo robes. A few coaches provided foot warmers in the shape of metal and wood boxes filled with hot coals fitted on the floor under a passenger's feet.

Stations were usually 50 to 60 miles apart. When a passenger arrived, there were no conveniences or comforts to ease a weary body. Stations were one-story log huts with dirt or mud roofs, and meals were bad.

The seat next to the driver was much sought after, and it was the only one which could be reserved, although if the stage carried valuable express material, a shotgun guard or messenger sat there. For all Wells Fargo shipments, the company armed the messenger with a short double-barrel shotgun loaded with buckshot which he held across his knees. In his pocket he usually carried a Wells Fargo Colt, a special pistol designed in 1849.

In spite of atrocious roads, adverse weather conditions and every other kind of hazard, very few accidents occurred.

Another oddity connected with stagecoach drivers was their penchant for gaudy outfits. One famous dude was Jim Miller. He favored luxurious Ascot ties held in place by

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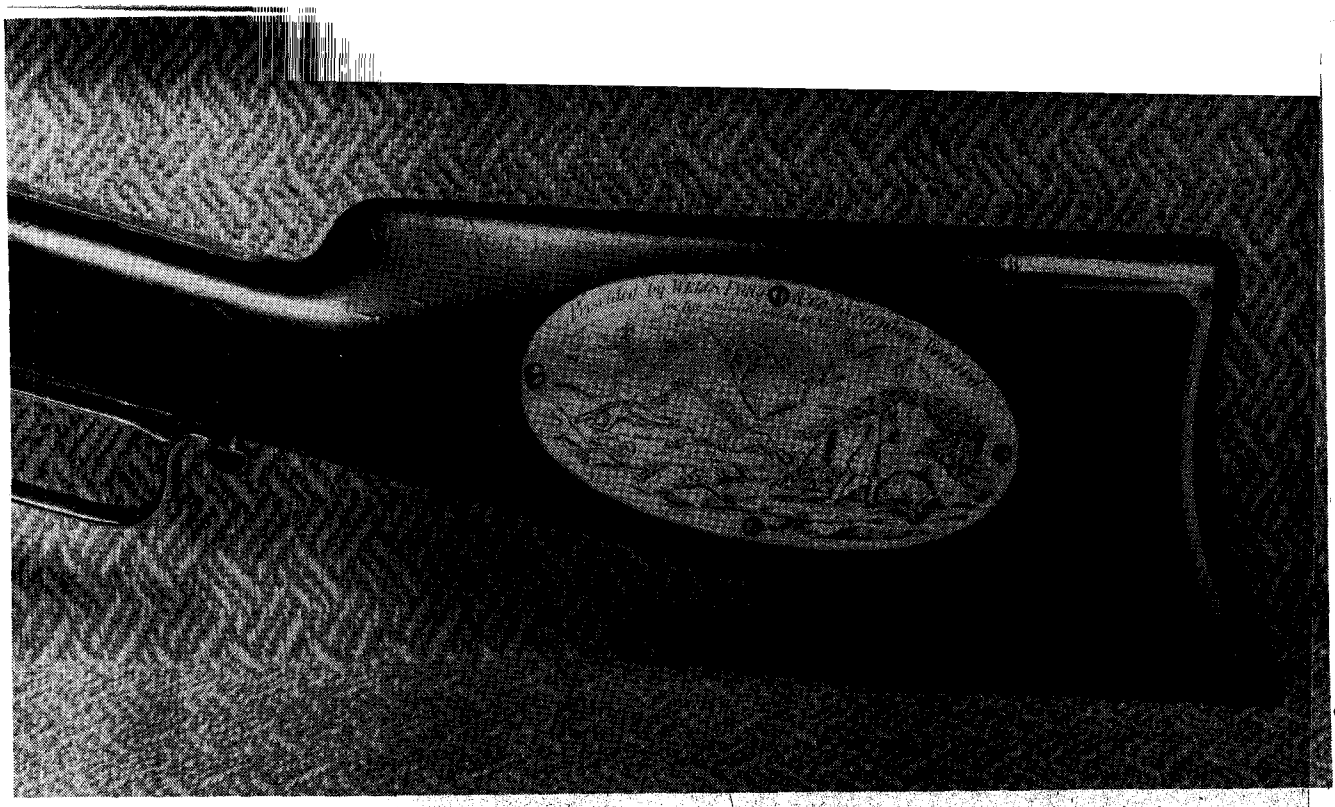

Wells Fargo Bank

Stephen Venard received a rifle from Wells Fargo as a gift with the scene of his exploit etched on a metal plate attached to the stock.

eyecatching stickpins, large as a ladies' brooch. His hats were the wildest "Mormons" available, made to order by a San Francisco hatter. Later he had his hats ornamented with gold stars. Such a get-up caused some wag to remark that "he looked like Uncle Sam of the Plains."

Miller also favored a Scotch Inverness, which is a loose belted coat having a cape with a close round collar. Sleeves of the cape were whipstock bound with bands of pure gold from the Mother Lode.

Miller started his staging career from Virginia City, Nevada where he operated his own Concords under the name of the Overland Stage Company. When bonanza seekers rushed to Reese River country, he followed and established a stage line between Austin and Battle Mountain until the railroad came. Then he moved on to Ely. Stories of his successful runs are numerous and colorful; one is especially worth repeating.

On one occasion in the middle '60's, he left Ely at noon with a six-horse stage carrying five passengers and $30,000 in minted gold - a payroll for millworkers in Eureka. The weather was ideal; all the passengers were masculine and caused no trouble (like females were apt to do). One passenger, especially agreeable, shared his bottle of Massachusetts rum. By nightfall the passengers were sleeping soundly under Buffalo robes. Just before moonrise, as the Concord climbed a steep reverse curve, out of the darkness came the terse command, "throw down that box".

James E. Johnston, a Wells Fargo stage driver. He had a unique habit of wearing a new pair of fine kid gloves on every run.

Immediately Miller aimed a swinging blow with his buckskin whip at the near-wheel horse and at the same time drew a heavy dragoon. The horses leaped into the air causing the coach to sway and lurch. Gunfire from the side of the road peppered hot lead into expensive door paneling, changing the painted scenery of Lakes of Killarney in the spring. All this commotion awakened the passengers who cowered on the floor of the coach. When the vehicle was a safe distance away, everyone celebrated by finishing off the rum.

Shortly after Miller reported that his valuable cargo had been saved, he received a telegram from Wells Fargo asking what he would like for a reward.

"The damndest biggest bullion watch and chain in Nevada," he answered back. Consequently, Wells Fargo's general superintendent, J. W. Tucker, requisitioned a San Francisco watchmaker to work with a 4-pound bar of Comstock bullion. Artisans of Shreve and Company turned out the grandfather of all watches from a single bar of metal. The finished watch weighed two pounds, as did the chain. The metal was so soft that the design on the case had to be recut three times during Jim's lifetime. The chain had a sliding shield with the owner's name engraved on it, and the catch is a miniature of the patent safety hook used for letting down iron parts into silver mines. The design on the watch shows a holdup with Nevada mountains in the background and

(continued on page 78)

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THE BROWNING-

Sam Browning and Jack Brady led colorful, crime-filled lives, stealing horses, robbing stores and trains but the most interesting chapter of their sordid, bloody story came when one of them was dead and the other sent to Folsom Prison for life.

Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

Sam Browning with a lady friend. He was shot to death by Sheriff John Bogard while robbing a train on March 30, 1895 near Wheatland, California.

Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

Jack Brady. Brady was sentenced to life imprisonment for killing sheriff John Bogard during a train robbery.

They were an unlikely pair. Jack Brady was short and slender while Sam Browning was very tall and husky. Yet they had much in common. Both were horse thieves, ex-convicts, bandits, former railroad men, and both were equally adept with the six-shooter. Their brief career of train robbery and murder ended in a violent death for one, a long prison term for the other, and turned a dirty, penniless hobo into a dashing, fabulously wealthy gentleman of San Francisco's high society.

The strange and exciting story of Sam Browning and Jack Brady began at nine o'clock on the evening of October 11, 1894, when John Kelly, a Southern Pacific track-walker, was racing along the rails near Davisville (now Davis), fourteen miles west of Sacramento, California, on a small, three-wheeled track tricycle. Kelley was suddenly halted at gunpoint by Brady and Browning who took from him a red signaling lantern, several dynamite cartridges, and a small amount of cash. The two outlaws tied Kelly up and then smashed his tricycle. The dynamite cartridges, which were used to signal locomotive engineers, were placed on the track and then Browning and Brady sat down to await the next passing train.

Their intended victim, the No. 3 Omaha Overland, had left Oakland at six p. m. eastward bound. Her engineer

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BRADY GANG

By John Boessenecker

was Bill Scott and three coaches back and inside the express car was J. F. Paige, the Wells Fargo messenger.

Soon the train reached the spot where the two bandits lay in wait. Her wheels struck the dynamite cartridges which exploded loudly and the robbers began waving the red lantern. Hearing the warning explosions and seeing the red stopping light, Engineer Scott immediately halted the train.

Browning and Brady leaped into the engine cab and covered Scott and the fireman with their Winchesters and six-shooters. Ordering the trainmen out of the cab, they forced them back to the express car and had them uncouple it from the rear portion of the train. Then they had Scott haul the express car three miles up the line, leaving the rest of the train behind.

At a place called Sheep Camp the engine was stopped and the trainmen were ordered back to the express car. Then Scott, under threats of losing his life, called for Messenger Paige to open the door. Paige replied by opening fire with his gun, but the shots went wild and injured no one. Scott pleaded with the messenger to open the door, telling him he would be killed if he did not comply, and finally Paige opened the door and threw out his gun.

Climbing into the express car, Brady and Browning quickly located the safe and then commanded Engineer Scott and the fireman to lift it out and carry it to the locomotive. Then they had the fireman uncouple the engine from the other cars and climbed aboard, threw open the throttle, and roared off, leaving the three trainmen standing helpless on the tracks.

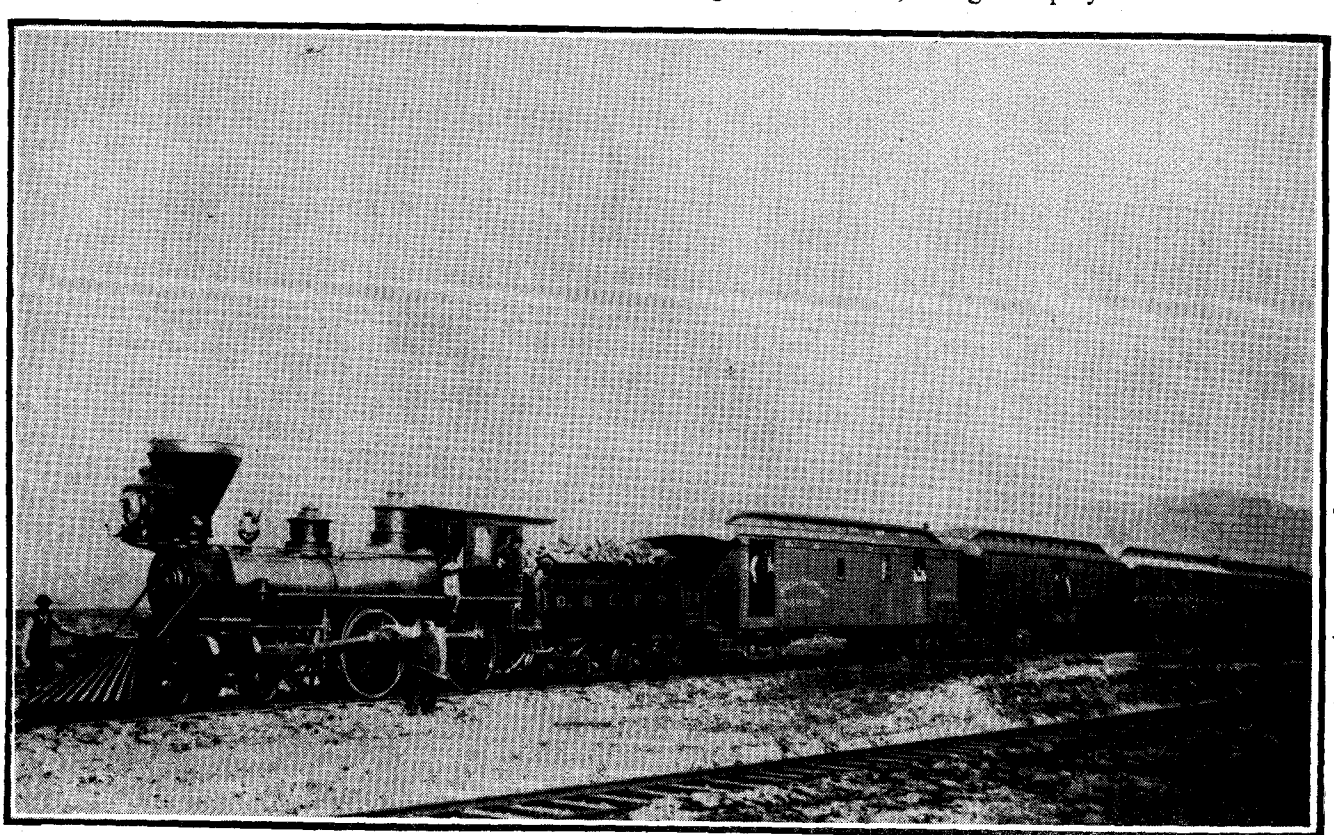
They stopped the engine two miles from Sacramento, forced open the safe, and removed a whopping $52,000 in gold coins and bills. Then they reversed the throttle, leaped from the cab, and the engine raced back down the tracks for several miles, finally crashing into the stranded coaches.

Since the bags of money were large and weighty, the bandit pair dragged them over the tules and buried the loot a short distance from the tracks. Then they disappeared into the night.

An intense search for the robbers was made by Wells Fargo detectives and the Sacramento police, but no trace of them could be found. Wells Fargo and the Southern Pacific combined in offering a $10,000 reward for the robbers. Nothing was heard from the bandits for several months. During this time they hid out in rooming houses in San Francisco. Brady kept a room on Grove Street while Browning had one on Golden Gate Avenue. On March 16, 1895, they appeared again.

At 9:40 on this evening Browning and Brady, masked and wearing white dusters, walked into the Ingleside Roadhouse, located on the southwestern outskirts of San Francisco. Drawing revolvers, they ordered the bartender and three customers, "Hands up!"

Then, while Jack Brady guarded them, Sam Browning entered a back room and encountered the tavern's owner, Cornelius Stagg, an elderly and jovial soul, who was talking to Robert Lee, a Negro employee.



Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

A train similar to the ones robbed by Jack Brady and Sam Browning. Note the Wells Fargo Express car behind the engine, the favorite target of train robbers.

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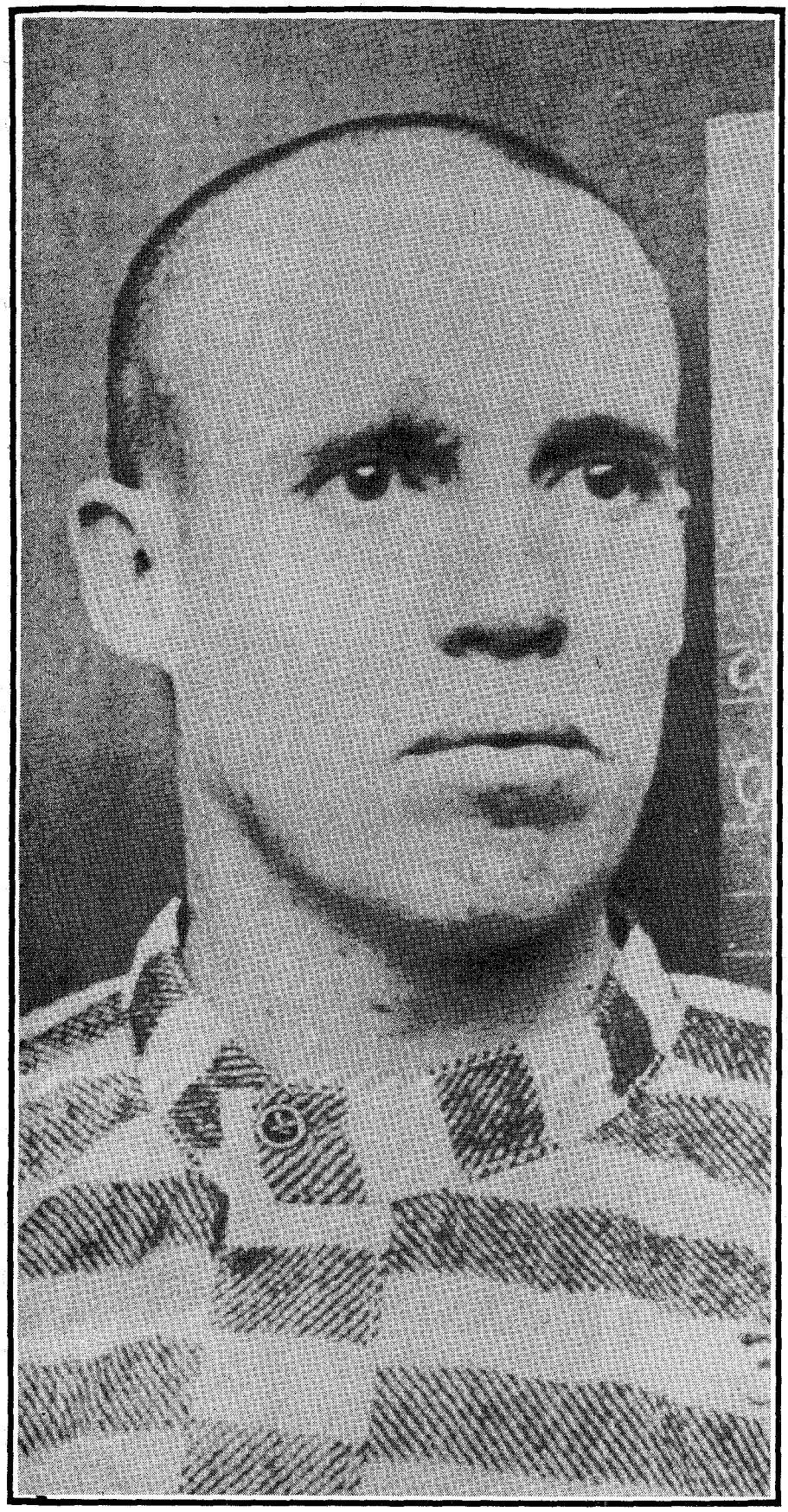
Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco



Prison photo of Jack Brady.

"Hold up your hands," Browning called out, pointing his pistol at the pair. Stagg, thinking a friend was playing a joke on him, threw back his head and laughed loudly. Browning became enraged at this unexpected response and leaped forward, smashing his pistol over the old man's head. At that, Lee dashed out of the room and a desperate struggle broke out between Stagg and Browning. A moment later, Browning opened fire with his six-gun and Cornelius Stagg fell to the floor with two bullet wounds.

Browning immediately rejoined Brady in the barroom where they took $4.00 from the till and fled through the door. Once again police were unable to capture the pair because they had vanished, this time with another crime hanging over their heads — murder. Cornelius Stagg's wounds had proved to be fatal, and he died that night.

Two weeks after this, on March 30, 1895, the two outlaws pulled another train robbery, this one far more sensational than their first exploit. Renting a pair of bicycles in San Francisco, the two hid them in a clump of bushes along the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks in Yuba County. Then they concealed themselves behind the tender of Oregon Express No. 15, and as it was passing Wheatland at 1:15 a.m. they donned masks, climbed into the engine cab, and covered Engineer A. L. Bowser and Fireman Barney Nethercott with revolvers.

As the train neared a crossing, Browning ordered Engineer Bowser to stop the engine. Then the bandits took the two crewmen back to the express car where they called out to the Wells Fargo messenger and told him that if he did not open the door the car would be dynamited. The two robbers were bluffing, for they had no explosives, but the messenger did not know this and he opened the door immediately. Jack Brady climbed in, only to discover that all the cash was in the safe and the messenger did not have its combination. Without dynamite, the outlaws had no way of opening it.

The two bandits held a brief conference and decided to enter the passenger cars and rob the passengers. They gave Barney Nethercott a sack made from an old trouser leg and then ordered him and Engineer Bowser into the first passenger coach, where numerous men and women were seated, still awake despite the late hour.

Brandishing their six-shooters, the robbers announced, "This is a holdup. Stay in your seats and drop all your money into this sack."

Then Barney Nethercott, with a pistol at his back, proceeded down the aisle while the passengers placed their valuables into the sack he carried. All the passengers meekly surrendered their money except a

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man named Sampson, who refused to part with so much as a penny.

Sam Browning, six-gun leveled, approached Sampson.

"Come on, you, fork over," Browning demanded.

"Hell no," was Sampson's quick reply.

Browning leaped forward and brought his revolver down hard on the head of the defenseless man and pistol - whipped him violently. After relieving Sampson of his pocketbook, the two outlaws marched Nethercott into the next coach, the smoking car, where they began robbing passengers in the same manner.

At this moment a porter rushed into the sleeping car and awoke John J. Bogard, the sheriff of Tehama County, who happened to be on board that night.

"What's the matter?" Bogard asked groggily.

"It's two men with guns, sheriff," the porter whispered excitedly. "They're robbing the train!"

"Where are they?" Bogard demanded, now wide awake.

"In the smoker," was the quick return.

Without another word, Bogard jumped out of his berth, pulled on a pair of pants, and grabbed his six-gun. Then he ran through the sleeping car and entered the smoker, where the two bandits were still engaged in robbing the passengers.

Quick as a flash, the sheriff drew a bead on Sam Browning and fired. The shot struck the outlaw in the chest, killing him instantly. As soon as he saw Browning fall, Jack Brady opened fire. His first bullet killed Sheriff Bogard and his next wounded Barney Nethercott, who dropped the sack filled with loot and collapsed.

Brady then fired several wild shots, backed down the aisle, and jumped out of the car and ran to the spot where he and Browning had concealed their bicycles. As he had not bothered to take with him the bag of loot, the only thing of value that the robbery had gained him was a sawed-off shotgun he had taken from the express messenger. Brady took one bike and rode it three miles up the tracks, then abandoned it and fled on foot.

Meanwhile, Engineer Bowser had rushed the train to Marysville where Yuba County Sheriff Sam Inlow was notified of the holdup and murder. He immediately instigated a search for Jack Brady, whose identity, like his dead partner's, was then unknown to lawmen. This search turned up the bandits' two bicycles but not a clue to the second robber could be found.

Then, on a hunch that the bikes had been rented in San Francisco, police inspectors led by the brilliant detective, Captain Isaiah W. Lees, began showing the two machines to all bicycle store owners in the city.

(continued on page 72)

Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

Train robber Sam Browning, dead. It was this photograph that the San Francisco police used while investigating the case and led to the apprehension of his partner, Jack Brady.

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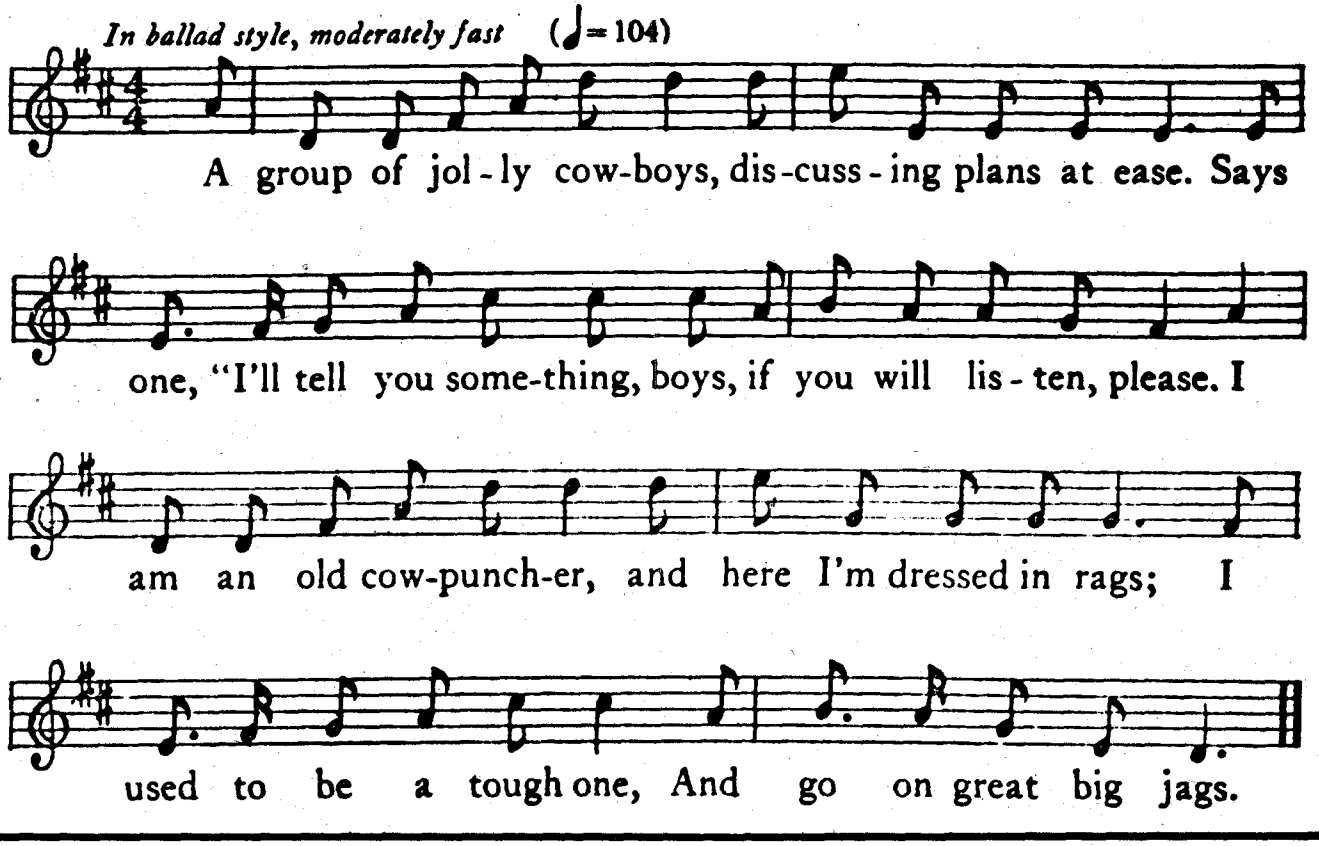
The Story Behind The Song

WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

By MARION THEDE AND HAROLD PREECE

Kid White was a working cowboy, a 'man you could tie to' which was high praise from the foremen of the ranches he worked. He wrote the first version of this famous Western ballad but others added their versions which are also sung today.

WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL*


In ballad style, moderately fast (♩=104)
A group of jol-ly cow-boys, dis-cuss-ing plans at ease. Says
one, "I'll tell you some-thing, boys, if you will lis-ten, please. I
am an old cow-punch-er, and here I'm dressed in rags; I
used to be a tough one, And go on great big jags.

First stanza of the printed version of "When the Work's All Done This Fall", as reproduced by John A. Lomax in his work, COWBOY SONGS, (Macmillan, 1938). Phrase A has an octave skip for the voice. Phrase B has a skip of only six tones, with a small change for the ending in a return to the first part. (Musical Analysis by Marion Thede).

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Outwardly, no cowboy of these high Montana ranges seemed more cheerful than that lank rider called Kid White. Saddlemates and ranch bosses knew him as a top wrangler with a line of song or a poem on that flowing Irish tongue.

Music he had absorbed from the regimental band at Fort Keogh, Montana where he had grown up. Poetry he had memorized from old copies of newspapers and magazines lying around bunkhouses, though he seemed to have had a natural bent for both tune and verse. Handy with a lasso and a master of the stirrup, he usually seemed to have no more cares than a lizard or a meadow lark.

Yet no man of these broad, windy pastures was ever more conscious of the tragedies underlying this living legend of horn and branding iron. Include also that supreme and irrevocable tragedy of death: *Death from freezing in a blinding, paralyzing snowstorm. Death from a gunslinger's bullet or a harlot's knife. Death in its most fearful form—trampling annihilation from cattle hooves in some whirling thunderous stampede.*

Death had overshadowed the Kid from infancy in dimly remembered San Angelo, Texas, on the bloody Comanche-Apache frontier. There his natural father, a professional soldier bearing the surname of O'Malley, had died at nearby Fort Concho in 1870 following an operation for an unhealed bullet wound sustained during the Civil War.

The son's rightful name was Dominick John O'Malley. He and his sisters took the adopted name of their stepfather, Trooper Charles White whom their widowed mother Margaret, an army laundress, married some time during the 1870's.

In 1876 when the boy was nine, Trooper White's outfit, the Second U. S. Cavalry, was transferred to Fort Sanders, Wyoming for service in that last crushing offensive against the wronged and doomed Sioux Nation. Immediately, the son became aware of death on a mass level.

For he would always recall grimly that one of his father's first duties would be to help bury the poor, rotting corpses of Custer's Seventh Cavalry massacred by Sitting Bull's warriors at the Little Big Horn. A year later the family was moved to Fort Keogh, Montana named for that Irish soldier of fortune, Major Myles Keogh, who died with Custer.

There, the impressionable boy would see soldiers badly wounded from Indian warfare and notice the graves of those who had been buried in the post cemetery. His sympathetic nature would probably cause him to wonder about "back home" friends and relatives of these dead as, still later, he would worry about faraway survivors of cowboys slain by bullet rip or hoof smash. For death was, in some ultimate paradox, a fact of life to army children.

When the stepson was fourteen, boozy, debt-ridden Trooper White deserted both army and family. By military regulations, the dependents of a runaway could not remain at the post. Abandoned, Margaret O'Malley White thus lost her job in the army's laundry system.

The poor woman moved her family to nearby Miles-town, a hell-roaring dilly of a place within a few miles of the fort. There she tried to lodge and feed her children with money from any menial work she could find. Her son had a few months of haphazard education (if it could be called that) in a school whose limited curriculum certainly did not include music or verse writing. There is no evidence that he ever received one lesson of formal musical instruction, or that he could scan by line and meter the poems he learned "by heart" from this or that printed source.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena and Folk Music Archives of Marion Thede

Cowboy Balladeer D. J. O'Malley also known as Kid White. Before his death at the age of 75, O'Malley would make three trail drives from Montana to Texas and write the famous ballad, "When the Work's All Done This Fall".

At age sixteen in 1882, he was a tall, gangly youth anxious to find work that would help his mother provide for his sisters. He was skilled at bit and saddle from having been brought up around horses at a cavalry post. So the young Irish-American began his long career as a working cowboy, combined with those avocations of homespun poet and balladeer.

His first job was that of horse wrangler on the small Anchor THL Ranch in eastern Montana. Outfit and herd were sold to a large beef combine, The Home Land and Cattle Company, operating under the N-Bar-N brand, with most of its stock being longhorns trail-driven from Texas. Except for two short stints with other ranching companies, "Kid" White, also dubbed the N-N Kid, remained as all-round man for this vast enterprise owned by the wealthy Niedringhaus brothers in St. Louis.

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He could fork any bronc dodging a saddle or outride any of the murderous storms raging down from the Rockies. By the testimony of celebrated Montana cowboy author E. C. "Teddy Blue" Abbott, he became one of the best round-up representatives: men assigned to "cut out" the cattle of their employers from others. Said Abbott in his work *We Pointed Them North:*

"Charlie Lenoir (a round-up wagon boss) told me one day that you could sure tie to Kid White, and that is the greatest compliment you could pay to a man on the range. A 'rep' had to be a good fellow, a good mixer, and he had to be good on brands, and above all, loyal to his outfit, and they all were; they had to be, or leave the range.

Believe me, it was no picnic repping for those big outfits, as they were always putting in cattle and ran all kinds of brands, and some of the men had to rep for a whole range, but they hardly ever overlooked a bet. Some were gone all summer and would go hundreds of miles from the home ranch. Their word was law in regard to all the cattle they represented, calves branded and the beef shipped. They were as honest as day ..."

But along with the rest of the Kid went the dreamy Irish streak which made him keep winding words as he continued stringing lariats.

His fellow cowboys loved to hear him recite poetry—the sentimental kind then in vogue or the sort that spouted right out of his agile brain. His verse could hardly be compared to that of the West's two eminent laureates, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, though that better-educated pair would also inflict much gilded trash on the American reading public.

Within the Western tradition, Kid White's poems, originally published in the *Stock Growers Journal* of Miles City, Montana, were much more like those equally simple ones of Captain Jack Crawford who called himself "The Poet Scout". Crawford's work dealt with what their author saw, felt, and experienced during his possibly exaggerated services in Indian warfare. The Kid's rhymes expressed, by parrallel, the daily life of that "hired hand on horseback", the American cowboy.

They dealt with the perils and pranks of the cow trails, their attachments to favorite horses, the heartaches of unreturned love in this lonely land where marriageable girls were at a premium for their very scarcity, the longing for remembered homes where they'd slept on comfortable beds instead of on rough blankets with mattresses being the cold, hard ground.

The Kid's poems reminded them of what they never wanted to forget. They also warned the cowboys against an ever present possibility in this deceptively beautiful West: *Death on these very ranges that provided them livings. Life ended by the tearing bullet, the slashing knife—or by chance, even blinder, the furious hoof.*

Some of the ballads Kid White would sing with his fellow cowboys dealt with this constant hazard. Publication of his verse in the *Stock Growers Journal* and another Miles City paper, the *Yellowstone Journal,* would inspire the young cowhand to keep producing his type of poetry. The overall musical tradition of cowboys would result in his becoming a ballad maker. Years later he would comment to a probably unrelated, but close friend, Western entertainer John I. White:

"I never saw a bunch of cowhands at a camp where there wasn't someone singing unless it was on the spring work when days were so long and (there was) so much work. There would often be nights when the boys were too tired to sing in camp, but you'd sure hear the night guards at it, tired or not. Yes, the banjo was in the majority on the range.

I think the guitar came into use on the radio and phonograph from the fact that the cowboy was associated in the mind of the people with the Mexicans. And it is well known the guitar is their instrument. But I can honestly say that where I saw one guitar in a cow camp I saw twenty banjos and about double that number of mouth harps (harmonicas), and once in awhile a fiddle".

Today, the banjo of Negro origin, the guitar of Mexican, are standard instruments of folk musicians. Cowboys riding "nighthawk" sang as they kept circling the herds, not only to while away lonely, dark hours but also to lull stampede-prone cattle. Herds, weary and restless from long hoof marches, felt soothed by songs "soft and low".

But there were also other risks of death beyond all the usual ones: *Death from the forces of nature.*

Significantly, the Kid's first published poem (one not set to music) commemorated a Four-Four ranch puncher, Wiley Collins, who was struck by a fatal bolt of lightning during a roundup. These rough-hewn stanzas, signed D. J. White, appeared in the *Stock Growers Journal* of August 3, 1889, when their author was twenty-two years old. Whatever their failings, they did show his trend of mind and his preoccupation with death on the range.

As it turned out, the death of still another cowpuncher named Charlie hit the young Montanan hardest and inspired a better effort. And it would be set to music.

Charlie was a Texas cowboy who had helped bring up a herd of calves from the huge XIT ranch in Texas for spring grazing on a feeding range owned by that outfit in Montana. He died from an accident involving a horse. Kid White described what happened in a poem under the revealing title " *A Cowboy's Death,"* published in the July 11th, 1891 issue of the *Stock Growers Journal.* Referring to Charlie Rutledge the work ran in part:

"How blithely he went forth that morn
On the circle through the hills,
Happy, gay, and full of life
And free from earthly ills;
And when they came to clean the bunch
To work it he was sent,
Not thinking that his time on earth
Was very nearly spent.
But one XIT would not go
And turned back in the herd,
So Charlie shoved him out again,
His cutting horse he spurred;
Another started to come back
To head him off he tried,
The creature fell, the horse was thrown,
And 'neath him Charlie died.
'Twas a sad death for man to meet
Out on that lonely lea'
His relatives in Texas they live,
No more his face they'll see."

Although the words are maudlin, the poem, as such, marked the emergence of a poorly educated range cowboy as a balladeer, though long years would pass before his recognition. The composer would claim that he had set the stanzas to the tune of an old Louisiana folk song, *"The Lake of Pontchartrain,"* which had reached Montana somehow. Eventually, though we don't know where or when, the ballad was sung by cowboys, if not necessarily to the

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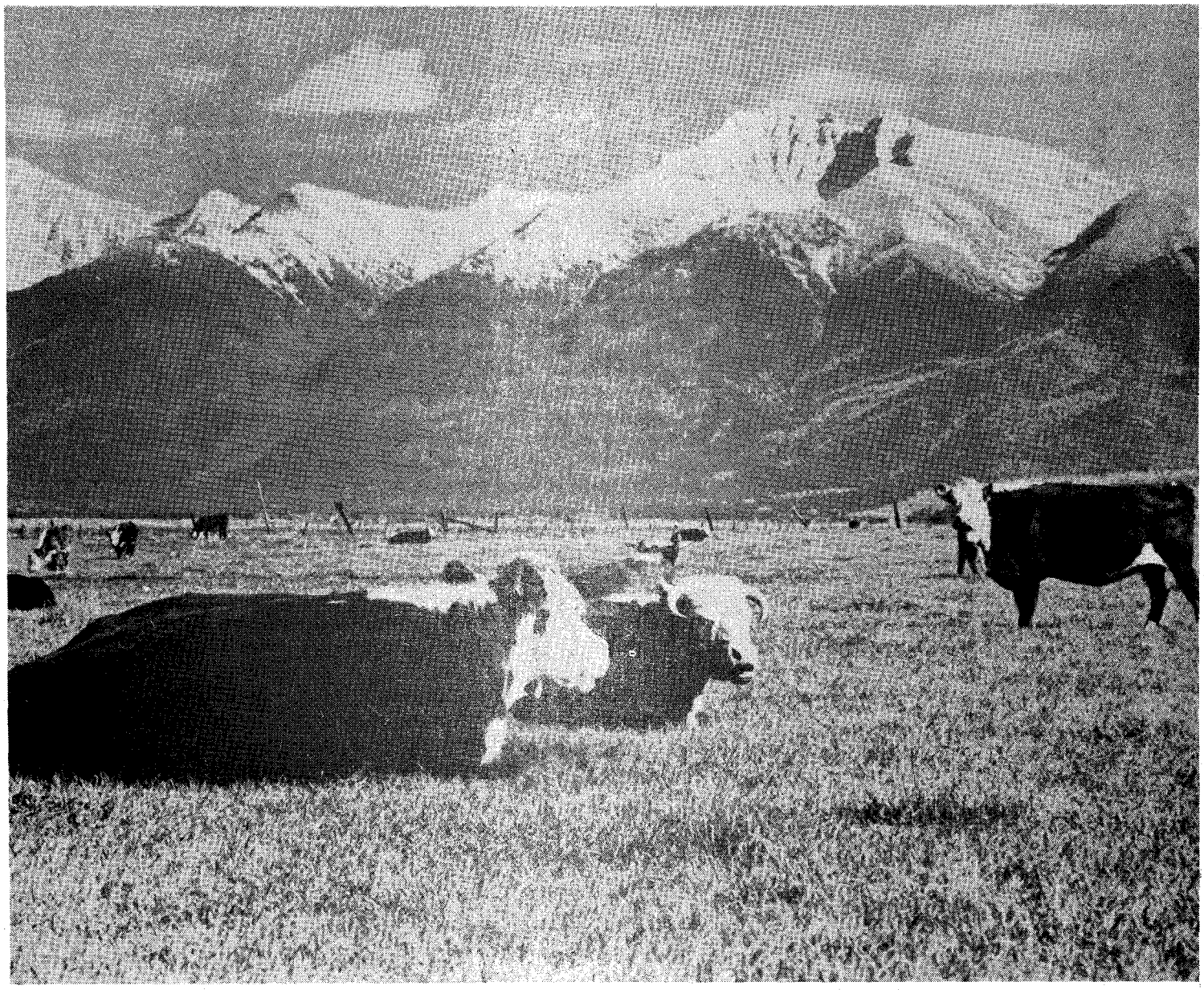
Montana Highway Commission Photo



On high Montana ranges like this one cowboy balladeer D. J. O'Malley herded cattle like these. A stampede of these usually peaceful animals and the resulting death of an aged cowpuncher friend inspired his celebrated song.

strains of that old Southern number.

Finally, it would be a song about another unfortunate named Charlie which would bring him very tardy, if altogether unremunerated fame.

That ballad was first entitled "After the Roundup." Countless Western music buffs know it from the chorus line as "When the Work's All Done This Fall."

Its verses, without musical notation, were published originally in the October 6, 1893, issue of the *Stock Growers Journal*. It is not the greatest of what might be categorized as the Western epitaph ballads. For pathos it cannot match "O Bury Me Not On the Lone Prairie", to be treated separately in this series. Its musical quality is feeble by comparison with "The Dying Cowboy"—often called "Streets of Laredo."

But, importantly, all three of these melodic obituaries exemplify different phases of what Western scholar Dr. Don Ward has called "that somber necrology of the cow country".

Note that Charlie in "A Cowboy's Death" and of the successor ballad both fall from their horses. But the original Charlie meets death in the daytime, the second one at night, and both beneath hooves.

"The very night this cowboy went
out to stand his guard:
The night was dark and cloudy and
storming very hard;
The cattle they got frightened and
rushed in wild stampede;
The cowboy tried to herd them, riding at full speed.
While riding in the darkness so
loudly he did shout
Trying his best to head them and
turn the horse about.
His saddle horse did stumble and on
him did fall,
The poor boy won't see his mother
when the work's all
done this fall."

As personalities, the two Charlies register very differently. Charlie Rutledge of "A Cowboy's Death" is, by inference, one of the seasonal young wranglers from Texas. The second Charlie, of no surname, seems a weary wanderer of many trails, beset by an obsessive, but

(continued on page 74)

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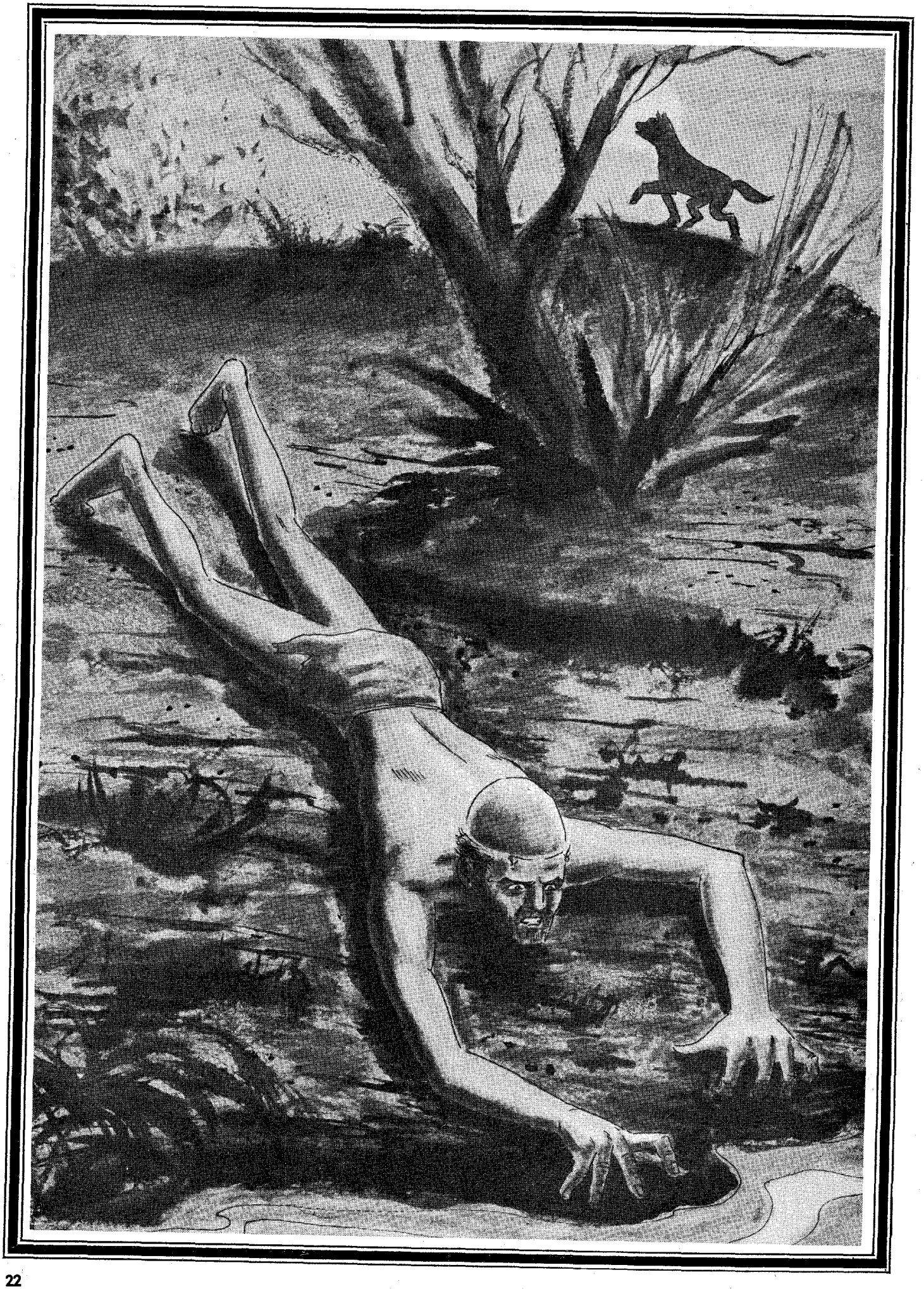

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The Terrible Ordeal of JOSIAH WILBARGER

By Norman B. Wiltsey

One of the most incredible tales of endurance and bravery in the annals of the West. Wounded in both legs, shot through the throat, scalped by the Comanches and stripped naked then left to die, Josiah Wilbarger would not give up life.

The history of Texas is resplendent with the deeds of men of valor: Crockett, Travis, Houston, Captain Jack Hayes, *et al.* Yet the one man whose incredible courage and endurance outshone them all is seldom mentioned. For sheer guts and fortitude, none of the more publicized heroes of the Lone Star state measured boot - high with Josiah Wilbarger. He stands alone as a perfect example of what the Spanish call *puro macho* — all man. This is his amazing story:

On August 15, 1833, Wilbarger left his home on the Colorado River below the present site of the capital city of Austin to join four surveyors quartered in the cabin of his friend and neighbor, Reuben Hornsby. The surveying party, composed of Josiah and companions named Christian, Haynie, Standifer and Strother, spent the night at the Hornsby cabin and set out early next morning to explore the wilderness country to the northwest. Of late, there had been talk of new families moving into the area, and the surveying party was out to locate favorable locations where the newcomers might settle.

Indians had been sighted recently in this area, and the five men kept a careful watch as they rode along, observing landmarks and meticulously recording them in their notebooks. On Walnut Creek they spotted a lone Comanche scout, who faded into the cedar - clad hills at their approach. Obviously he was a lookout posted by a war party. The five whites talked over the ominous situation and decided to give up their mission and return to their homes at once. The thought of women and children alone and unprotected with the Comanches on the warpath was too unnerving to permit of further work afield. Accordingly, the surveying party turned back toward Hornsby's house.

At noon they stopped to eat near Pecan Spring. They had just staked out their saddled horses to graze, and begun their meal of corn - bread and jerky washed down with spring water, when the Comanches attacked. In the brief fire - fight, Strother was killed and Christian wounded. Wilbarger, shot through both legs, was next to drop. Somehow Josiah staggered to his feet and dragged the helpless Christian behind a tree. Haynie and Standifer, rifles empty, rushed for their horses, mounted, and lit out. As they galloped off, Wilbarger called out to them: "For God's sake, *wait* for us! We ain't dead — we're only *wounded!*"

Heeding Wilbarger's frantic appeal, Haynie started to pull up his horse — then saw an Indian level his gun at Josiah from behind and fire at pointblank range. Wilbarger fell to the ground and lay still, seemingly dead. Haynie put spurs to his mount and raced on after Standifer, a bullet grazing his cap as he bent low over his horse's head.

Arriving safely at Hornsby's cabin six miles away, Haynie and Standifer told their story over rejuvenating slugs of whiskey. They were unclear about the details of the murderously swift attack, but did agree that "about fifty Indians" had swarmed over Wilbarger as he fell. Both men further agreed that neither Wilbarger nor Christian could possibly have survived.

They were dead wrong about the indestructible Josiah. The bullet that knocked him down had entered his neck at the rear, miraculously missing spinal column, jugular and arteries, to emerge just below his chin. Temporarily paralyzed by the stunning shock but dimly conscious, Wilbarger felt only a tearing sensation when an Indian ran the point of his knife around his head and ripped off his scalp. As in a horrid dream, he sensed when the Comanches stripped off his clothes but could feel nothing. Playing dead, he watched through a mist of blood as the Indians cut the throats of his two companions. Then — mercifully — he fainted.

Awakening some time during the afternoon, Wilbarger found the Indians had gone. The bullet wounds in his legs had ceased to bleed. There was still a slight flow of blood from his pierced throat and scalped head, but he could still move his entire body. He tried to stand but quickly became dizzy and fell to his hands and knees. Thirst raged like a fire within his veins. Slowly, yard by tortuous yard, he dragged himself to the spring and drank. Then he crawled painfully back into the warm sunlight away from the shaded spring and dropped into stuporous slumber.

Near nightfall the pangs of hunger and thirst aroused Wilbarger again and he returned to the spring. Water gave him energy to search for snails in the nearby bushes. He ate a few but his stomach revolted at the slimy fare and cast them up. He drank more water and dropped back into nightmare - haunted sleep.

The long drawn - out howl of a hunting wolf jolted the desperately wounded man awake. He came back to consciousness shuddering and lay for endless seconds trying to re - orient himself with the scene around him.

Night had fallen, and with the darkness had come a cool wind that chilled Wilbarger in his weakened condition. His leg wounds had stiffened and throbbed dully; his bullet - pierced throat and scalped head were afire with pain. Exhausted, drenched in cold sweat, he lay still with his face pressed to the spinning earth and clung grimly to his reeling senses.

Gradually, after an infinity of time, his mind cleared. He heard movement in the brush and saw, thirty feet away in the faint light of the dying moon, the shadowy, gaunt figure of the wolf. Normally a wolf will not attack a man, but this wolf smelled blood and knew that the man lying by the spring was badly hurt and helpless. Yet the dread man - scent was strong too, and the wolf hesitated to approach closer. Presently he howled again and drifted off.

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Wilbarger felt that this was a good omen and felt a surge of hope. He began to crawl in the direction of Hornsby's cabin and covered what seemed a hundred miles before he collapsed beneath a large post oak tree and sank into oblivion.

Now the story of Josiah Wilbarger becomes eerie indeed, yet it is a matter of documented historical fact. Old - time Texans called what happened next "second sight". Later reviewers, endowed with a smattering of "book learnin'," importantly termed it clairvoyance. Present - day scientists, studying the strange happening, would probably declare Wilbarger's uncanny experience to be extrasensory perception. In any case, this is what occurred:

Some prodding urgency which he could not later define brought Wilbarger slowly back to consciousness. He awoke to find the unmistakable figure of his sister, Margaret Clifton, standing beside him. Even in his dazed and dreadfully weakened condition, Josiah remembered that Margaret lived near St. Louis over 700 miles away. "Margaret!" he cried out. "What are you doing *here?*"

"Rest, my brother," his sister replied. "You are badly hurt, but I will send help. Be quiet now and try to sleep."

She turned away in the direction of Hornsby's cabin. Wilbarger called frantically to her to stay with him, but she disappeared. He wept in his bitter disappointment and despair, but his fierce will to survive did not weaken. "I *will* live!" he croaked his resolution to the lonely night. "I *will* live — I *will* — I *will* — I *will*! ..."

Back at Hornsby's cabin, Sarah Hornsby, wife of Reuben, awoke at midnight from a troubled sleep in which she had experienced a peculiarly vivid dream.

"Josiah Wilbarger is not dead!" she cried out to her startled husband. "I saw him as clearly as I see you this instant. He lies under a post oak tree, naked, scalped, covered with blood from many wounds. He is not dead, I tell you!"

Hornsby quieted his agitated wife and persuaded her to return to bed. Shaken by her outburst, Haynie and Standifer earnestly assured Sarah that Wilbarger could not possibly be alive. The distraught woman remained unconvinced, but returned to her bed in the sleeping quarters of the big double cabin. The disturbed household settled down once more to fitful sleep.

At three o'clock Sarah Hornsby awoke again, rousing everybody with a piercing scream. "I saw him again!" she cried. "Josiah Wilbarger is alive and suffering the agonies of hell! If you are *men*, you will rescue him."

This time there was no calming Sarah Wilbarger. "Go!" she commanded her husband. "Leave me with the children and go find that poor man. We can hide in the thickets if the Indians come, but *he* is helpless and suffering the tortures of the damned. *Go*!"

Hornsby knew better than to oppose Sarah "when her Scotch was up." At daybreak he led forth a rescue party reinforced by recruits from the settlement down river. Not a man among them believed they would find Wilbarger alive, but neither did any of them care to brave Sarah Hornsby's scornful wrath. They rode with rifles at the ready, for a favorite tactic of the Comanches was to strike with the first rays of the rising sun.

Near Pecan Spring, at the site of the surprise Indian attack of the day before, the search party found the stripped bodies of Strother and Christian but discovered no sign of Wilbarger. An hour's hunt in the vicinity disclosed no trace of him.

Then, a quarter of a mile away under a big oak tree, one of the party spotted a crimson figure that he at first mistook for an Indian in full war paint. He rode closer, his rifle cocked and ready, and saw to his horror that the blood - encrusted figure was that of Josiah Wilbarger.

The gory apparition peered up at him through drooping eyelids and croaked, "Thank God you're here. I'd about given up hope you'd find me. Must be Margaret got through to you."

Wilbarger's relieved rescuers paid no attention to his last strange remark, attributing it to the ravings of delirium. Gently they wrapped the cruelly mutilated man in the bed sheet confidently provided by Sarah Hornsby for just such use and lifted him aboard a horse for the gruelling journey back to the cabin. So sure had the indomitable Sarah been that Wilbarger would be found alive, she had warm water and clean cloths ready to cleanse and bandage his wounds and soothing bear's oil to dress the scalpless head. For six days and nights Mrs. Hornsby tirelessly nursed Josiah Wilbarger until he was out of danger. Only then would she consent to rest.

With the wounded man's partial recovery, his frightful story was carefully pieced together. As near as could be determined, Sarah Hornsby had received her first vision of the wounded Wilbarger lying beneath the oak tree shortly after the figure of his sister appeared to him. Skeptics, knowing that Margaret Clifton lived near far - off St. Louis, decided that Wilbarger's terrifying experience had deranged his mind, and the timely appearance of his sister was but the figment of a disordered imagination. But these same scoffers were awed and silent when word eventually came that Margaret Clifton had died the day before the Indian attack at Pecan Spring.

Josiah Wilbarger lived an active, strenuous life for eleven years after his gruesome ordeal. The skin never grew back entirely over his bare skull; he wore a cloth pad beneath a hat in summer and a fur cap in winter to protect the skull and hide his disfigurement. Brain fever, resulting from an accidental blow on the exposed, vulnerable cranium, eventually caused his death. But — as the old - time *Tejanos* put it — Josiah Wilbarger "played out the string till thar waren't any string left." The word "-quit" was foreign to his makeup.

●RW

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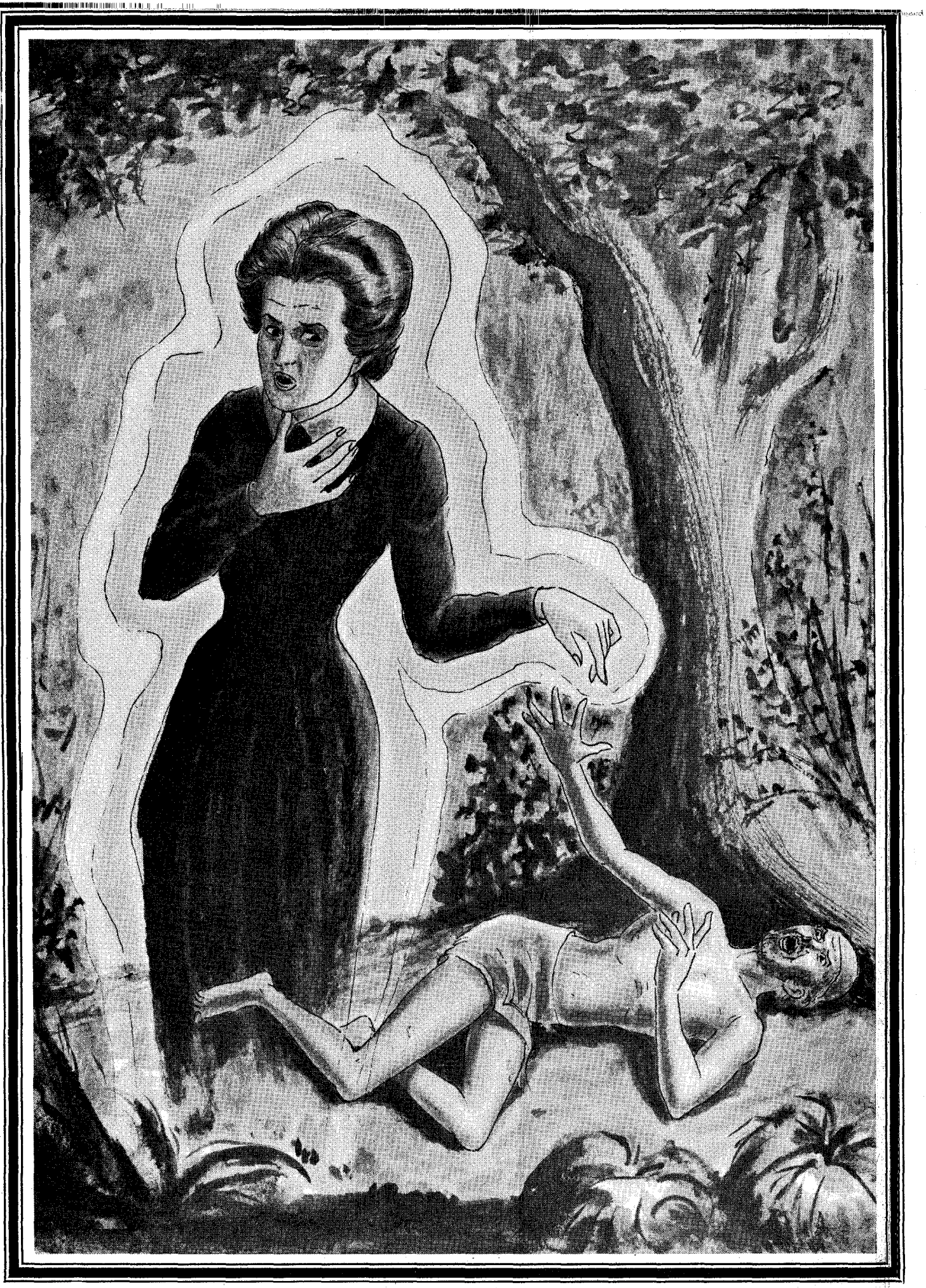

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JACK HOXIE

by Mario DeMarco

A name that we kids remembered was that of "Jack Hoxie" (Maybe because it rhymed with the popular beverage "Moxie" but I always remembered it quite easily.) I did manage to see several of Jack's pictures as a youngster; this was in the early thirties and at the time I believe he had signed with an independent company. I must confess the quality of those that I saw was very poor. About all that was superb was the riding and action. For a star of such height to slip so badly can be blamed on the inability to memorize the script, and some who knew Hoxie quite well say that he had never learned to read or write. This might be true, but Jack could not quite act good enough when the camera was focused on him at close range for any serious facial expressions. When "talkies" came, it proved the point of his critics.

I also met Jack when he was on tour with his circus, and I must say that he made quite an appearance with his cowboy outfit. He was quite friendly and refused no one when asked for his autograph. One thing for sure, he was kind and good natured and never quite forgot that he was a cowboy.

Jack was born on January 24, 1890 in Oklahoma and, like other youngsters in his generation, learned to ride a horse at an early age in order to get any place in this wide open country. It wasn't too long before the Hoxie family packed up and moved to Iowa, hoping to improve their living conditions. Young Jack pitched in to help the family earnings by getting a job as a farm hand on the nearby farms. On his off days he entered rodeos and became quite an expert in riding. He was good enought to earn a dozen trophies before he turned 18.

In 1914 he won the National Riding Championship and was signed with a nationally known Wild West Show. The show toured the U.S. and when it stopped over in California, Jack left it to make his career in the movies. This was in 1917. His first job was an extra and then as a stuntman; later the studio gave him bigger and better parts. He went under the name of Hartford Hoxie. His roles at first were straight ones, and he appeared in such films as *The Dumb Girl of Portici*. Jack's first leading role was in a chapter play entitled *Lightning Bryce* in 1919. The serial was a hit and Hoxie was on his way. He then signed with independent producer Anthony J. Xydias and made a series of fast action little films which were quite entertaining and proved a stepping stone to better things. Once more he changed his name, this time to Art Hoxie.

Several years later, Universal Studios was looking for leading western star material and called upon Hoxie to join them. He signed with them and changed his name to Jack Hoxie. The name stuck and his pictures were quite popular. He hit the top along with other stars in the Universal stable of cowboy stars such as Hoot Gibson, Harey Carey, Pete Morrison and others.

Jack's acting ability was never quite strong. It was hard for him to grasp straight acting, but put him atop a horse and he was a different person. His first film for Universal was *Don Quickshot of the Rio Grande*. The picture provided him with some comedy and a chance to prove his skill as a rider and stuntman. In several scenes he leaped from his galloping horse onto a fast moving train. In another picture that called for expressions and acting ability, Hoxie couldn't quite put it over. Maybe it was his inability to read the scripts. Hoxie had to depend on the director to show him how most of the scenes should be acted throughout the picture.

All in all, he made a good number of westerns and became one of the biggest money makers for his studio in the twenties. When sound was introduced to films the studio began reorganizing. Jack took time out for several years by joining a circus and touring the country, meeting thousands of his fans, personally proving that his popularity was still great. After returning from his tour he made several more westerns for Universal which were quite good, but like other stars of this crucial period his pictures were numbered. His voice proved inadequate for this new media.

He made pictures for several more years signing with "quicky" outfits, but even here he proved unsatisfactory and decided to call it quits in 1934. Jack and Cly Newton joined and formed the Jack Hoxie Circus in 1937 and toured the United States for the next year. After this last fling in show business, Jack decided to retire permanently. He went to Oklahoma and became once more a cowboy on his spacious ranch, living with his mother. He spent the rest of his life on the ranch and passed away in 1965 at the age of seventy - five.

He made over forty feature length westerns, and the name of Jack Hoxie will never be forgotten when they discuss the old time western stars of the past. ●RW

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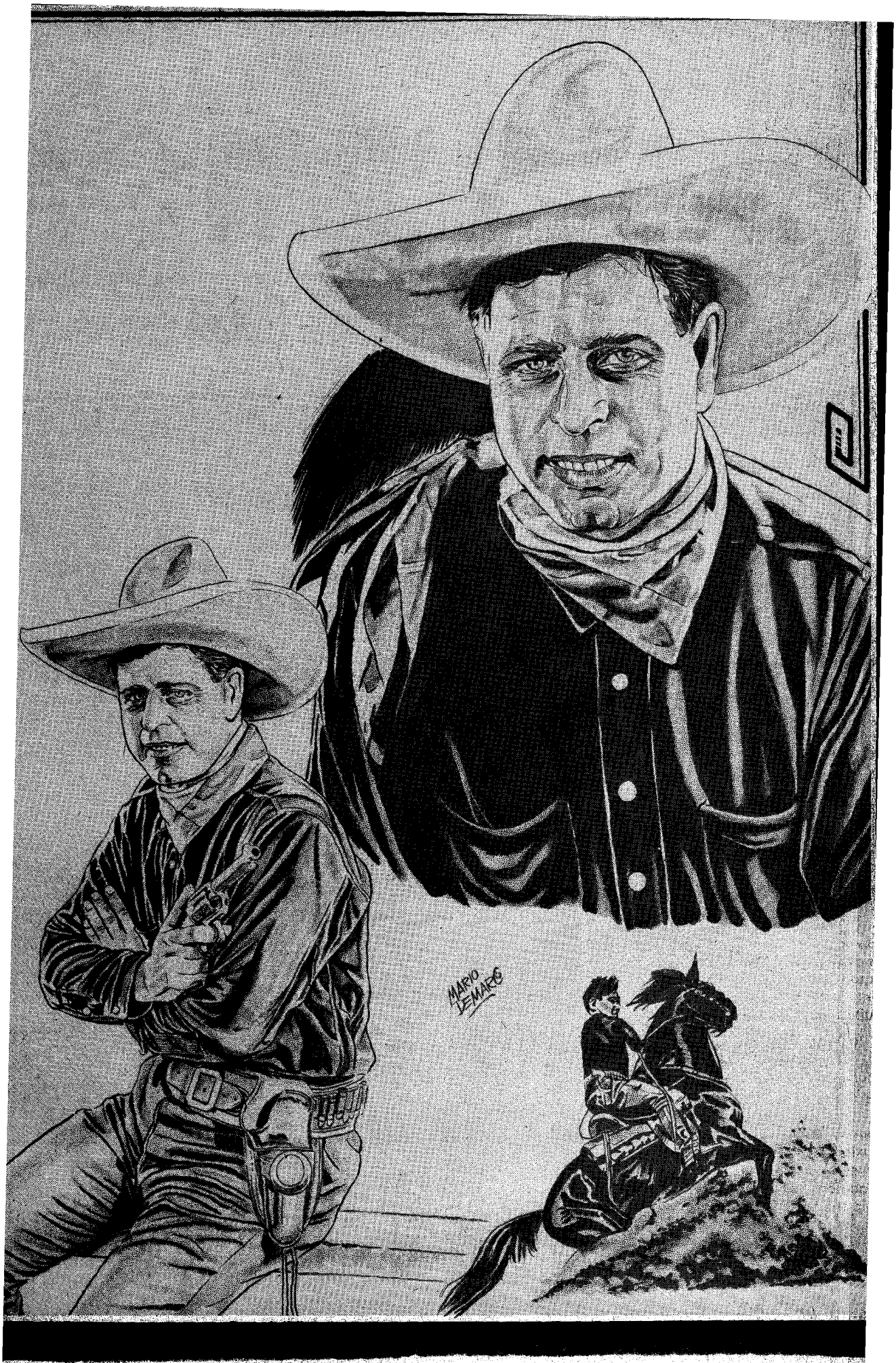

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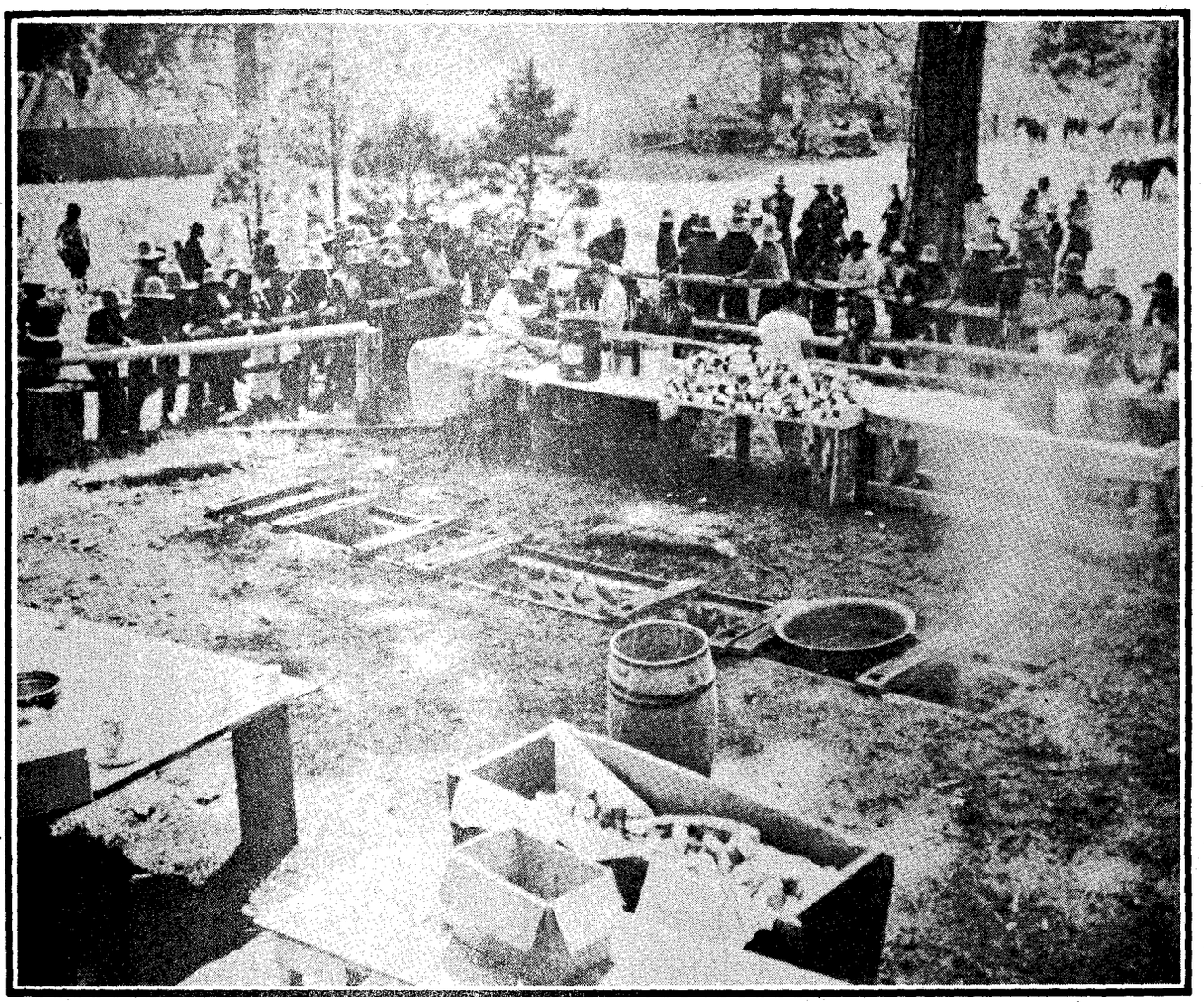
THE GREAT WESTERN BARBECUE

By
Maurice Kildare

Ranchers in Texas and Oklahoma learned how to pit barbecue full quarters of beef from the Indians who had it handed down from generation to generation. The present-day, thin-sliced, sauce-soaked 'barbecue' beef they sell at stands today bears no resemblance to a real Western Barbecue.



Photos furnished by the author

Open barbecue pit with beef on the coals below (but over a framework) and barbecue sauce being heated, right.

Old cowman Weston Howard studied the meat - covered pit a long time before remarking in a reverent voice, "Barbecue, the greatest of all western eatin', how many crimes have been committed in Thy name!"

His statement sent my memory back across more than fifty years to the Choctaw - Chickasaw Indian family Fourth of July week reunions on Blue River in old Oklahoma. In particular I recalled Edgel Davis, Charley Colbert and Joe B. Massey. They furnished the three and four - year - old steers and did the barbecuing over a period of days.

"Way back there after the civil war," Uncle Joe

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(Massey) would reminisce, "My Nueces River Nigrah man who escaped to the Injun Nations ahead of Texas' Governor Davis' Nigraw police lookin' for him, was the best barbecuer this side of Hades!"

His brothers - in - law, Colbert and Davis, agreed with him. They interested me because my mother had grown up with most of them, and my aunt Ella Meador was one of the beautiful Davis girls.

Uncle Joe, who only passed away in 1948, continued his southern drawl, "He was Uncle Han — Han bein' sho't for Hannibal. Uncle Han was a mite contrary with his pit barbecuin'. He wouldn't start it until the moon reached the fust quartah. He swore it had to be that way or the meat would be no good!

"As long as good ole Uncle Han lived, he shore turned out the best barbecue meat I ever et!"

I also heard it claimed that Barbecue Campbell (B. H. Campbell), the manager of the famous Texas XIT ranch, was the same kind of moon watcher.

Despite the fame of Uncle Han and Barbecue Campbell, no one else I ever encountered including the Davis, Colbert and Massey families paid any attention to moon phases. All of them used the same very old method of pit barbecuing.

Their pit on Blue River was long, length depending on the number of big steers to be barbecued at one time. Either cross - laid iron bars, chicken or hog fence wire was stretched across the 36 - inch wide pit that was 18 inches deep.

The full quarters of beef, or sometimes cut in equal halves, were placed over the pit. The original fire in it had become a mass of evenly bedded coals. The excess was removed to where more wood was being burned to maintain an even pit bed.

The cooking started about three o'clock in the afternoon, continued throughout the night and was completed about eleven o'clock the next morning. The meat was turned with pitchforks every fifteen minutes, requiring usually two men to do so.

The fork tines were thrust down into the huge chunks of meat. The basting liquid was then spread over the surface with a tightly rolled rag fastened to the end of a stick, never poured or brushed on.

A barbecue at Flagstaff, Arizona where 7,000 were fed.

Barbecue sauce being poured over the Indian girl's meat portion.

The basting solution for three beeves on the pit at one time called for eight gallons of vinegar, two pounds of black pepper and one pound of salt. Sometimes ten pounds of brown sugar were added during the final ten hours of cooking. The solution depended entirely on how well the cooking proceeded and maintenance of the firecoal level. More was made according to need. The tine holes allowed the basting solution to penetrate deeply, and that is why they were made frequently.

This was the original method of pit barbecuing that reached Oklahoma and Texas through southern Indians as early as the 1830's. From there after 1870, the same method of barbecuing became common all over the great west.

It is a mistaken belief that this way of barbecuing was "invented" in the west or that it was strictly a cattleland innovation.

The roasting of animal meat, killed on the hunt, in beds of glowing coals or hot ashes was used by no less than Man at the dawn of civilization. The same ordinary method was followed by North American Indians. It was a refined accomplishment in Europe by white men who brought it to the New England colonies with them.

But this was all *roasted* meat, not barbecued.

Originally, the word barbecue meant a large gathering of people at big feasts where oxen, hogs, goats, sheep and wild animal carcasses were roasted for many hours in hot coals over fires and in pits.

This was done in the American colonies before 1700.

There was an addition of savory liquids and spices for taste (sometimes wine) to this roasting in the colonies and later in the southern states where pit cooking reached the highest popularity. Cooking of an entire animal carcass up to yearling bovines in size was sometimes done on a long spit with a slave constantly turning it. This was the old forerunner of the electrically turned rotisserie of today.

Apparently vinegar, easily produced, was used during the early period because it was found to be a tenderizer under most conditions. As a matter of fact even slow roasting for many hours will tenderize the toughest meat, including aged cows and bulls.

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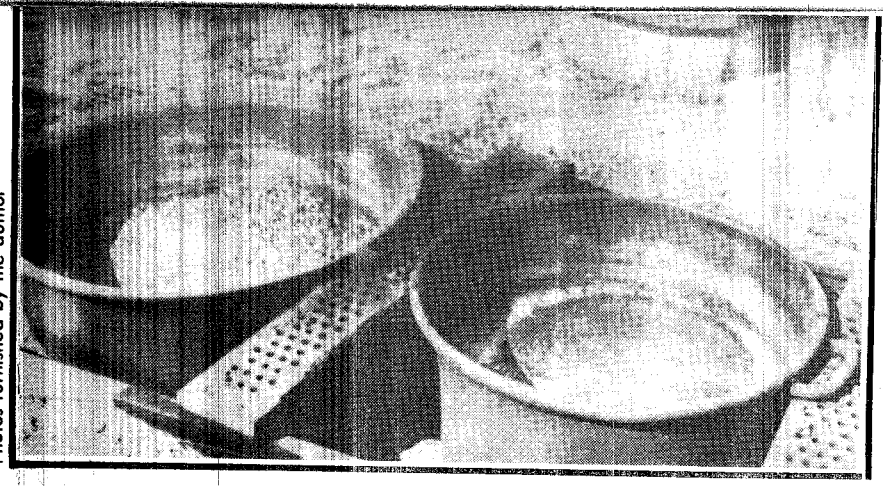

Photos furnished by the author

Cooking beans on the open barbecue pit.

In an open fire using hot coals in ashes, roasting any kind of meat by Indians, frontiersmen, grubless army units, explorers and even the famed Texas rangers in a hurry to produce something to eat was not barbecuing.

Of dire necessity, mule and horse meat received this fast roasting treatment. It was never fully cooked (actually only burned or charred on the outside). Sliced into with a Bowie knife, the red meat inside was hardly more than warm. Indeed, there are accounts of starving men consuming an almost bloody raw meal.

It remained for men of the original cattleland of the North American continent, Texas and the Indian Nations, to popularize the process that became generally known as barbecuing. This delicacy was prepared all over the west with the exception of California. It was nothing like what is known as "Bar - B - Que" today.

The California style barbecuing is a process used by the Portuguese for their annual community Pentecostal celebrations. This meat, usually cooked in a pit, is so covered with hot sauce and other ingredients that the smoke - flavored meaty taste is entirely lost.

Montanan Howard's statement is worthy of consideration for he spoke the exact truth. Today the chances are 999 to 1 all alleged barbecue is nothing more than oven roasted meat doused in hot sauce.

In addition to the applied sauce, thinly sliced meat, chicken, weiners, sausage, chops, hamburgers and so on, are marinated overnight. Cooked ten to fifteen minutes it is called genuine old smoky barbecue.

A method originating in New Mexico and old Mexico consists of sewing chunks of meat in sacking. The wrapped pieces are buried in a firecoal - prepared pit and covered over, or placed in a bread baking oven above ground and left to cook for upwards of 36 or 48 hours. This method saves considerable loss of meat weight and does tenderize it, but it is not barbecue nor does it have the flavor of the genuine article.

The only other method of barbecuing aside from a ground pit is in a large fireplace about 36 inches long by 24 wide. It can be done using a bed of burned down hardwood coals under a framework over the andirons. More firecoals can be added when needed.

The hind quarter of a calf cut in half, a lamb or small goat carcass can be barbecued in the fireplace the pit way in 12 to 18 hours.

The preparations for real western barbecuing, for which there is absolutely no substitute, starts with a pit dug 18 inches deep and from 36 to 48 inches wide. It must be long enough to accommodate the amount of beef or beeves intended for barbecuing at one time.

The pit should be filled with dry hickory wood. Black walnut or oak can be used instead. The wood is burned to a bed of live coals. The excess is removed and the remainder leveled off to three or four inches in depth. Other wood is burned out of the way for replenishing firecoals in the pit.

The pit can be covered over with a framework of iron rods or rails. Chicken or hog wire stretched across and fastened solidly to timbers embedded in the ground approximately two feet from the edge of the pit serve best.

Hay pitching forks are used to burn the heavy chunks of meat, by two men when necessary. When the quarters are halved each should be as near possible in equal weight.

The ribs of beef should be sawed down the center of the backbone, then cut half their length. Or if they are extra long, two cuts made, resulting in three pieces. Cut through the bone only, not the side meat, and do not separate. Since they will cook faster than the quarters, the rib sections are not placed over the pit until the final 10 or 12 hours.

After the chunks of meat are placed over the pit they are pierced with the fork tines. The first basting solution is applied. For a single beef much less is required than was used by the Choctaws and Chicasaws. Three gallons of vinegar, 1 pound of black papper and half a pound of salt should suffice. It should be mixed in a wooden keg or a granite ware dishpan or other large vessel, never in aluminum or bare metal. Stir with a wooden spoon each time before using.

The basting solution can be kept warm on one end of the pit. The low temperature of the meat should not be suddenly reduced. When tallow melts and drips into the coals they will blaze up. The flames should be extinguished immediately with a shovel or the rake used to keep the firecoals evenly spread.

For half quarters of meat, the cooking should be started around three o'clock in the afternoon if the feast is intended for the next day noon. If the meat is at least 12 inches above the firecoals, the temperature should range from 110 to 140 degrees Farenheit. A steady 110 degrees is preferable but may drop occasionally because of several detracting factors. A ground wind, even a breeze, will siphon off some of the heat before it reaches the meat. The thin gray smoke will evaporate part of it also.

Low heat and the smoke providing taste are the main factors in pit barbecuing. The temperature must be low or it will *roast,* even burn the meat. If it isn't barbecued on time, leave it on the pit longer.

It requires experience to solve the many facets of barbecuing. The experienced man knows from keeping the firebed exactly right how it is progressing. He watches the wind, and if sand or dirt blows towards the pit, a windbreak will have to be erected. Ashes from the pit don't worry him. A steady wind also means an increase in the barbecuing time.

The rib sections are first placed on the pit bone side down and left there for half an hour to heat the pieces. The ribs are then basted and turned over and thereafter handled like the larger meat chunks.

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At ten o'clock in the morning, the firebed is allowed to die down to maintain only enough heat to keep the barbecue warm. At this point, the old barbecuer tested his meat by cutting into a large chunk for a slice. The taste and condition of the processed meat told him instantly whether it was ready or not. If more intensive cooking was required, new firecoals were spread in the pit.

In the old days no sauce was prepared to go with the meat. It was considered tasty and wood flavored enough. Probably another reason was that, in most cases, insufficient ingredients were on hand to prepare a sauce.

Eventually, it became customary to make two kinds of barbecue sauce to be ladled onto the sliced meat.

The hot sauce, for a crowd of 250 or slightly more people, is made of the following items:

2 gallons catsup
14 ounces cooking oil
28 ounces Worcestershire sauce (or a similar one)
1 pound finely ground chili capinos, or Cayenne pepper
3 pounds brown sugar
10 finely chopped garlic cloves
10 ounces lemon juice
8 ounces dry mustard
1 ground cinnamon stick.

This mixture in a granite ware vessel should be boiled at the barest bubbling stage from one hour to an hour and a half, stirred every few minutes with a wooden spoon.

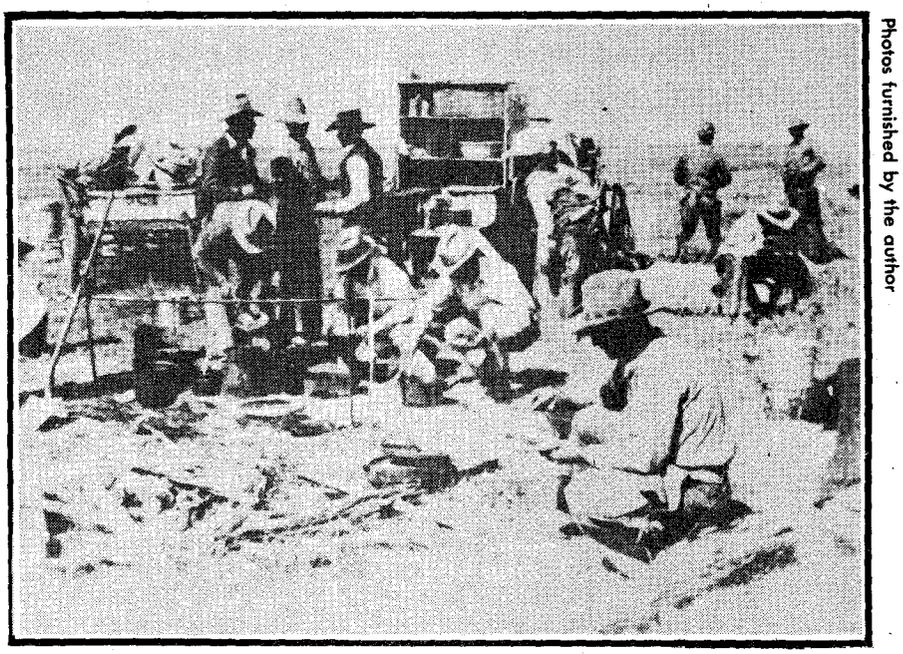
Some of the above ingredients can be replaced by a similiar one. For instance, vinegar or sour wine for the Worcestershire sauce and lemon juice.

Not everyone relishes the hot sauce, so a mild one can be prepared as follows:

2 gallons catsup
14 ounces Worcestershire sauce
5 pounds brown sugar
10 ounces lemon juice
5 crushed garlic cloves or 12 mashed or grated shallots (the shallot tubers are hard and have to be broken apart for use).
1 gallon canned tomatoes without the puree, run through a collander.

Mixed, this combination is also kept at the barest bubbling point the same length of time as for the hot sauce.

Weston Howard recalled that both of these recipes were used in old Montana. They probably



Photos furnished by the author

Barbecued meat could be carried in the chuck wagon to feed roundup crews on the range, like this one in Texas.

reached there via Texas cowboys.

The whole carcass of a *skinned* hog can be barbecued. The fat soon starts dripping into the pit. The firecoal blaze must be extinguished immediately. Burning grease has a tendency to pour soot on the meat.

The whole carcass of a calf, sheep or goat can be handled on the firecoal pit the same way. All three should be finished in about eighteen hours.

My barbecuing was learned from those with many years experience, and they followed no written recipes. They worked by guess and taste alone.

In the 1930's, at the Flagstaff (Arizona) annual All-Indian Pow-Wow, we barbecued altogether thirty head of old cows and ancient bulls. They were used because of the cheap price on the hoof. There would be enough meat from them to feed 7,000 Indians from several tribes three noon meals.

The animals were butchered in a slaughter house and the quarters, ribs and necks hauled to the firecoal pit. It was forty feet long, covered with eight to ten cow critters at a time and operated day and night during the celebration. Only by this continuous process, beginning the day before the celebration opened, could so many Indians have been fed. A mild sauce was ladled out, mostly on pinto beans boiled in fifty gallon oil drums. Boiled potatoes and large buns comprised the rest of the menu for the tribesmen.

The meat was not sliced but cut into two and three pound chunks. Heads of families drew rations for all their people and were two hours passing through rail fenced lines before the issuing tables.

Trying to cut down the slow time barbecuing can turn into a real problem. In 1936 at Crown Point, New Mexico the meat of three two-year - old steers was cut into 100 pound chunks. The barbecuer figured that if it took 18 hours to cook a hind quarter weighing 250 pounds then 100 pounds would require only 7½ hours.

Settling for eight hours he filled his pit at four o'clock in the morning for a midday feast for 2,000 people. At noon the meat wasn't fully barbecued, nor yet at one o'clock. Another hour elapsed before he started feeding a very hungry and impatient crowd.

Howard meant that the word barbecue and its definition has come upon evil days, being used to actually defraud. Along western highways traveled by tourists there are signs that proclaim, "Real pit Bar - B - Q," "Old Smoky Bar - B - Que", "Genuine Western Bar - B - Que", and so on.

These signs are, literally, false advertising. It takes too long to produce what is claimed to be sold. Especially for the profit end of the business, for the weight loss is all of one - third under any circumstances.

In the same category are the big annual barbecues promoted by social organizations, chambers of commerce and other worthwhile groups for the sole purpose of raising money.

The methods of preparing

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barbecue by all these people and organizations are identically the same. Oven roasted meat is spiced with hot sauce containing tallow and receives no other attention. This is the easiest and most economical way to prepare what they are bilking the public with. But it is still nowhere near smoky barbecue.

A facsimile of barbecued chicken, sausage, steaks, chops, fish, wild game and other foods in small portions are prepared the same way, i.e., roasted and disguised by an indigestion producing hot sauce with too much grease. Barbecued beans are nothing more than boiled beans doused with hot stuff.

There are ten thousand recipes for this type of phoney barbecuing. Every item necessary can be bought in the nearest market, including "real ranchman's" barbecue sauce and the smoke tasting liquid to go with it.

On the bottles of these commercial products are printed recipes. The best one I have seen calls for four pork chops, a pinch of salt, some black pepper, two tablespoons chopped onions and one half cup of patent barbecue sauce.

The instructions are for cooking the chops in this stuff for one hour at 325 degrees heat. It would be better if cooked two hours at a temperature of 200 degrees; less risk of turning out something as tough as a boot sole.

There is one recipe sure to tangle up the tryo - barbecuer quickly. But if he can wade through it, the dish, while not barbecue, won't be half bad. This one calls for:

2 pounds cubed beef
1 onion, chopped
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 cup hot water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
1 cup catsup
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 cup celery, chopped

Once mixed and stirred together well in a cooking dish, this concoction is to be cooked from one to three hours at 300 degrees temperature.

For a quickie ersatz barbecue on a grill this might do:

¾ pound ground beef
1 roll large refrigerator biscuits
¼ cup grated cheddar cheese
1 tablespoon any old smoky barbecue sauce

This gook is cooked for ten minutes while the ground beef patties are sizzling at 485 degrees. Then it is spread over the patties on the biscuits.

From Alaska comes a bear meat barbecue recipe. Cut into small pieces, the meat is roasted at 325 degrees for three hours before the following mixture is applied:

½ cup vinegar
½ cup water
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon black pepper
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 onion finely chopped
¼ cup salad oil
1 teaspoon chili powder
5 ounces Tabasco sauce
½ cup catsup
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce

The same recipe applies to moose, goat, sheep and deer meat, all kinds of fowl, chops, wieners, and various kinds of German, Italian and American sausages.

Marinade is a mere shirttail relation to barbecue sauce. An all purpose marinade can be used to step up the flavor of steaks, chops fish and all kinds of fowl:

½ cup honey
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup soy sauce
2 mashed cloves garlic
2 tablespoons sherry wine

After being mixed well and cooled, the food of whatever nature is placed in it overnight and then cooked the usual way.

This Creole sauce for fish is also often used for roasted meat:

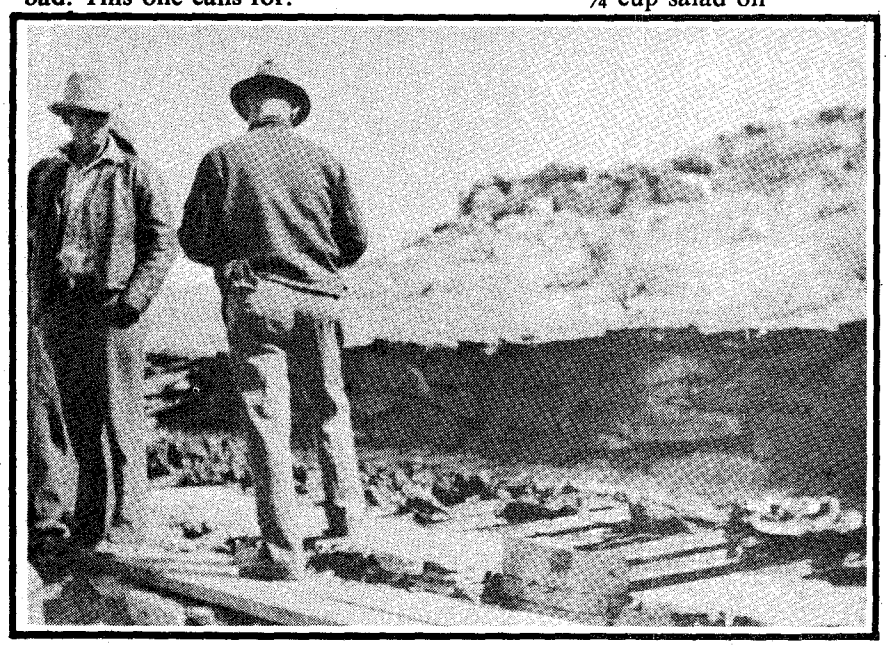
3 tablespoons melted butter
2 green bell peppers chopped fine
1 finely chopped onion
1 clove finely chopped garlic
1 can (2½ size) tomatoes with the puree
¾ tablespoon salt
¼ teaspoon black pepper
¼ teaspoon Cayenne pepper

The combined ingredients should be boiled slowly for 45 minutes before using. The food is placed in it in a flat dish and refrigerated overnight.

Tens of thousands of patio and backyard (so - called) barbecue grills are sold every year across the nation. Observing one in operation the barbecue specialist is inclined to sneer cynically, considering the operator a crass greenhorn.

Nevertheless, a fairly tasty meal without danger of ptomaine poisoning can be prepared on them. It can be one that few people will be able to distinguish from the real thing. This is possible if the cook has some skill and assumes certain precautions.

He should make sure that the commercial charcoal bricks used are not merely charcoal fragments pressed together in a mold with grain starch as the binding material. Look out for lumbermill sawdust that has been "charcoaled" and formed into a brick. It is one certain of breaking up into black dust on the food being cooked. Be sure that the charcoal is either hickory, oak or black walnut wood. Even if it is,



Photos furnished by the author

Open pit barbecuing with the beef cut into 25 pound chunks.

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liquid smoke that comes in a bottle needs to be added for tasty flavor.

One layer of bricks placed solid in the grill firepan should not be started with oil, least of all kerosene. While a slow process, they can be fired with nothing more than a few strips of rolled newspaper below them. By moving the fast burning bricks around carefully, an even bed of coals can be obtained. Thereafter, new bricks can be added cautiously to maintain a continuous firebed.

Half of the success for this type of cooking depends on the firecoals. The grill will put forth more heat than the open pit, for it is barely over the firecoals and is protected all around. This being true, the degree of heat is much greater and the cooking faster.

Any meat, fowl or fish can be grilled or roasted on this grill. Remember too, that a chunk of boned meat should be three times the weight of the amount intended for feeding guests. In the long run, it is probably better to slice it up although the larger pieces come closest to barbecue.

Other foods and even the sliced meats will lose a very nominal amount of weight on the grill.

The sauce used can be the old western kind produced in a small quantity, one of the recipes above or the bottled commercial type.

The basting solution of pit barbecuing for 25 pounds of meat cut up for the grill can be reduced to 1 pint vinegar, 2 ounces black pepper and a pinch of salt. If brown sugar is desired, estimate the cooking time and add ¼ pound for the last two bastings. Use a long tined kitchen carving fork to punch holes in the meat for saturation. The solution is for both tenderizing and flavoring.

Grilled hamburgers are a delight and a special treat for children. The ground beef should be all lean and made into ¾ inch thick patties. Place them in a folding wire grill for they break apart easily. Since hamburger cooks fast over the glowing coals, wipe on the basting solution no more than twice on each side. The homemade sauce or the bottled kind can be used, and added even to that, mustard, onions and pickles make them thick as Dagwood Bumsteads.

For hot tasting hamburgers the ingredients are often combined all at once. Use:

1 pound lean ground beef
1 onion chopped fine
2 tablespoons chili powder
4 teaspoons grated horse radish
1 teaspoon Tabasco sauce
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Mix well together and form into four patties. Placed in the hand grill they should cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Turn four times and baste on each occasion.

A milder one for children who do not care for hot he - man hamburgers would be:

1 pound ground beef
1 tablespoon chili powder
1 tablespoon dry mustard
2 tablespoons pineapple juice

When mixed well, form into four patties. Cook and baste for fifteen minutes. Have already cooked thin slices of ham. Put one on the hot bun and then the hamburger pattie. In place of ham, cheese can also be used. The volume of hamburgers can be increased to feed the number of children present.

The city dweller who would like to do pit barbecuing need not despair. He can do it in a backyard pit 18 by 24 inches and twenty inches deep. If his city ordinances prohibit the smoke from making charcoal, he can do it with hardwood out in the country on a friend's place. Burn down a pile of hardwood to large coals, then cover them deep with damp soil. The idea is to halt further burning that would render the coals to mere ashes. When the charcoal is cold they can be sacked up and stored for future use.

Start them burning in the pit with loosely rolled or crumpled paper below the charcoal. When an even fire is obtained, the pit is ready for use. There will hardly be any smoke at all, certainly insufficient to pollute the air anymore than an iron grill.

The small amount of meat desired to be barbecued can be any size, preferably in not more than two chunks. The basting and sauce recipes can be cut down to the amount necessary. If two 25 - pound chunks of beef are being barbecued, it can be accomplished in about 12 hours. ●**RW**

Photos furnished by the author

Weston Howard, the Montanan who recalled barbecuing being done the old way before 1900.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

My own long barbecuing file and personal experiences.

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. I would like to ask REAL WEST whatever became of two early Western movie stars - Wally Wales and Tom Keene. L. Hathcock, History, N. C.

A. Wally Wales, realizing in 1936 that his career as a star was over, changed his name to Hal Taliaferro and played character parts, mostly that of an outlaw. He retired in the late 1950's. Having been born in 1895, he would be seventy-eight today. We don't know where he is currently living. Tom Keene (real name George Duryea) died in 1963 at the age of 59.

Q. Could you tell me where to write to find out about the big (285 miles) pasture built in the early 1900's by the Lake, Tomb and Lemmon Cattle Company? J. Hoover, Imbler, Oregon.

A. Write to: Standing Rock Reservation, c/o Standing Rock Agency, Fort Yates, North Dakota 58538.

Q. What ever became of Geronimo's son Chapo, and Mangus; did they die while in prison in Florida? W. Wood, Charlottesville, Va.

A. Mangus at least did not. There are records indicating he joined the tribe's last government - ordered move to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he presumably lived out his days. We could find no record of the final end of Chappo.

Q. Are there any Indians by the name of Wade in the Water? If so, what tribe? W. Wade, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A. It is quite possible that there lived, or is living, an Indian by the name of Wade in the Water; however, he was, or is, of insufficient prominence to have achieved a record one may look up. If you are referring to a group of Indians by that name, our library bears no reference. Perhaps one of our readers can help you.

Q. Just testing: I'll bet you can't tell me about Old Mose, the monster grizzly bear of Colorado. L. Daglis, Denver, Col.

A. You're the type of reader who makes my job interesting - frightening, but interesting. It was with some trepidation that I accepted your challenge, but a review of my library revealed the information. Old Mose was a giant grizzly bear who flourished in Colorado in the late 1880's. He had developed a taste for fresh meat and wreaked havoc among the ranches. Numerous hunting parties sought him out with no success. One Jake Ratcliffe encountered Old Mose, sent ten or more bullets into him, but failed to kill him. Mose charged and Jake played dead, and soon Mose moved off. Jake raised his head too soon, as Mose was watching. Mose moved in again and mauled Jake so badly that he died the next day. A J. W. Anthony finally killed Old Mose. His pack of hounds cornered the bear, and after receiving several shots from Anthony, Mose charged. When he was about three feet from Anthony, he received a shot between the eyes which finally did him in.

Q. As a keen Western movie fan of many years, I have the impression that Dale Robertson is more authentic than the others, i.e., general mannerisms, horse - riding, etc. Any information on Robertson? T. Hull, Bedford, England.

A. Born in Oklahoma City, Okla. July 14, 1923; studied law at Oklahoma City College; top athlete, winning twenty-eight letters. Leaving school, worked as shipping clerk, construction laborer, cowpuncher and professional boxer. In 1942 entered Army, second lieutenant, served with Patton's Third Army, wounded by shrapnel, honorably discharged as first lieutenant 1945. Entered movies on tenth try in 1949. Served as romantic lead in several films, then went into Westerns. Big chance and real fame came with TV series TALES OF WELLS FARGO. Now functions as free lance and does some producing on his own. Lives with third wife on Oklahoma ranch where he raises and trains horses.

Q. I read REAL WEST regularly. I would like some pioneer man or woman to send me a recipe on how to make sour dough biscuits. I would welcome one or two more old Western recipes. Please send to: Henry L. Jones, 300 East Cooper St., Sedalia, Missouri, 65301.

A. If there are any old pioneer men or women still left who are reading this, please oblige Mr. Jones, with our thanks.

Q. Do you have an address where I might write to Charles Starrett who starred in the series THE DURANGO KID? What ever happened to Sunset Carson? R. Dracka, Port Clinton, Ohio.

A. Charles Starrett is living in his palatial home on the outskirts of Hollywood. We don't have a specific address, but suggest that you write to his last employers, Columbia Studios, Hollywood, California. Sunset Carson retired from motion pictures in 1952. He's about 53 years old now. He has faded into obscurity and we are sorry, we do not have his address. Republic Pictures in Hollywood may.

Q. Can you recommend a good, reliable book on early Kansas personalities? V. Brande, Tulsa, Okla.

A. One of the very best is WHY THE WEST WAS WILD, by Nyle H. Miller and Joseph W. Snell, published 1963 by the Kansas State Historical Society. It was reprinted by the University of Nebraska Press. It is authentic because it is compiled from contemporary newspaper accounts, governors' reports, court records, and city records of the time.

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by Nono Minor

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

INDIANS OF THE DESERT

Four different cultural groups lived in the desert area which included parts of what is now California, Utah, Colorado, Oklahoma, Arizona, New Mexico and sections of Sonora and Chihuahua in Old Mexico.

The Anasazi, one of these cultural groups, lived in what is now northwestern New Mexico, northeastern Arizona, and parts of Colorado and Utah. It is believed they first came to this area about 400 A. D., and because of the fine baskets they wove, which could even hold water, they were sometimes referred to as "Basketmakers". When the Spanish first saw these Indians, they were living in villages built of stone masonry, and so the Spanish gave them the name Pueblos. This name is still used today, and the modern Pueblo people include the Hopi and Zuni.

The Hohokam are believed to have reached Arizona almost 2000 years ago, and the word Hohokam in Pima means "those who have gone". This culture developed in four stages. In the first, lasting from 1 - 600 A. D., the people grew corn and other crops using the flood waters for irrigation. The second period lasted from 600 - 900 A. D., and it is believed that during this time the people were joined by invaders from Mexico. The third stage lasted from 900 - 100 A. D., and in this period the Hohokam began to build irrigation ditches. They also built large ball courts, somewhat like those found in Middle America. The culture of this group reached its climax in the fourth and last period from 100 - 1400 A. D., and it was during this time the Hohokam influenced so many of the tribes living near them.

The Mogollon people lived in what is now southwestern New Mexico and southeastern Arizona, extending into parts of Senora and Chihuahua in Old Mexico. This culture persisted with few changes until about 100 A. D. when it was influenced by the Anasazi culture. Although these people were the earliest southwest farmers and influenced those about them, they left behind no living connection of their own. They seemed to cease to exist about 1400 A. D., possibly going into Mexico.

The Patayan culture is little known, but these people seemed to have been ancestors of the Yuman speaking Indians. They were a peaceful people and never practiced a religion that required human torture or sacrifice. The Walapai, Yuma, Havasupai and the Yavapai are bound to the Patayan culture.

Spanish explorers, gold seekers, and missionaries up from Mexico were the first white men to contact these Indians. The Spanish arrived in this area nearly sixty years before the Pilgrims settled at Plymouth. The Spanish tried to use the Indians as forced labor in their gold mines and fields, as well as in their homes. The Indians rebelled many times between 1645 and 1680, and in 1680 the Pueblos joined forces under Pope, an Apache Indian from Taos. Runners, carrying a message consisting of a knotted cord, were sent to all the villages. The knots on the cord indicated the day the rebellion was to start, but the Spanish learned of this and so the Indians had to start early.

Many Spanish were killed and their written records destroyed. Twelve years later the Spanish again gained control over the Indian, who once more rebelled, but this time with little effect. By 1700 the Spanish ruled over all the Pueblo tribes along the Rio Grande, but could never gain control over the Hopi of northern Arizona. From 1687 to 1711 Father Kino established many missions in southern Arizona and northwest New Mexico, including the famous San Xavier mission, known as "the Dove of the Dessert", located outside Tuscon, Arizona. Father Kino taught the Indian how to raise livestock and plants. When Mexico won her independence from Spain in 1821, the Indian again rebelled.

The Navajo, one of the desert tribes, differ from the other Indians of this area. They were part of the Athanacan speaking family and had arrived in the southwest some 1000 years ago. They are believed to have come to the southwest from northwestern North America, as the Navajo speak a language similar to the tribes living in that area. The Navajo copied many ways of the Indians of the Pueblos but did not fight as much, and raided only to obtain what they needed. However, at the end of the Civil War, the Indians began to raid and General Carlton of the United States Army sent Kit Carson to take the New Mexico volunteers and contain the Navajo.

Many Indians fled to the Canyon De Chelly and the others, canyons of northern Arizona and southern Utah. The Army destroyed their fields and captured about eight thousand Indians who were sent to Fort Wingate, Arizona and later to Fort Sumner, New Mexico. In Navajo culture the mother is head of the family, but the father represents it in ceremonial and public affairs. The children belong to the mothers' clan.

The Apache received their name sometime after 1600 from the Zuni in whose language it means "enemy people". Up to about a hundred years ago they hunted and gathered plants for a living, the eastern Apache would leave their homes and go into the plains to hunt buffalo. Their clothing was of buckskin, and many made fine baskets as well as beadwork. Their summer home was called a ramada and was a thatched roof mounted on four poles. In winter they made a home of interlocking branches covered with bear grass which was called a wickiup.

The Pima and Papago lived in the southern or desert part of Arizona and are believed to be descendants of the Hohokam. They made tightly woven baskets which could hold water. The Papago did a great deal of moving about; the Pima seemed to have remained in one place. Before 1700, when the Apache started raiding, the Papago lived in independent villages apart from each other, but by 1800 they had moved closer and formed a unit. According to their customs, after a man became thirty years of age he

(continued on page 69)

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REAL WEST

State Historical Society of Colorado

REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY: BLACK KETTLE. Cheyenne Chief. He was killed by U. S. soldiers at the Battle of the Washita in 1868. The attacking force was led by Custer.

Mercaldo Archives

DEADWOOD, SOUTH DAKOTA during its boom days. The scene taken in 1876 shows the hustle and bustle, the mud and the makeshift buildings that was part of every boom town in the West.

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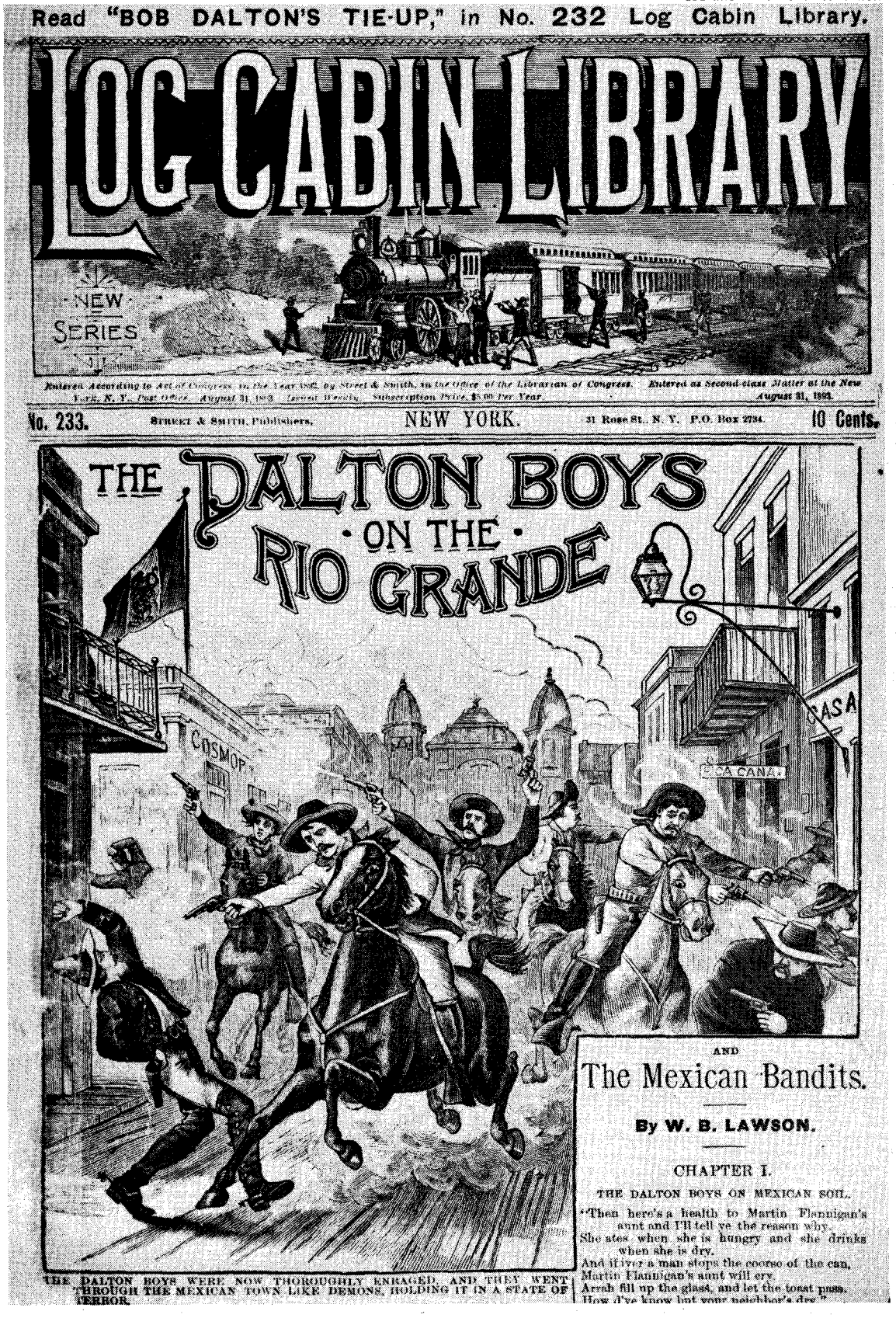
PICTORIAL

LeBlanc dime novel collection


Read "BOB DALTON'S TIE-UP," in No. 232 Log Cabin Library.
LOG CABIN LIBRARY
NEW SERIES
Entered According to Act of Congress, in the Year 1893, by Street & Smith, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, August 31, 1893. Issued Weekly. Subscription Price, $5.00 Per Year. August 31, 1893.
No. 233. STREET & SMITH, Publishers, NEW YORK. 31 Rose St., N. Y. P.O. Box 2734. 10 Cents.
THE DALTON BOYS ON THE RIO GRANDE
COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL
CASA
CASA CANAL
AND
The Mexican Bandits.
By W. B. LAWSON.
CHAPTER I.
THE DALTON BOYS ON MEXICAN SOIL.
"Then here's a health to Martin Flannigan's
aunt and I'll tell ye the reason why.
She ates when she is hungry and she drinks
when she is dry.
And if iver a man stops the coorse of the can,
Martin Flannigan's aunt will cry.
Arrah fill up the glass, and let the toast pass.
How d'ye know but your neighbor's dry."
THE DALTON BOYS WERE NOW THOROUGHLY ENRAGED, AND THEY WENT THROUGH THE MEXICAN TOWN LIKE DEMONS, HOLDING IT IN A STATE OF TERROR.

DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST. LOG CABIN LIBRARY. The fictional adventures of the Dalton Boys were featured in this library published by Street & Smith during the 1890's. No. 233 dated August 31, 1893 show the Daltons shooting up a Mexican town on the border.

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Martyr: Archbishop C. J. SEGHERS

When Archbishop Charles John Seghers arrived in the Pacific Northwest in 1873, he found a wilderness. He went into every area of his vast diocese and had great plans for the future when a man for whom he had great hopes ended his life with a single shot. It was a senseless, stupid crime, unexplained to this day.

By
T. W. Paterson

British Columbia Provincial Archives

Martyred Archbishop John Seghers, victim of "one of the most cowardly and purposeless crimes ever committed."

Few men could have been more dissimilar than the missionary and the murderer: Archbishop Charles John Seghers, dedicated, dignified and fired with the confidence of a noble cause; and Francis Fuller, brooding Irish immigrant, farmer, watchmaker and frustrated layman consumed by a very different fire, that of the damned.

When their destinies finally collided on a wild Yukon riverbank, violent death causing a sensation which shook the entire Pacific Northwest for years afterward, was the tragic result.

Born in Ghent, Belgium, Seghers studied for the missions of far-western America at the North American College in Louvain, arriving in the promised land of unsaved souls in 1873 to assume the duties of Modeste Demers, first Bishop of Vancouver Island. Despite a near-fatal bout with illness, the man who was fated to become the northwest's sole "martyr," soon bounded back, his slight frame ready to take on the crushing burdens of a far-flung office. Deciding that firsthand observation was the best way to learn his new duties, he undertook "the strenuous task of visiting every portion of his diocese, which included Alaska."

This flying inspection of the outposts of his diocese was no sooner completed than the indefatigable Seghers set out for the west coast of Vancouver Island. Accompanied by a young priest named Augustus Brabant, he covered hundreds of gruelling miles by boat and on foot before returning to Victoria; at least one momentous result of the tour was Father Brabant's choice of Hesquiat as the site of his own mission, for which work he is yet remembered.

In 1879, Seghers was made Archbishop of Oregon City, not returning to Victoria until 1885, as Archbishop-Bishop of Vancouver Island until the transfer of Rev. J. J. Brondel permitted him the long-cherished opportunity of regaining control of the island diocese he once had described as "the most beautiful in the world."

Seghers soon caused a stir among Victorians when he commissioned architect John Teague to design a new archiepiscopal residence to replace the old frame bishop's residence on Humboldt Street. Upon completion, citizens loudly praised or damned the Yates Street structure, completed at the then stupendous sum of $25,000, as a "Palace". Few denied that the three-story residence was elegant, the Victoria *Colonist* reporting that the public reception held to inaugurate the new building, in April of 1886, was "crushing" so large was the number of those present.

"The interior of the structure ... was brilliantly lighted, and in going from room to room visitors had to push past each other, while the main stairway was packed with people who could not find standing room either in the hall or in the spacious room leading from it, which must have been about 40 or 45 feet long by about 20 feet wide. At one end of this a temporary stage was fixed up, where an entertainment, given by the day scholars and boarders of St. Ann's Convent ... was in progress."

The *Colonist* reporter was, in short, overwhelmed, terming the residence "the most substantial, the handsomest and the costliest" in Victoria.

At the height of festivities, Bishop Seghers gave a brief address, explaining that the housewarming was intended "to show the kindred feeling he experienced towards all, every class, denomination and nationality, and he hoped that the harmony of the gathering that evening would be but as a symbol of the sentiment that would continue and extend among his congregation and the rest of those present."

The gala evening ended with the raffle of an armchair and some vases.

The popular bishop's next public announcement was somewhat more dramatic. Seghers revealed his plan to forsake his palatial quarters for the wilds of Yukon and Alaska and to return to his first (and, to him, foremost) calling, that of the missionary.

"Adieu! I leave for Alaska and God knows when or whether I shall return. Pray for me."

And on that curiously haunting note, Archbishop Charles John Seghers bade farewell to Victoria and to the island he loved. When he returned, more than two years later, it would be in a coffin.

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First hint of the impending tragedy came in a brief news account within weeks of his departure as the steamship *Idaho,* southbound from Alaska,.reported that his party had been met upon landing at Chilkoot "by a great crowd of natives who refused to allow them to pass through their territory."

The natives had, in fact, been openly hostile, their chieftain shaking his fist in Seghers' face and cutting pigeon wings as prelude to a war dance, concluding his demonstration with a threat to annihilate all whites. The situation had become so serious, the report continued, that only the arrival of local white traders, who had been informed of the confrontation, saved the missionaries from violence.

When the volatile chief agreed to a truce, they dispatched a messenger to Juneau, Gov. Swinford personally responding with a dozen armed men. With the chieftain's arrest, the *Idaho's* master said that Seghers and companions had proceeded on to the headwaters of the Yukon River.

Eight months later, a black-bannered *Colonist* carried the horrendous news: Archbishop Seghers had been foully murdered the previous November by a member of his own party, "Brother Fuller ... (who) is believed to be demented."

Stunned Victorians read the first details of the crime which had been passed on to the outside world by "moccasin telegraph":

"Fuller became morose and quarrelsome. They were about 30 miles from Noulata. Towards night, Fuller asked the bishop to make camp. The bishop consulted the Indians, who advised against camping there and said that an Indian camp, with a number of Indian houses, could be found a few miles further on.

"The bishop told Fuller that the Indians knew better than they could, and he should follow their advice. Fuller complained that more attention was paid to the Indians than to him."

But Seghers was adamant and the group had continued on to the village, immediately turning in with all members of the party sleeping together in a line. Fuller was the first to get up; it was between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning. He got some sticks ready for fuel, but sat down opposite the bishop without lighting them.

"The Indian at the end of the line rose and heard Fuller say, 'Bishop, get up.' The bishop lifted his head and half rose when he saw Fuller with a rifle leveled at him. As Fuller fired, he clasped his arms across his breast and bowed his head. The bullet struck him squarely on the forehead and he never spoke. The muzzle was so close to him that his face was powder-burned."

The events leading up to this infamous—and, some 85 years after, controversial—crime actually dated back more than a year, to Oregon City, where Bishop Seghers had formally decided to resume his work as a missionary in the Wilds of Alaska, where other faiths, particularly the Presbyterians, had become active. Thus, with the permission of the Superior of the Jesuit Missions Cataldo, Seghers had prepared for the great adventure. For companions, he was to have Father Pascal Tosi, an Italian, Father Aloysius Robaut, and the layman assistant who was to be his nemesis, Frank Fuller.

Ironically, but for Seghers' insistence, Fuller would never have accompanied the group; more than one of the Oregon Jesuits, including Father Tosi, emphatically expressed opposition to the Irishman's company.

To understand their objection to the enthusiastic volunteer, it is necessary to glance at his record in the northwest since he had emigrated from the Emerald Isle, several years earlier. After gradually working his way westward, 35-year-old Fuller had tried his hand at farming, soon forsaking the soil for a chance to serve the Order of Jesuits as a postulant, teaching and serving as handyman for his room and board.

Ambitious, intelligent and capable, he made an immediate impression with the Jesuits, only to leave the Coeur d'Alene mission months later under unhappy circumstances. It was to become a pattern throughout the region in the next few years; serve the Jesuit order as layman helper, be immediately popular, then leave unhappily, the initial amicable relationship having degenerated to quarrels and accusations through his having become overtly suspicious of all about him.

Finally, having heard of the preparing Alaskan expedition, he had beseeched Seghers to take him along as general factotum, and, impressed with Fuller's spirit, the open-hearted bishop had consented. When Tosi, who had encountered Fuller before, and others cautioned him against his decision, Seghers had refused to listen—and the tragedy was set.

Then, when all preparations had been completed in Victoria, an exuberant Seghers and party sailed for Alaska. Although Seghers was openly delighted at the prospect of at last fulfilling his dream of carrying the faith to the mountain vastness of Alaska, his followers were considerably more restrained.

For already—in fact, from the very beginning—friction had developed between Fuller and the other priests. Throughout the northward voyage, Father Tosi remarked in a letter that Fuller's conduct had become steadily worse. Irascible and surly, suspicious of their every move, he continually remarked that someone was plotting to kill him. He even developed a fear of being seen by his fellow passengers and took to carrying a revolver, which Tosi had to confiscate. With every utterance and action, Fuller had convinced Tosi all the more that he was not only unfit to accompany them but dangerous.

Yet, with Seghers, Fuller was a totally different man, attending to the bishop's every need, even to carrying his pack on the trail. Undoubtedly it was this apparent loyalty which convinced the somewhat naive bishop that Tosi and Robaut were exaggerating their differences with Fuller. Whatever, despite their every protest—even that of the French Canadian who had been hired in Juneau, who also took an immediate dislike to his overbearing colleague—Seghers continued to think highly of his factotum.

Despite the continuing personality clashes, the party made steady progress through wilderness, reaching the headwaters of the Yukon River by late July, when their new helper vanished without trace as the group enjoyed an afternoon rest.

In spite of a frantic search, the man was not to be found and they had no choice but to go on. Fuller was openly delighted at this unexpected development, sneering that his fellow worker had likely turned back due to the rheumatic pains and toothache which had beset him from the start. Tosi, however, had deeper reservations. Although he admitted it quite likely that the ail-

(continued on page 61)

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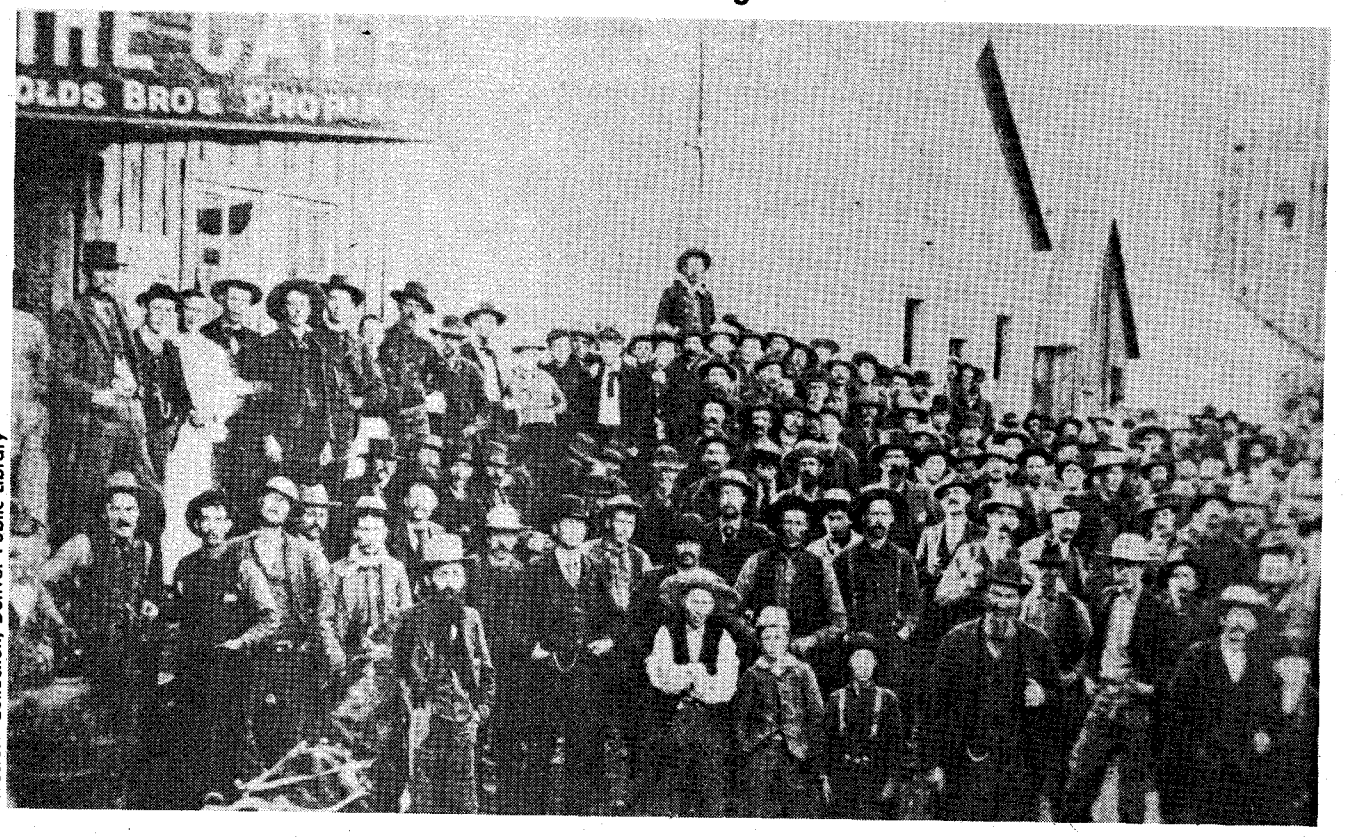
The Crede Chronicle once said that wide-open boom town got more than it's share of flotsam. Bunco artists, pick-pockets, dance-hall girls and professional gamblers were the more respectable citizens. Some of the most famous gunmen of the West practiced their deadly trade on Creede's two-mile long main drag.



Western Collection, Denver Public Library

Crowd gathers after the killing of Bob Ford on June 8, 1892 in Creede.

While this world is filled with sorrow,
And hearts must break and bleed
It's day all day in the daytime,
And there is no night in Creede.

— Cy Warman, Editor of the *Creede Chronicle*

When Nicholas C. Creede made his big strike on Willow Creek in 1889, he started one of the last of the big silver booms. It wasn't long before the booming settlement became one of the wildest of all mining camps in Colorado. Of Creede's motley population, the *Creede Chronicle* once said: "Creede is unfortunate in getting more of the flotsam of the state than usually falls to the lot of mining camps. Some of the citizens would take the grub - stake prize at a hog show."

The wide - open settlement, which was first called Willow and later renamed for Nicholas Creede in 1890, was officially incorporated as a city on March 19, 1892, with a population of 10,000 people. The false - fronted clapboard and tent town was strung out along Willow Creek Canyon for over two miles with its restaurants, saloons, and gambling halls open around the clock. Over a million dollars worth of ore was shipped out of Creede every month during 1892, with the wealth of the mines being talked about in all the financial centers of the world. These money men of the East called her "Colorado's Silver-ribbed Treasure Trove".

Still, over half the population of Creede was made up of bunco artists, mining sharks, saloon keepers, pick - pockets, dance - hall girls, professional gamblers, and assorted riffraff. Any efforts toward bringing order into the lawless gulch were considered useless against this bad lot

There Was NO NIGHT IN CREEDE

By Cy Martin

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which populated the town. About the only order around was that imposed by the self - proclaimed "camp bosses" — Bat Masterson and Soapy Smith. Smith brought the famed gunman John Light up from Texas to become chief of police. Also, he brought in con - man Lou "The Fixer" Blonger. Shootings on Creede's streets and in the dozens of saloons were just a part of the way of life.

Masterson's Watrous Saloon and Smith's Orleans Club were the favorite watering holes for most of the wild bunch in town. Whiskey Johnny packed kegs of cheap watered down booze up to the high remote mines on the backs of burros and sold it at scandalous prices. Poker Alice Tubbs, the cigar smoking, card player from the Black Hills, drifted into Creede along with her crony Calamity Jane. Creede Lily was well established as the camp's leading lady gambler, but when she died penniless in her tent on the banks of Willow Creek, Creede's underworld took up the collection which buried her.

Kilarney Kate was another of the gambling women in town. Mattie Creek and Slanting Annie, who walked with a slight stoop, were the camp's most popular "soiled doves". The Mormon Queen and tall Rose "Timberline" Vastine, along with Marie Cantassot who called herself "The Queen of the French Row", were working in the parlor houses and cribs.

Until Soapy Smith came to town and built his Orleans Club, Bob Ford's Exchange Club was the largest place of its kind in Creede. The slender Ford, with his big hat and his morose disposition, lived with his wife — or mistress — Nell Watson. When in his cups he often shot up the town. He was never without a rifle on the streets or on horseback.

Rose Collection, Univ. of Oklahoma Library

Robert Ford as he appeared during his days in Creede.

Western Collection, Denver Public Library

One of the main streets in upper Creede in the 1890's as it appeared before the fire that destroyed the entire business section.

Deadwood Chamber of Commerce

Poker Alice Tubbs was one of the characters who inhabited Creede during it's great days.

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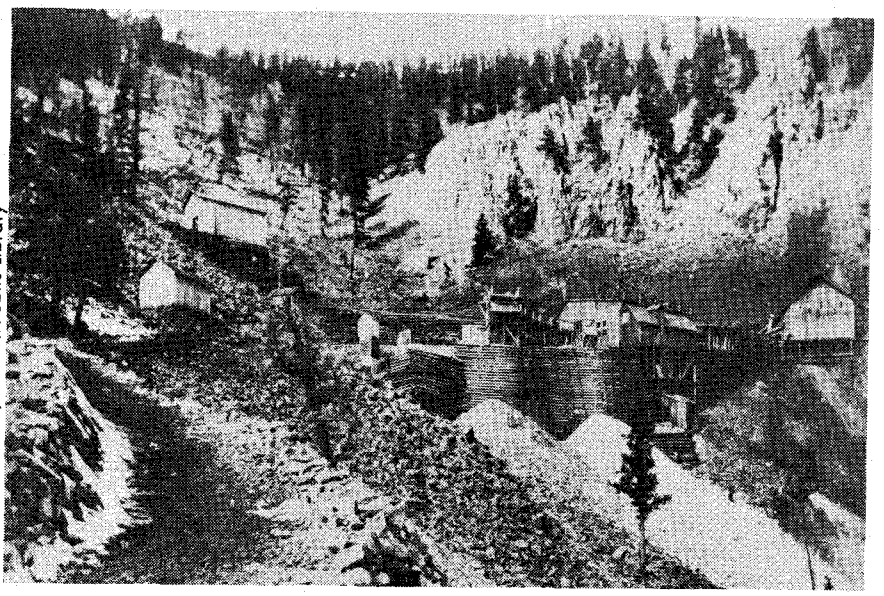


Western Collection, Denver Public Library

General view of No. 3 Commodore Mine at Creede in the 1890's.

It was his death which made Creede famous in Western history as a murderous camp. Bob Ford, hated killer of Jesse James, was shot in the back and killed in his own Exchange saloon by Ed O. Kelly. There was never any peace for Bob Ford after he killed Jesse James. Fear rode him constantly, for Frank James was still alive. Instead of being proclaimed a hero, he was cursed and threatened. The glory he sought had turned to ashes in his mouth.

After Jesse's death, Ford was put on trial for the murder of Wood Hite and was found guilty, but Governor Crittendon of Missouri kept the faith with his ace informer and pardoned him. Ford became a wanderer. For a time he stayed in Richmond with his parents, but the cold eyes, sneers, and whispers of friends and neighbors turned him sour and surly. He liked to boast of how he shot Jesse down, but only contemptuous silence greeted him when he finished his tale.

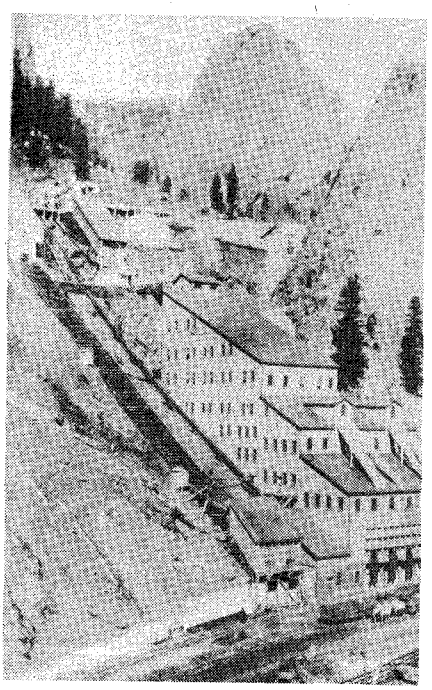
Ford took to the stage in a play called "The Outlaws of Missouri", and his chore was to come out between curtain drops and tell how he shot down his outlaw chief. His act was always greeted with boos and catcalls, but in the midst of it all, a romance bloomed. A girl in the chorus, named Nellie Watson, fell for his good looks and they were said to be married.

After two seasons with the stage show, Ford went on to bigger things, if you can call a spot in P. T. Barnum's Freak show better things. Still, he couldn't shake the shadow which hovered over his life. Frank or Jesse were always there. He began to drink heavily and to gamble. He and Dick Liddel bought a saloon in Las Vegas, New Mexico, but the customers didn't flock in as the two ex - outlaws expected. Even the rough frontier town objected to a Judas drawing their beer or pouring them shots of whiskey.

When Creede was founded, Bob Ford went along in the mad stampede, sized up the wild town, then opened a saloon and dance hall. He wore a diamond stickpin, smoked a big cigar, and especially enjoyed leaning on the bar, telling the miners how he shot Jesse James. For a time his business boomed, and one of the first things Ford did was to buy his Nellie a fancy diamond broach.

One night on a visit to Pueblo, Ford agreed to share a room in the local hotel. The other tenant was Ed O. Kelly from Harrisonville, Missouri. Kelly was a shirttail kin of the Youngers and when Ford walked into the room, they stared at each other, nodded, and had a drink. In the morning, Ford's diamond ring was missing and he accused Kelly of the theft. Kelly, who was a ne'er do well, brooded deeply over the accusation.

One story says that when Kelly heard of the accusations Ford was making in Creede, he became incensed with anger. Another story says Ford really hated Kelly because Kelly once stole a saloon girl away from him in Walsenberg. But no legend or story implies that



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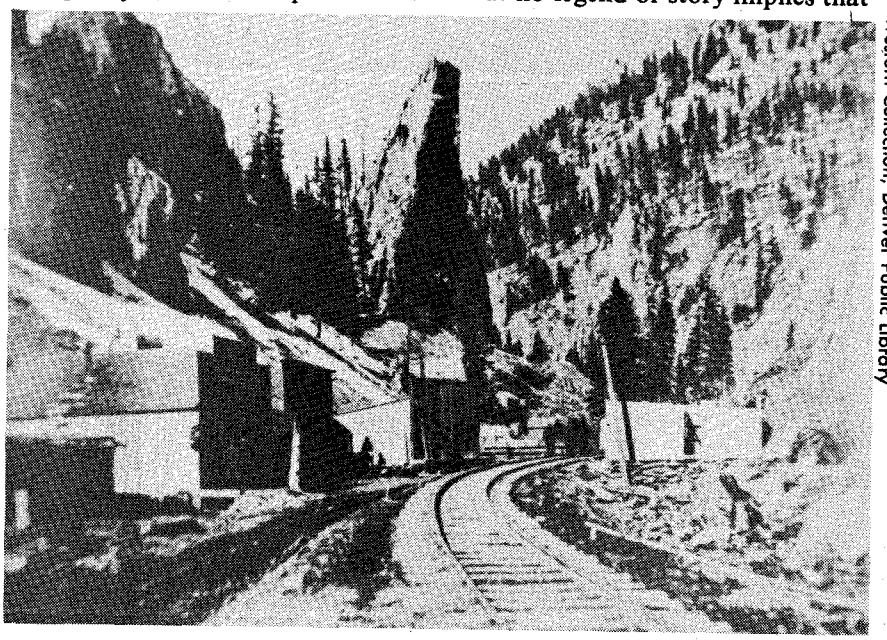
The Humphreys Mine at Creede.



Western Collection, Denver Public Library

Denver & Rio Grande Railway in Upper Creede in 1890.

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Kelly was ever a friend of the James gang.

out of Ford's saloon, he returned. This second time he entered the saloon with a sawed - off shotgun supplied by French Du Val. On June 8, 1892 Kelly entered the board and tent saloon and walked to the back where Ford was standing.

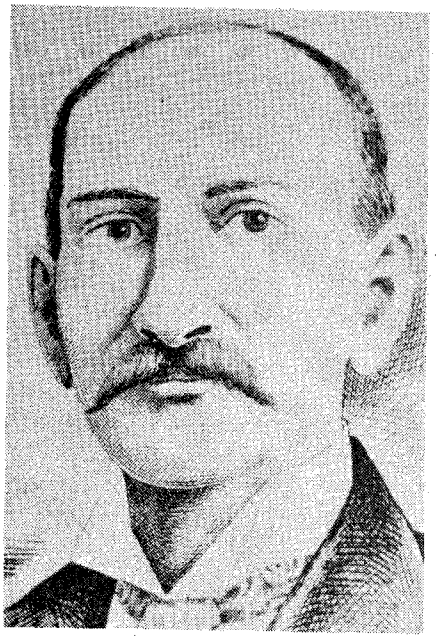
"Hello, Bob," he called.

When Bob Ford turned, he raised the ugly weapon and let go with both barrels. The shot, without scattering, entered the throat of Ford, carrying his gold collar button out through the back of his neck.

The report of the shotgun startled the whole camp, and it wasn't long before a lynch mob was eager to hang Kelly. And he would have found himself dangling from the end of a rope, had not an orator with the ability to sway even an angry mob stepped forward to demand that law and order be allowed to take its course. That orator was Soapy Smith. As always, Smith was pretending to be on the side of law and order. Nellie Watson took Bob Ford's body back to Richmond, Missouri to be buried, eleven years after he killed Jesse James.

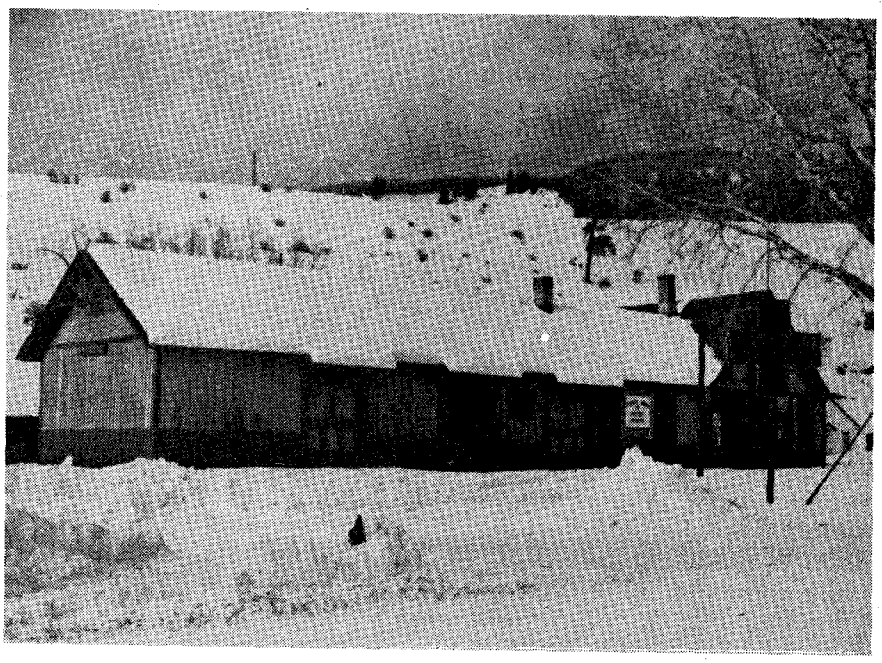
Ed O. Kelly did not hang. He was given a life sentence and finally, ten years after the crime, received a full pardon. A friendless and unrespected man, he wandered around the country for a couple of years until he was shot and killed in a fight with a peace officer in Oklahoma City.

A few days before this, at six



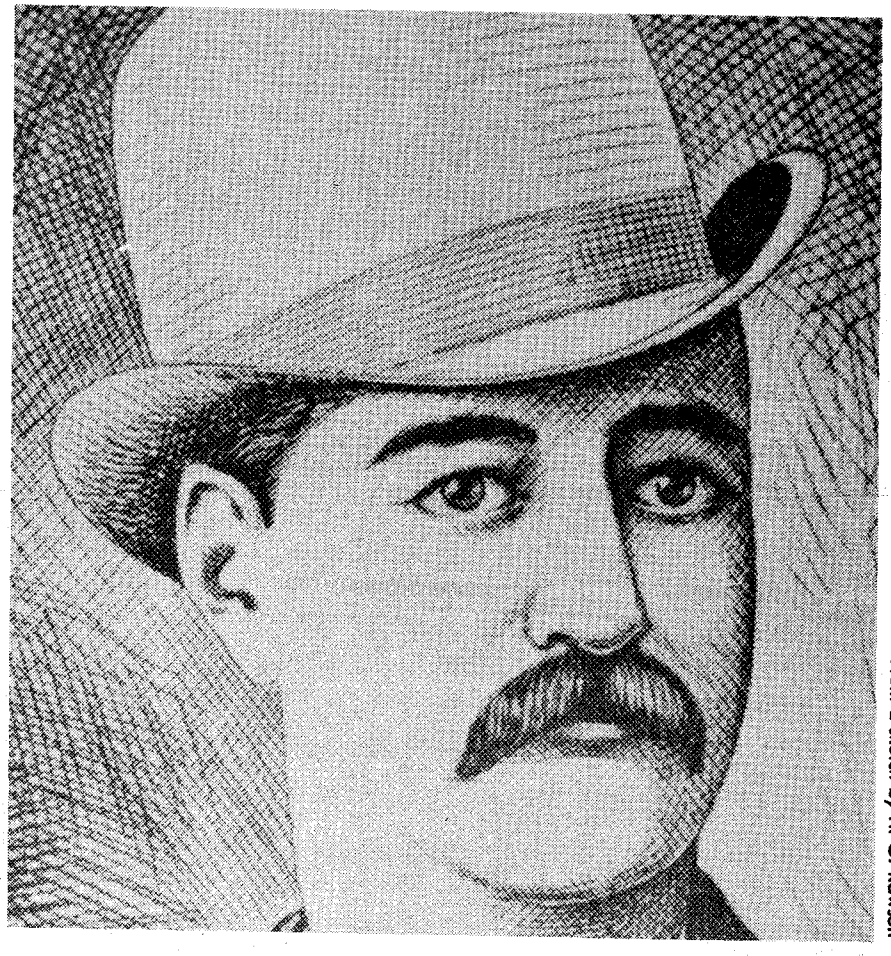
Sketched by H. O. Rawson

Frank James in his later years.



Cy Martin photo

Denver & Rio Grande Railway Station at Creede, Colorado, December 1965.



From a sketch by H. O. Rawson

Bat Masterson

o'clock in the morning of June 5, a fire broke out in a triangular two - story saloon which faced on Creede Avenue at the junction of Cliff Street. Beginning in the back room of Kirmeary's Saloon where the whiskey was stored, it soon got out of control and nearly burned the whole town to the ground.

To warn the citizens of the "Red Monster," guns boomed into the morning sky, all the bells in town rang, and train whistles sounded.

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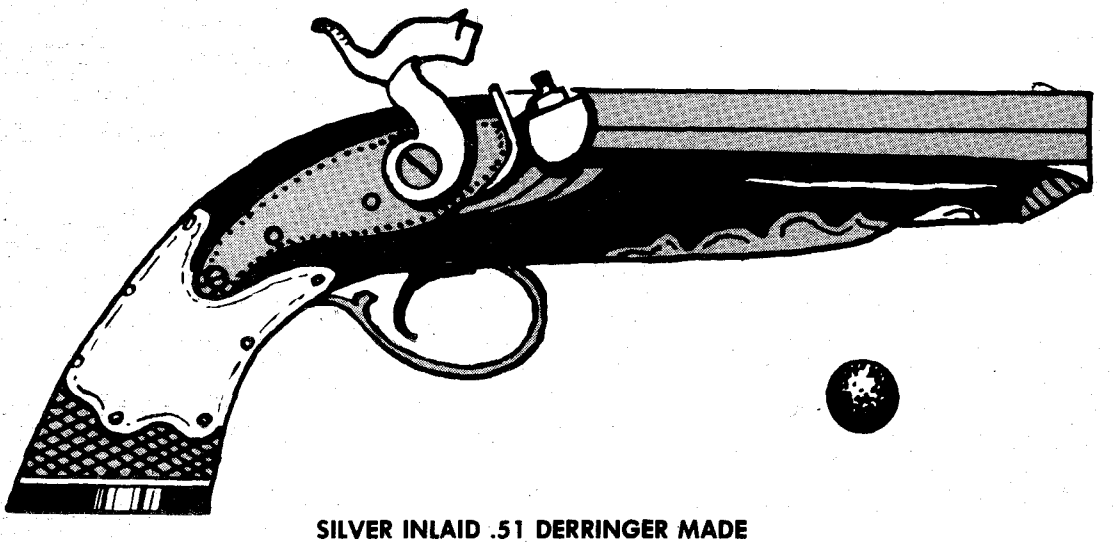
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



SILVER INLAID .51 DERRINGER MADE BY F.G. GLASSICK OF MEMPHIS.

This department has often mentioned the influx of distinctively southern firearms onto the western frontier during the era immediately following the Civil War.

This was a natural consequence of the migration of thousands of former Confederate soldiers headed West to seek new horizons after that conflict ended. Some were displaced persons seeking a new home, where the evils of reconstruction would be largely forgotten. Others were in search of adventure, after the bitter war years had made it difficult to return to a quiet farm life. But whether they sought riches, peace or adventure, they headed for the new land in droves.

With them went the firearms which were available and most familiar - the cavalry carbines of Jeb Stuart's rugged troopers, the rifles of the Reb infantry, the forager's shotguns, and southern pistols of every description.

Many handguns had been Confederate issue weapons and have been described here previously. Countless others were personal arms.

In this last category were the popular derringers - tiny but lethal pistols which fitted into the frontier scene perfectly. Lawmen and outlaws alike favored them as "hide - outs" - extra life insurance if their belt guns became empty in a fracas. Professional gamblers carried them to back up an argument at cards. Businessmen and gentlemen often considered them a part of normal street dress, in a time and place where an unarmed man was asking for trouble.

The Philadelphia product of Henry Deringer had long been popular in the West, especially upon the coast. In the postwar years came the southern gunmakers' versions, sometimes an obvious copy of the original design, but just as often reflecting the maker's own ideas. The majority of these were well - made, top quality little persuaders. As they were not a war - time expedient, they were generally nicely finished and marked with the craftsman's name.

Today, these southern derringers are in great demand by collectors. Many are silver - mounted and engraved. In certain cases, only one or two existing examples are known, so that collector's value has soared.

To a student of the subject, the original Philadelphia product is a Deringer (written with one "R" as a proper name). Any other is a derringer (with two "R's"), referring to a

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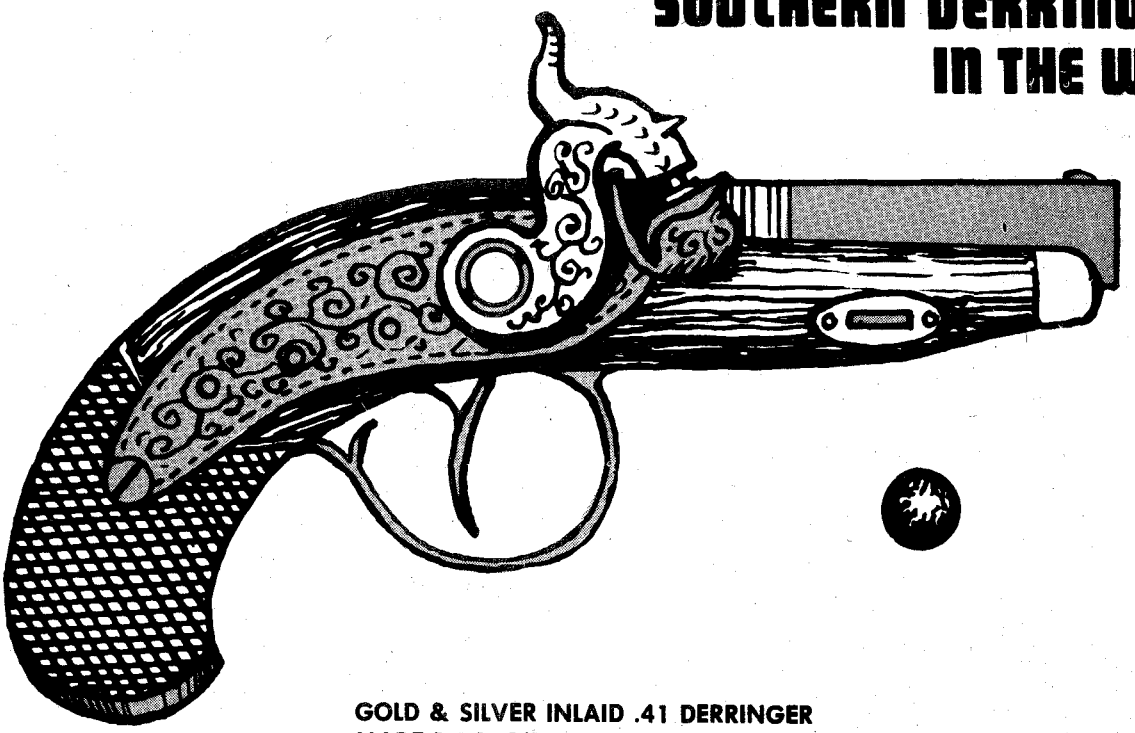
SOUTHERN DERRINGERS IN THE WEST



GOLD & SILVER INLAID .41 DERRINGER
MADE BY S. O'DELL OF NATCHEZ.

Sketched by author

type of pistol. With a few exceptions this is usually a single shot, and the term applies to a very small pocket pistol of large caliber, often .41 or larger.

Earlier derringers were percussion muzzle loaders, while breech loaders gradually superseded these. The standard metallic cartridge for the latter became a .41 short rimfire cartridge, developed for this purpose. It was loaded with 10 grains of black powder and a 130 grain, conical bullet. The caliber and powder charge were directly influenced by the first percussion models.

But it is the muzzle loaders that we are most concerned with in this discussion, and particularly those that were brought West by southerners.

In this earlier period, the tiny pocket pistols were usually made and sold in pairs, due to the time required to reload. A "brace" of gentleman's derringers were often cased in an elegant lined box. Other compartments held balls, patches, percussion caps, loading rod, cleaning rod and a small oil can. A powder measure and ball mould might also be included.

Of course, the frontiersmen loaded and cared for their own guns and cast their own lead balls on occasion. However, it was the custom for some flashy gamblers and the society dandies of such places as San Francisco to avail themselves of a loading service.

Stores would hang a small sign advertising this service for a modest fee, which included ammunition and any necessary cleaning. It was not unusual for a barbershop to announce a flat fee for "shave, haircut and derringers loaded."

These southern derringers were of many makes and designs. Some familiar names were Glassick, Clark, Schneider, Suter, Bitterlick, O'Dell, and Calhoun. One of the best known makers was Horace E. Dimick. Some shops manufactured derringers, others were agents for the makers but put their own name on the barrels or lockplates.

The southern derringer had a definite part in the taming of the western frontier. Such inhabitants as Wild Bill Hickok were seldom without a pair tucked away. More often than not, these hailed from the deep South.

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Reference: For greater detail on this subject, see "SOUTHERN DERRINGERS" by Turner Kirkland, $2 plus 14¢ postage, from Pioneer Press, Box 684, Union City, Tenn. 38261.

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FORTS OF THE WEST

FORT CRAIG, NEW MEXICO

By Louise Cheney

The crumbling ruins of old Fort Craig still stand thirty miles south of Socorro, five miles east of Highway 85. It was an important military post during the Civil War and the bloody Battle of Valverde was fought near the fort. A lot of history took place inside and near those ancient walls.

U.S. Signal Corps Photo, National Archives

General Henry Hopkins Sibley, Confederate Commander at the Battle of Valverde.

Thirty miles south of Socorro, five miles east of Highway 85 on the edge of the once dreaded Jornado del Muerto, stand the crumbling ruins of old Fort Craig, once a vital military post in the Territory of New Mexico. It is identified with the Civil War, for just a short distance from the post the famous Battle of Valverde, the bloodiest battle of the year 1862, was fought. Fort Craig also played an important and active part in the Indian wars in the territory. It aided vastly in bringing civilization to New Mexico. The site of Fort Craig is not very far from the first atomic bomb test site.

Established in 1854 and abandoned in 1885, Fort Craig acted as a bulwark for the nearby settlements and for travelers and emigrants passing that way against the hostile Indians of the territory. It was named in honor of Lieutenant Colonel Louis Craig who was killed by army deserters from Fort Yuma while guarding the Bartlett Boundary Survey Expedition in June of 1852.

It was during the Mexican War (1846-48) that the United States military first stepped upon the scene in New Mexico. Prior to the war, New Mexico belonged to the Republic of Mexico. In 1846 General Stephen Watts Kearny with his Army of the West marched into Santa Fe

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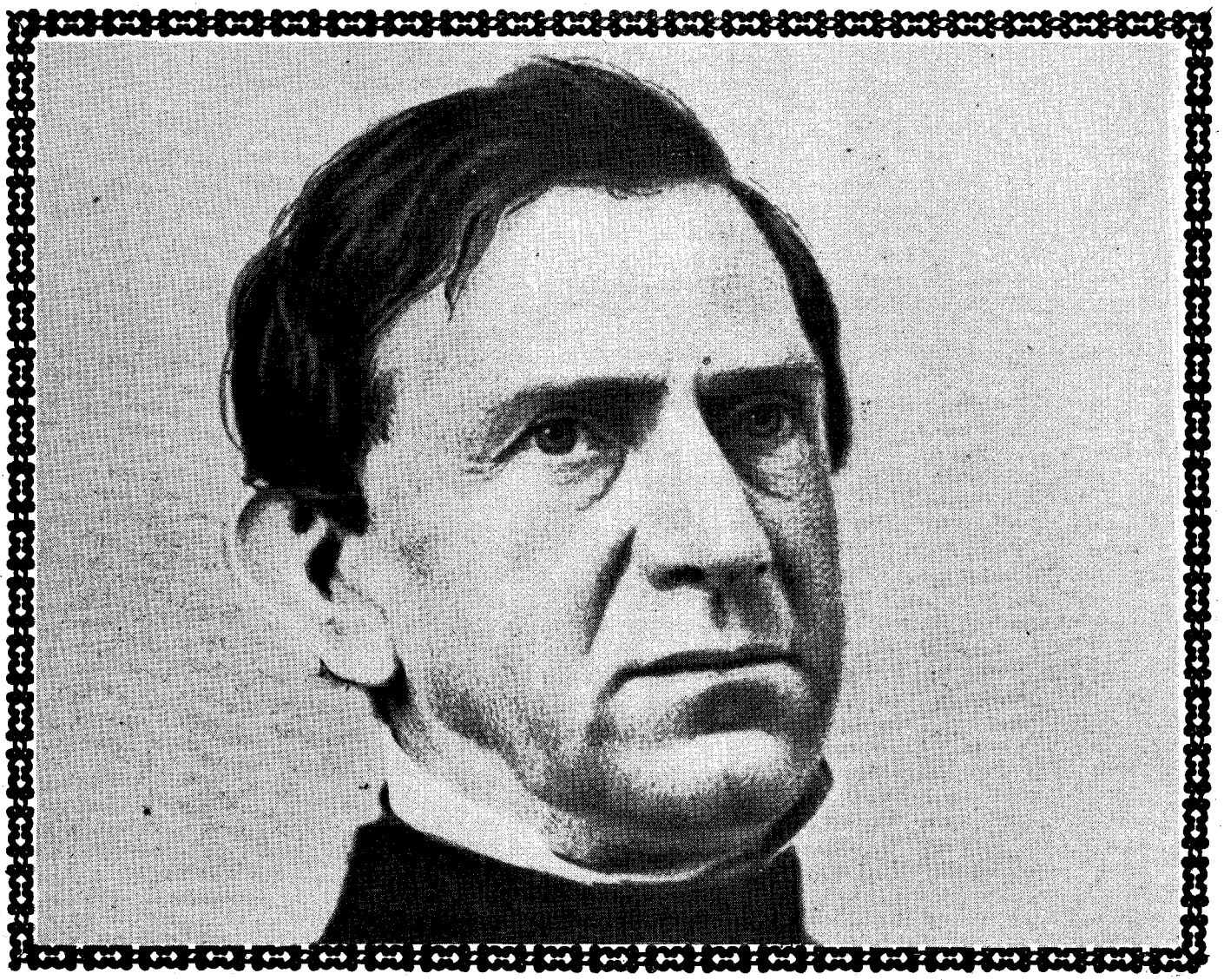

U.S. Signal Corps Photo, National Archives

General E. R. S. Canby, Union Commander at the Battle of Valverde.

and took New Mexico without bloodshed. He accomplished this with the aid of James Magoffin, prominent Santa Fe trader, who had been sent to Santa Fe by President Polk. With the use of delicate diplomacy, Magoffin, who spoke Spanish fluently and was a Roman Catholic by faith, persuaded both the Mexican governor and the commander of the Mexican Army in Santa Fe to surrender without a show of force.

At first, the American troopers had to be housed in rented buildings and villages in New Mexico. In 1846 the United States Army began building Fort Marcy in Santa Fe. The sister-in-law of James Magoffin who arrived shortly after him (James), Susan Magoffin, the first white woman down the famed Santa Fe Trail and the first Anglo woman to enter Santa Fe under the Stars and Stripes, wrote of her experiences in a journal, DOWN THE SANTA FE TRAIL AND INTO MEXICO, which was subsequently edited and published. In this journal she related that General Kearny took her to visit Fort Marcy while it was in the process of being built and that it promised to be a strong fortress with thick walls.

However, it was not until Colonel Edwin Vose Summer arrived that the army built any permanent buildings in the Territory of New Mexico.

One of the early points of troop concentration by the United States Army was Socorro, which was garrisoned in December 1847 by the Santa Fe Batallion of U. S. Mounted Volunteers and commanded by Major Robert Walker to help repel the Indians which harassed the territory. The troops at Socorro remained there for a year and were mustered out in 1848. The post at Socorro was then garrisoned by Companies D and G of the Second Dragoons, commanded by Bvt. Colonel C. A. May. The camp at Socorro was also selected by the military establishment for the winter grazing of broken down army animals.

Then the post at Socorro was ordered abandoned by Headquarters at Fort Union and its garrison and supplies were ordered to Valverde. There, Major Howe of the 2nd Dragoons was ordered to find a suitable site for a new military post.

This the major did, and on September 8, 1851 Company E of the 2nd Dragoons commanded by Lieutenant Nathan G. Evans arrived there for active duty. Then came Company C of the 3rd Infantry under the command of Captain William B. Johns, arriving on the 16th of September. Johns was followed by Company B of the same outfit commanded by Bvt. Major Shepard on the 20th of that same month. This new post in New Mexico Territory was given the name of Fort Conrad.

But Fort Conrad was destined to live a short life. It was abandoned on March 31, 1854, and its men took stations at nearby Fort Craig which had been under construction for some time. The reason given for the abandonment of Fort Conrad was that it was unhealthy and contributed to malaria. That may have been so but another important reason was that the Armendariz family of New Mexico had a valid claim upon the land on which the post stood.

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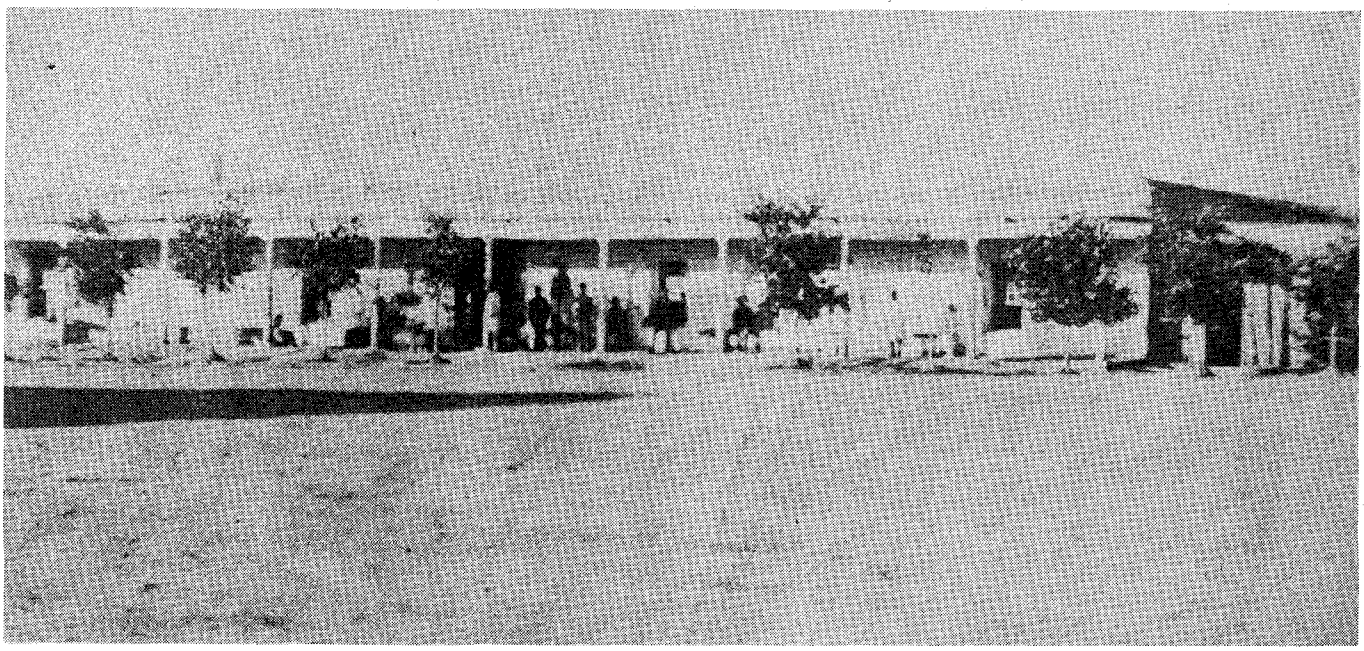
U.S. Signal Corps Photo, National Archives



Soldiers' quarters at Fort Craig.

In 1820 Pedro Armendariz was granted a large area of land along that stretch of the Rio Grande as a reward for being a good soldier. He lived on the land until 1825, and at such time he was driven out by hostile Navajoes. When New Mexico became a possession of the United States under the Treaty of Gaudalupe Hildalgo at the end of the Mexican War, such grants as were held by Armendariz were supposed to remain in effect. In the year of 1849 Armendariz had taken up residence on his land again and had sold a portion of it to two men by the names of Biggs and Smith.

In 1851 came Major Marshall Howe of the 2nd Dragoons searching for a site for a U. S. military post. He selected a site and of it wrote, "Having taken a fancy to a tract of land containing about 4,000 acres, selected a military reservation and built a fort on said tract and named it Fort Conrad in honor of a particular friend." Actually, the post was named for Secretary of War, Charles M. Conrad, who may or may not have been a particular friend of the said Major Howe.

When the fort went up, Smith and Biggs got their dander up. How dare the U.S. military build on the land they legally owned was their line of reasoning. They lost no time in taking Major Howe to court in Socorro. In May the victory went to Smith and Biggs, and Major Howe was ordered to vacate the premises or pay rent to Smith and Biggs.

Major Howe was determined that he would not pay rent. He chose to vacate, but he was also determined that the improvements which he had put upon the land would in no way benefit Smith and Briggs. So he dismantled all of Fort Conrad which could be carried away, and it was indeed carried away by his men when Fort Conrad was abandoned.

The soldiers at Fort Conrad took up stations at Fort Craig eight miles distant which had been under construction for some time, and this new post was again on Armendariz land! For a time the United States rented the land for $2000 per year. In May of 1870 the government was of the opinion that the matter was settled for all time to come for $14,200. In 1885 the Armendariz heirs were still asking for more! In 1885 a note attached to the papers concerning Fort Craig stated that the sum was paid, and the United States considered the case closed.

It is the purpose of this article to paint a word picture of life at Fort Craig for the men stationed at the lonely outpost, to show the living accommodations or lack of accommodations, the flora and fauna of the locality, the climate, and all facts pertinent to the post. For this description I am indebted to Lee Myers, prominent historian, writer and lecturer of Carlsbad, New Mexico.

Mr. Myers is the Vice-President of the New Mexico Historical Society and Deputy Commander of the Rio Grande Department of the Council on Abandoned Military Posts. He researches many of the forts west of the Mississippi and keeps copious files on them. I am quoting his files in part for the physical description on Fort Craig. I say "in part" because his notes are so detailed that it is impossible to quote them all. Below are his notes on the physical plant of Fort Craig as taken from the report of Colonel C. Sutherland, Assistant Medical Purveyor and of Acting Assistant Surgeons W. R. Brewer, H. D. Tiedmann and J. E. Boughter of the U. S. Army, Circular 8, War Department 1875.

"Fort Craig is situated in Scorro (sic) County, New Mexico on the right or west bank of the Rio Grande del Norte, Latitude 33°38' North, Longitude 30° West. Nearest military post is Fort McRae 32 miles south. Paraja, 8 miles south on the east side of the river, and San Marcial, 3 miles north on the west bank, are the only neighboring towns at this time.

"Object of Fort Craig is to afford protection against numerous bands of Apaches that roam at large throughout the lower portion of New Mexico from the Pecos to the Gila Rivers."

Myers also has notes taken from the report of the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, which state, "Fort Craig situated near Valverde, New Mexico, commanded by Major E. Steen, First Dragoons and Third Infantry with 8 officers and 136 enlisted men present and absent and 7 officers and 136 enlisted men present." Date of this report was June 30, 1856.

To quote from a speech presented at History Day Activities in Albuquerque, New Mexico in May 1970, parts of which were printed in *El*

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Defensor Chieftain, in Socorro, New Mexico October 1939, "Fort Craig was considered a good duty post by most men, and James A. Bennett, a dragoon stationed there, called it the prettiest Fort in the west in 1855. One wonders, however, if his eyesight was good for he described it as being set in a grove of cottonwoods. The few scraggly trees that appear in the photographs, (and they had to be hand watered) hardly compare with his description." So it seems that whether Fort Craig was pretty or not was a matter of opinion.

To continue with Myers' description as taken from the report of Drs. Sutherland, Brewer, Tiedmann and Boughter: "The fort served the purpose of protecting a road running to the lower portion of the Territory on the west side: this road not much traveled ten years ago is now principally used."

Myers then quotes from Circular No. 4, War Department. Report on barracks and hospitals 1870 Information furnished by Lieutenant Colonel Charles Sutherland, Assistant Medical Purveyer United States Army and Acting Assistant Surgeons W. R. Brewer and H. G. Tiedmann of the United States Army.

"The reservation embraces an area of a little over 38 square miles; the fort overlooks the river from the edge of a plain which extends for miles to the base of the western range of mountains. The table land is a succession of high grades increasing in height as they proceed, until formation is lost in the mountains. To the south, southwest and north of the fort the mountains are mainly basaltic and partially covered with timber and scrub brushes. There is a large mesa nearly opposite and northwest of the fort, rising very abruptly from the river bank which is of volcanic origin and whose summit is crowned with an extinct crater."

Myers quoting from the same report gives the mineral products of the area which are "gold, silver, mercury, galena and copper; also mines of bituminous coal."

A small portion of the lowland, used for gardens, is immediately on the bank of the river which is narrow here. The soil of the bottom land is fertile producing excellent vegetables and cereals, while that of the upland affords pasturage for stock.

The cottonwood, oak, black walnut, mesquite, cedar and willow

William Henry Smith Memorial Library, Indiana Historical Society

Governor Lew Wallace of New Mexico Territory who held office during the fierce Indian campaign and tried to stop the depredations of the Apaches. Wallace wrote Ben Hur while in office in New Mexico.

are the indigenous trees and are sparcely scattered; the cottonwood and willow are on the bottoms and the others are on the mountains.

Of the wild animals in the vicinity of the post, Myers has notes to this effect; "of wild animals the grizzly, brown and black bear, panther, wild cat, weasel, large and small wolves are most important. The rodents are represented by the large hares (Jack Rabbits), the ordinary burrowing rabbit, gray and ground squirrels, the ground rat, prairie dog, badger and mouse. Black and white tailed deer as well as antelope are abundant in the mountain regions, Swans, wild geese, brant and almost every species of duck abound on the river as well as sand cranes, blue herons, bittern and several species of snipe.

At some distance from the fort and principally in the mountains are found turkey, quail, black birds and meadow larks, robins, doves, sparrows, blue birds, snow birds and many others. Of the birds of prey are the golden eagles, white headed eagles, falcon chickens, and sparrow hawks, turkey buzzards, carion crow and ravens, the last species being the most numerous and answering the purpose of scavengers. The river abounds in cat fish, buffalo and white fish. Beavers and muskrats are found in great numbers within a mile from the post."

Of the climate Myers writes, "the climate is variable; in summer the

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James Magoffin who by delicate diplomacy made the bloodless capture of New Mexico by General Stephen Watts Kearny possible.

heat is very great; in the winter there is a slight frost and some little snow. The season is disturbed by great storms of dust which blow from the west, principally over the post as well as the lower posts of New Mexico, thereby marring what would otherwise be a very delightful climate at that time of year. The dust, at times, is stifling. The average temperature is 58 or 59 degrees Farenheit, that of the coldest is 40 degrees. The annual rainfall for 1869 was 11.23 inches. The prevailing winds in summer are southeast; during the winter from the north. The fort is placed nearly equidistant from the southern and northern boundaries of the reservation and is 72 feet above the Rio Grande."

Of the edifices on the reservation Myers writes, "the buildings with a few exceptions are constructed of adobe and arranged around a rectangular area, 1,050 feet by 600 feet.

"The barracks, two in number, built of adobe are in the form of a hollow square, each enclosing a plazita and each contains two dormitories. The buildings are badly designed; the ventilation is defective; they cannot be heated. Air space per man is 538 cubic feet. The kitchens are comfortable and well floored rooms furnished with stoves and open fireplaces for cooking purposes. These, with the mess rooms, non-commissioned officers' quarters, laundress' quarters and wood and coal rooms are located to the rear of the dormitories and complete the square enclosing the court.

"The officers' quarters are three one-story buildings of adobe, well furnished being plastered within and without; the flooring is all composed of impure gypsum; the roofs are flat and of the same material. A portico, supported by wooden columns. extends the entire length of the western front of two and the eastern front of one. All the quarters for officers are heated by open fireplaces and well lighted by windows. There are no bathrooms; the privies are small detached buildings in the rear of quarters.

"The guardhouse is located in the center of one side of the post, the sally-port passes through it. On one side of the sally-port is the guard-room 20x17 feet and in the rear of this is a room 20x21½ feet and 10½ feet high which is used for colored prisoners. On the opposite of the sally port is a room containing 2,226 cubic feet of air space used for the confinement of white prisoners.

"The prison rooms are poorly lighted and ventilated, the last mentioned having only a few small holes near the roof and chinks around the door for the admission of fresh air. The guard-room and the room occupied by white prisoners are warmed by open fireplaces but there is neither fireplace nor stove in the room occupied by colored prisoners. The prison rooms had, during a period of three years, an average of sixteen men confined in them. The greatest number reached was thirty two.

"In one corner of the guard-room is a trap-door opening upon a stairway which leads down to the cells where the prisoners are kept in solitary confinement. The cells are six in number, three on each side of a passageway. Each cell is 5 feet 7 inches long, 2 feet, 10 inches wide and 4 feet, 10 inches high giving a cubic space of 76 feet; width of passageway 3 feet, 7 inches. Eight augur holes and the chinks around the doors are the only means of admitting air and light from the passage into the cells.

"The glaring defects noticeable in these rooms and cells are first, the great want of ventilation, and next in importance the great want of proper board flooring.

"The old hospital consists of two adobe structures, parallel to each other and 49 feet apart. Open fireplaces are the means of warming the hospital, the rooms of which are insufficiently heated and ventilated. The wards each measure 20x20x14 feet. The rooms contain each eight beds, giving 700 cubic feet per bed. Owing to many defects in the hospital, a new adobe building, 70x22 feet inside measurments, has been erected for the accommodation of the sick. It contains two wards, each 30x22 feet x 14 feet.

"The building is ventilated by six ventilators placed on the ridge each presenting an orifice 4x15 inches which is increased in size as it enters the ward where the diameter is 12x-15 inches. The wards contain 16 beds allowing to each one 155 cubic feet.

"The post bakery contains an adobe oven, situated in the center of a room 22x20x11½ feet and supplies the garrison with excellent bread.

"Cavalry stables and corral are located inside the fort and within 200 yards of the officers' quarters.

"The post library contains 63 volumes of novels, histories, and scientific works.

"A good supply of water is obtained from the Rio Grande about one mile distant and distributed about the post by water wagons. Though turbid the water is of good quality."

In F. Stanley's splendid book, FORT CRAIG, he tells an interesting story about how a Dr. McKay at the post had the idea of mixing gypsum, of which all the floors were made at the post, and charcoal as a filter for the river water. Of the water of the Rio Grande he writes that "during the summer the water of the river was anything but clear, and as thick as soup. By means of rubber tubing, an army blanket and his ingenuity he was able to have clear, cool water. The doctor procured the gypsum - charcoal ball. All the officers begged that he install one in their quarters so that a visitor never failed to see a filter suspended from the ceiling in every part of the fort.

"There are no systematic arrangements for bathing in either summer or winter. The men avail of the river during the hot months at their own discretion. In cold months the tubs of the laundress are used for the purpose of the men.

"A letter from the post to St. Louis, Missouri usually occupies ten days in transit.

"No cases arising from malarial influence can be said to originate directly from the post; the few cases that are brought are derived from the troops who may have been

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stationed in Arizona and Texas. Pneumonia occurs somewhat frequently and apparently is epidemic in character. Rheumatism is apparently more prevalent among the inhabitants than any form of disease. Soldiers who served any considerable time in this district are also sufferers from it; still in the acute form it submits readily enough to treatment."

Myers, quoting from page 13 of the FABULOUS FRONTIER, writes that "the remains of 140 soldiers interred at Fort Craig during the Civil War were moved April 1, 1876 to Santa Fe by the Federal Government and buried there in a national cemetery."

Marjorie White in her article "Fort Craig Was a Major Military Post 30 Years" in the SUNDIAL of the *El Paso Times,* Jan. 23, 1966 writes that the floors inside the officers' quarters were gypsum until 1880 when they were carpeted.

Lydia Lane, in her book I MARRIED A SOLDIER, arrived at the post for the first time on a rainy day. She and her husband pitched a tent, as the quarters were leaking so badly. In spite of the weather Lydia called on the Commander's wife. The lady was quite ill but she received Lydia graciously sitting under an umbrella in her bed to keep the leaky roof from soaking her.

In a speech presented at History Days Activities at Albuquerque May 25, 1970, parts of which were printed in *El Defensor* in Socorro October 1969 (author not given), it is noted that drunkenness was a primary problem in all early frontier posts. Fort Craig was no exception.

In 1857 an order was published cautioning officers to take immediate steps to stop their men from firing pistols at anything without authorization.

"Justice was definitely harsh on occasion. Bucking and gaging was a favorite punishment. Another was carrying a log about for a time determined by the officer administering the punishment. There were other goodies too; carrying a knapsack full of rocks, straddling a saw horse and balancing on the edge of a topless barrel for hours at a time. More serious was being drummed out of service following a court martial. Rank and brass were stripped from the offender before the garrison and they were literally drummed out of service to the tune of the 'Rogue's March' on the drum!

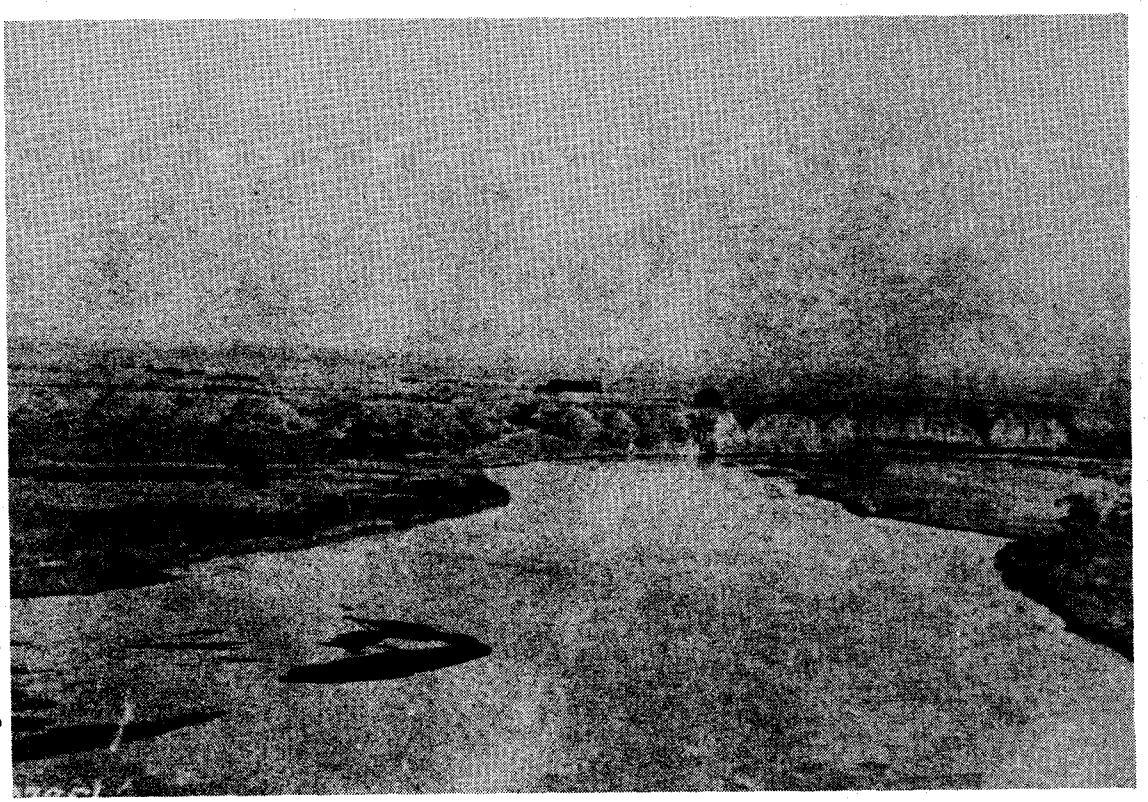
As has been said, for the first few years of its life Fort Craig's troopers were busy fighting the fierce Apaches who roamed, plundered, murdered and scalped throughout the Territory of New Mexico. The soldiers retrieved herds of stolen sheep and cattle from the marauders and were kept busy scouting and fighting with the hostiles, as well as escorting wagon trains and mail coaches.

Then came the year 1861 and the eruption of the Civil War. Soon after the beginning of the hostilities between the north and south, the officers at Fort Craig heard rumors to the effect that the Confederate forces were going to attempt to take over the Territory of New Mexico. The leader of the Confederates who intended to try this coup was General Henry Hopkins Sibley, a West Point graduate who had been stationed in Mexico prior to the war and who knew the land there like the palm of his hand. Furthermore, he knew how strong and how large Fort Craig was, and he set his mind on taking it. The men at Fort Craig knew this.

The warehouses at the post were both fire and bombproof, and a large garrison could be housed there. Colonel E. R. S. Canby, the Union Commander of the Territory of New Mexico, garrisoned the huge fort well and provisioned it to withstand a long siege by the Confederates.

Canby calculated that Sibley's forces would march north along the Rio Grande. Before Sibley came into New Mexico, Lieutenant Colonel John Robert Baylor arrived with his command known as "Baylor's Babies". On August 1, 1861 Baylor issued a proclamation, taking over the Territory of Arizona and New Mexico. He also proclaimed himself Governor of the territories. His self-appointment

(continued on page 68)



U.S. Signal Corps Photo, National Archives

Distant panoramic view of Fort Craig, from the south.

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MONTEZUMA'S WHITE MOUNTAIN TREASURE

By E.S. LeGaye

There is no doubt that at least $10,000,000 in gold and artifacts do exist in the ancient tunnels of the White Mountains. There are jewel-encrusted plates and statuary plus many pearls and uncut gemstones. The approximate location is Kanab, Kane County, Utah.

1. NAME OF TREASURE: Montezuma's White Moutain Treasure
2. APPROXIMATE LOCATION: Kanab, Kane County, Utah
3. TIME: 1520-1922
4. VALUE: $10,000,000
5. DESCRIPTION: Gold bullion and artifacts
6. AUTHENTICITY: There is no question at all about the treasure, it exists! There is no question about the ancient tunnels in White Mountain, they exist. Do these tunnels contain all or part of Montezuma's treasure? No one living knows.

Make no mistake about it ... *Montezuma's Treasure does exist!* What is it worth? No one alive can say with certainty, but it must have been valuable almost beyond imagination! It consisted, so the records say, of raw gold and rich gold ore from the mines; smelted gold and silver bars, wedges and discs; intricately wrought gold and silver ornaments, jewelry, plate and statuary, much of it heavily encrusted with precious stones; great quantities of pearls and unset gemstones; beautiful delicately crafted fans, headdresses and robes made with rare bird feathers, gold thread and fine cotton fabrics, and other valuables too numerous to mention.

Wm. H. Prescott, one of the world's foremost researchers and history writers during the mid-1800's made the following partial inventory of the treasures handed over to Cortez by the Aztec chieftains in 1519, during the march of the *Conquistadores* from the seacoast to Tenochtitlan, the capitol city of the Aztecs:

"A large basket filled with ornaments of finely-wrought gold; 100 bearer-loads (about 5000 pounds) of golden shields, helmets, collars, bracelets, etc.; many pearls and loose gemstones; four very large and beautiful green stones ... said by the Aztecs to be worth in excess of 3000 ounces of gold; two huge, circular plates or discs ... one of solid gold, the other of solid silver (the golden disc was valued by the Spaniards in excess of 20,000 pesos de oro!); many slave-loads of golden objects and finely woven cotton cloth; three enormous pearls of rare color and beauty; 4000 ounces of raw gold nuggets; gold chains and other ornaments, including a massive ceremonial collar of exquisite craftsmanship, encrusted with huge gemstones and with eight golden pendants attached by golden chains; plus ... trinkets of gold for each of the 400 or so Conquistadore soldiers, at least ten ounces for each!"

Some days after the arrival of Cortez in Tenochtitlan, and after meeting with Montezuma, the *Conquistadores* discovered a freshly plastered area on a wall of the room given them to use as a church. Breaking through, they entered into a large room ... where they beheld treasures of such an amount and richness never before seen by Europeans! Bernal Diaz, who was a young man when he viewed the splendor of this Aztec treasure hoard, later wrote in his famous *Historia de la Conquista, " ... and it seemed to me as if all the riches in the world were in that room!"* Cortez had no way of knowing at the time that this was but one of the Aztecan hoards ... the treasure that was amassed during the reign of Axayacatl, Montezuma's father. But Cortez was cautious enough to have the room quickly sealed up again, and to cover the tampered wall with the altar and crucifix!

Early in the spring of 1520, at the urging of the gold-hungry Cortez, Montezuma sent his tribute-collectors out across the entire Aztec empire to collect "gifts" for the Spanish King Carlos I. Within a few weeks, the collectors returned with large quantities of raw gold, gold and silver plate and other golden objects, pearls and precious gemstones, etc. These riches were turned over to Cortez for shipment to Spain.

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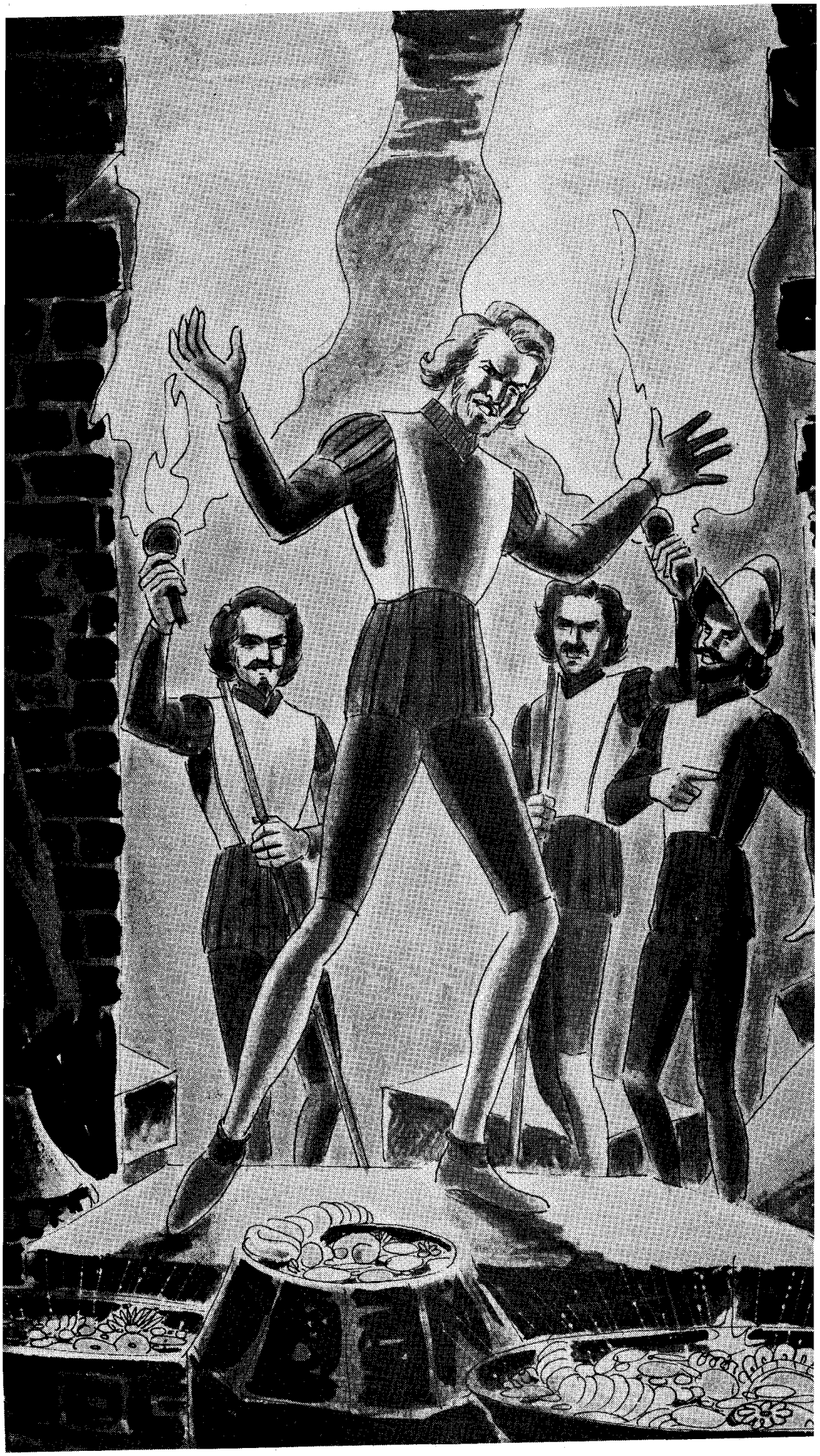

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In an attempt to slake the insatiable gold-lust of his "guests", Montezuma added his father's entire treasure as an additional gift to King Carlos I. Of this hoard, Prescott estimated the probable value of the precious metal—exclusive of artistic and historic worth—at 6,300,000 dollars, in terms of mid-1800's buying power. *Spanish chroniclers of that period estimated the value of the Aztec treasures actually seen by Cortez to be between two and three million pesos de oro or, from 100 to 150 million dollars, in terms of today's buying power!* Reducing these amounts to only one fourth to allow for excessive enthusiasm, still leaves a very tidy sum!

While you are digesting these figures, keep in mind that there is little likelihood that they represent Montezuma's entire hoard of valuables. The *Conquistadores* remained convinced what they had seen and been given was but a pittance when compared with the entire Aztecan treasure, and they were probably right.

The events that soon led step by step to Montezuma's death at the hands of his own people and to the ruinous retreat of Cortez and the *Conquistadores* from Tenochtitlan are too well-documented to repeat here. Let it be enough merely to state that during the night of July 1, 1520 *(La Noche Triste,* the terrible "Night of Sadness"), Cortez lost almost all of the treasures given him by Montezuma and the other Aztec chiefs, 400 of his *Conquistadores,* and more than 4000 of his Tlascalan Indian allies.

The Aztecs fought the retreating Spaniards and Tlascalans with a savage ferocity born of a burning hunger for vengeance, and the *Conquistadores* had given them good cause for hate! Much of the Aztec success that night was due to the fact that they had earlier destroyed the bridges on the long causeway leading from Tenochtitlan to the mainland, making the retreat across the causeway incredibly difficult. It was said that most of the Spaniards and Tlascalans who managed to escape during the night of horrors did so by crossing over the many water-gaps in the causeway atop the packed bodies of friend, ally and foe who had been drowned or killed in the deadly fighting which concentrated at those gaps.

Some of the gold dropped by the retreating Spaniards during this fiasco, as well as gold carried by soldiers drowned while attempting to swim across the breaks in the causeway, was undoubtedly forever lost in the deep mud of the lake bottom. But, so it is said, the Aztecs quickly gathered together their treasures, those stored in the city, plus those left behind by the Spaniards, and most of those lost during the disastrous retreat. *The Aztec chiefs could not remove Tenochtitlan or the majority of their people out of the Spaniards' reach, but their treasures they could move, and did!*

Cortez and his badly mauled *Conquistadores* soon recovered from their humiliating defeat. After being reinforced with fresh Spanish troops and Indian allies, the Spaniards conquered the Aztecs and utterly destroyed Tenochtitlan in less than 14 months. But they never regained more than a small fraction of Montezuma's treasures, not even with torture, a sadistic skill at which the Spaniards were consummate masters.

Legends, now more than four centuries old, say that Montezuma's treasures were cached in many places far from Tenochtitlan, to keep them from the Spanish invaders. One such legend claims that a tremendous quantity of the gold was hijacked from the *tamanes* by the ferocious Yaqui Indians during the long trip through northern Mexico. It is said that this precious hoard still lies cached within Yaquiland. And it has been said just recently that efforts have been made to get this gold out of Mexico, but without success. This may actually be true; I heard it from a source I consider dependable.

Other legends tell of cache-sites in various remote places scattered throughout the southwestern United States: Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, Texas. Perhaps some of these legends began as the result of wishful thinking, but not all could possibly have so originated!

The possible Aztec treasure cache-site with which we are concerned in this story lies within one of the most inaccessible and desolate regions in North America: the parched, lonely lands north of Kanab, Utah, at White Mountain, near Johnson Canyon. I tell the story basically as reported, but synthesized, as usual, from the several versions in my files:

In 1914 an old drifter who called himself Freddy Crystal showed up at Oscar Robinson's ranch near Kanab. He carried the clipping of an old Mexican newspaper that showed pictures of Aztec petroglyphs. He claimed to have found similar petroglyphs carved into the rock walls of Johnson Canyon. After two years of unsuccessful efforts to decipher the petroglyphs or find treasure, Freddy disappeared as mysteriously as he had first appeared.

He turned up again at Johnson's ranch in 1920. *When questioned about his whereabouts during the past four years, he would only admit that he had been in Mexico, and that he had found a waybill to Montezuma's treasure!* He claimed to have located the original map in an old monastery, after much searching through dusty, ancient manuscripts, and that the map had been printed on maguey-fiber paper, and was very old.

His crudely drawn copy showed a large canyon from which four smaller draws or side canyons branched off. Seven mountains were indicated on the map; one on the east side, one to the south, one to the west, and four to the north. Freddy insisted that Montezuma's treasure was located in the big canyon surrounded by seven mountains. Having located the Aztec petroglyphs there, he felt that Johnson Canyon was the place to begin his search.

He scouted the area for many months, trying always to match the topography of the land to his map, but something was always wrong. It got so that Robinson's ranch-hands all kidded him about his "treasure" and took to following him, just for laughs. Because of this, Freddy had plenty of company on Sunday, November 26, 1922, when, as he was coming toward Johnson Canyon from the south, at the edge of Sheep Mountain, he saw the pieces suddenly fit together!

He was at the southernmost mountain; one was east, one west, and four peaks showed to the north. And, clearly visible, were four draws running off to the sides of Johnson Canyon. Within moments, Freddy and his now-silenced friends were racing their horses toward the third peak to the north, White Mountain, where he had a "X" penciled on his map!

This much, it must be admitted, could be but an accident of geography. But, what about these things? Freddy's map showed steps cut into the side of White Mountain; *the steps were there!* (Foot-holes carved into the rock and leading upward several hundred or more feet.) The map showed a tunnel carved into the mountain

(continued on page 66)

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ONE WAGON WEST

by Rex Bundy

The sad, authentic story of a young married couple who had shining dreams of a new life at the Western end of the California-Oregon Trail. Here, in the happy bride's own words is the record of their trip from St. Joseph on the Missouri River to the end of their trail.

Lastutter Collection, Western Historical Research Associates

Mary and Cole Carter whose journal recounted the hardships and tragedies of their journey West in 1854.

In a high mountain valley of Idaho, on one of the long forgotten short cuts of the Oregon - California Trail, one wagon's westward journey ended. There were many of these tragedies during the course of our nation's westward expansion, but the records of most have been lost. This tragic journey was recorded.

The eastern end of the tiny valley is now blocked by the rubble of a landslide while the western end drops abruptly approximately ninety feet. No entrance and no exit, but in this tiny valley in a room fashioned of mud and grass mortared rocks beneath an overhanging cliff, were found boxes and barrels, plus a rough table and a three-legged stool. On the table was an old-fashioned candleholder and a metal box. Inside the box was a daguerreotype and the journal from which this story was taken.

March 2, 1854 - We are to leave here tomorrow to join up with the other wagons. We are really going west. I will admit I am frightened. Before Cole and I were married on the fifteenth of February, we often talked of going west and now all our plans have been made and are being put in action. But now the time has come to leave, I am full of misgivings. Cole tells me there is nothing to fear as we will

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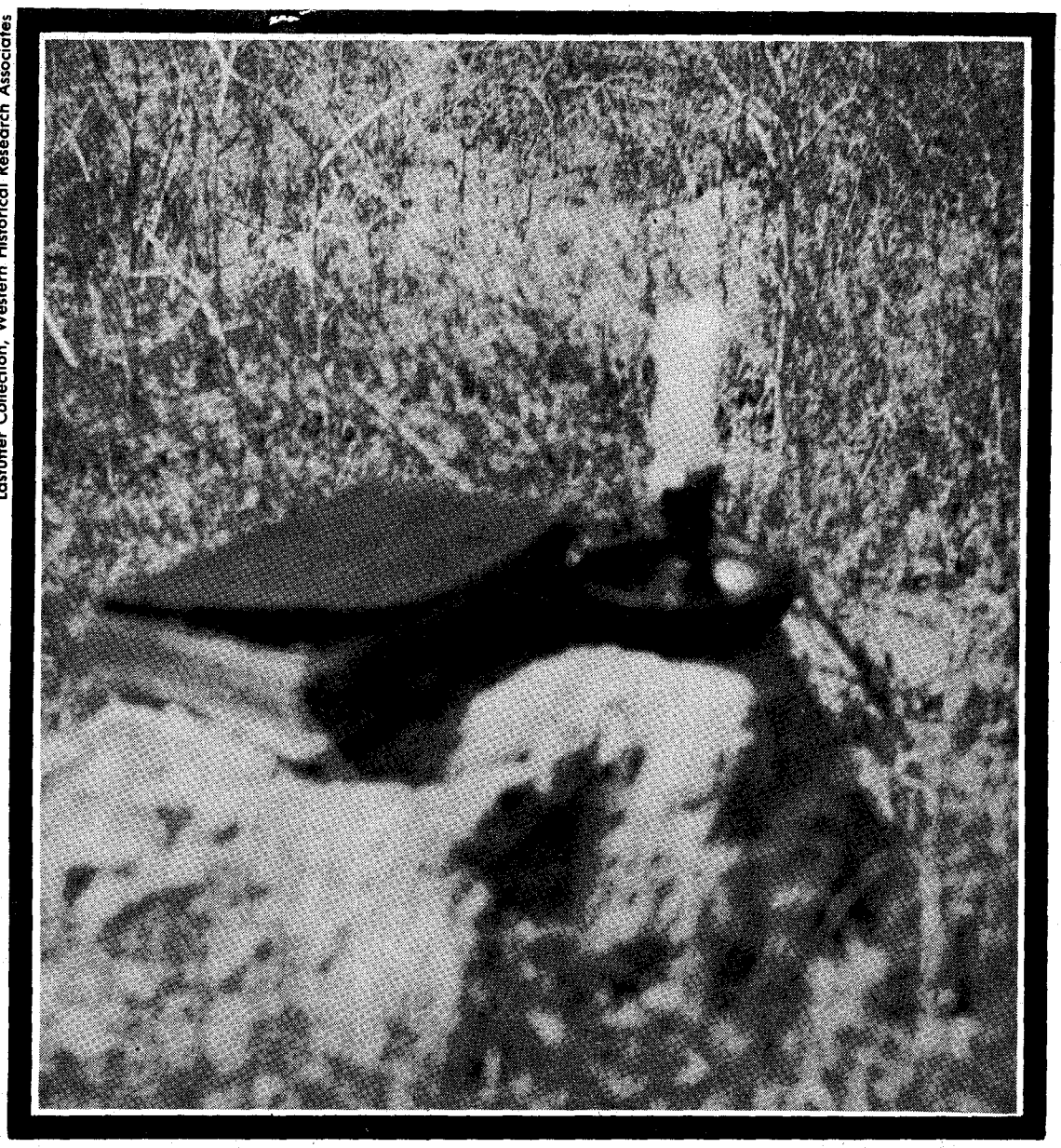

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Mary Scott Carter's Journal. Candelholder was found in rocked-in room complete with candle used while making a copy of the journal.

be with many other wagons all the way and we will be traveling light and fast. There should be no trouble as our wagon is new and the oxen young and strong.

I will miss Aunt Kate and Uncle Jesse. They are the closest family Cole and I have and they gave us so many beautiful things when we married. All of these, the nice linens and beautiful dishes are packed in chests and barrels and I hope and pray they make the trip safely.

They also gave me this journal. Uncle Jesse said for me to keep a log of our trip as he wanted to read it when he and Aunt Kate came to California to visit us. I think he is teasing me.

Cole just came in from taking care of the stock so we must go to bed. Tomorrow will come quickly and tonight will be the last time to sleep in a real bed for several months.

March 22. - We left Uncle Jesse's farm early on the morning of the 3rd and it was a long two weeks journey but we are now encamped on the Missouri River at Capler's Landing just south of St. Joseph and hope to cross the river at this point. I have sadly neglected the journal as everything was so new to me also frightening and frustrating what with cooking over an open fire for the first time, the jolting of the wagon, the rain and snow showers and the mud.

There are many wagons encamped around us all waiting to cross the river. Everyone is anxious to get started as the weather now is fine although the nights are still cold. Cole says the grass on the prairies to the west should be greening up real good within two weeks barring unusual weather.

Cole is gone now. He said he heard of a man about seven miles up river that is ferrying wagons across. He took the saddle horse and left early this morning. I am slightly worried as there seems to be so many ruffians about. All they seem to do is drink, curse, and sing terrible songs in loud voices. I am not prudish, but, I am becoming frightened.

One good thing has happened. On the second evening from home we stopped for the night in a grove where three other wagons were encamped. These people were from near Springfield and are three brothers, their wives and children. Their name is Johnstone and they are on their way to Oregon. We have become friends with Bob and Eva Johnstone as they are near our age and have only been married a month longer than Cole and I. There is also Tom Johnstone and his wife, Sarah, plus Will Johnstone and his wife, Ellen. Will and Ellen have a son that is almost man grown. Will is the eldest of the brothers and is the leader in all things. He seems very honest and upright although I'm a bit in awe of him and his wife. She knows so many things that I need to learn.

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Bob and Tom are with Cole and I do hope they find a means to cross this mighty river so we can be on our way. I believe Cole has arranged to travel with the Johnstones. I surely hope so.

April 27. - We are camped tonight on what Cole says is the Little Blue River. We were here all day yesterday as the men are going over the wagons, tightening bolts and other things. They say it is a long way to the Platte River. Our wagon train now comprises twenty-four families and I don't know many of them yet with the exception of an old lady, a Mrs. Babson, who is traveling with her son. She is very old and I wouldn't think she would start on a trip like this but she seems to be in good health and is very spry.

The women washed clothes and baked bread yesterday while the men were working on the wagons. I am learning dutch oven cooking from Ellen Johnstone. She is very nice when one gets to know her.

We have not had much rain although when it does rain, it literally comes down in sheets accompanied by the most terrible lightning.

May 8. - Today we reached the Platte River. It is very wide but not very deep and the water seems bitter, and scarcely palatable. But we are making good time and have had little rain since leaving the Little Blue.

Cole says we are now in Indian country, real Indian country. Also that we may expect to see buffalo herds any day. I have yet to see a wild Indian or a buffalo and I might add, I do not care if I never see a wild Indian.

We almost had a tragic accident as we were coming into the valley of the Platte. Just as one wagon started down a steep pitch it lost a front wheel. Then the whole wagon went rolling over and Mr. Franz, who was driving, was thrown off and the wagon rolled over him. But God was surely on his side for he only broke his arm. His family was walking at the time which was a good thing.

The most miserable thing we have to contend with so far is the dust! We are never clean. It is in our clothes, our hair, our food and our bedding. We women have cut our skirts off to just below our knees. Some women have taken to wearing trousers as there is no false modesty shown here. Some of the women have even cut their hair short. I won't cut my hair, though, as Cole has always said he loves my long hair so I'll keep it long for him. Cole has proven himself to be the wonderful man I thought him when we were married.

We are making fast time according to what some of the men have told Cole but it seems with these vast vistas in sight, that we scarcely crawl day by day and are always accompanied by the miserable dust. Many of us walk up wind from the wagons and thus have some respite.

May 20. - We passed two burned wagons just before the nooning. Cole, Tom and some of the other men rode over to them and when they returned they said they were sure it was Indians that had done the burning although there were no signs to tell for sure. There were no bodies nor any signs of graves. We have, I must admit, passed many graves along the way and Cole says that many more have been buried

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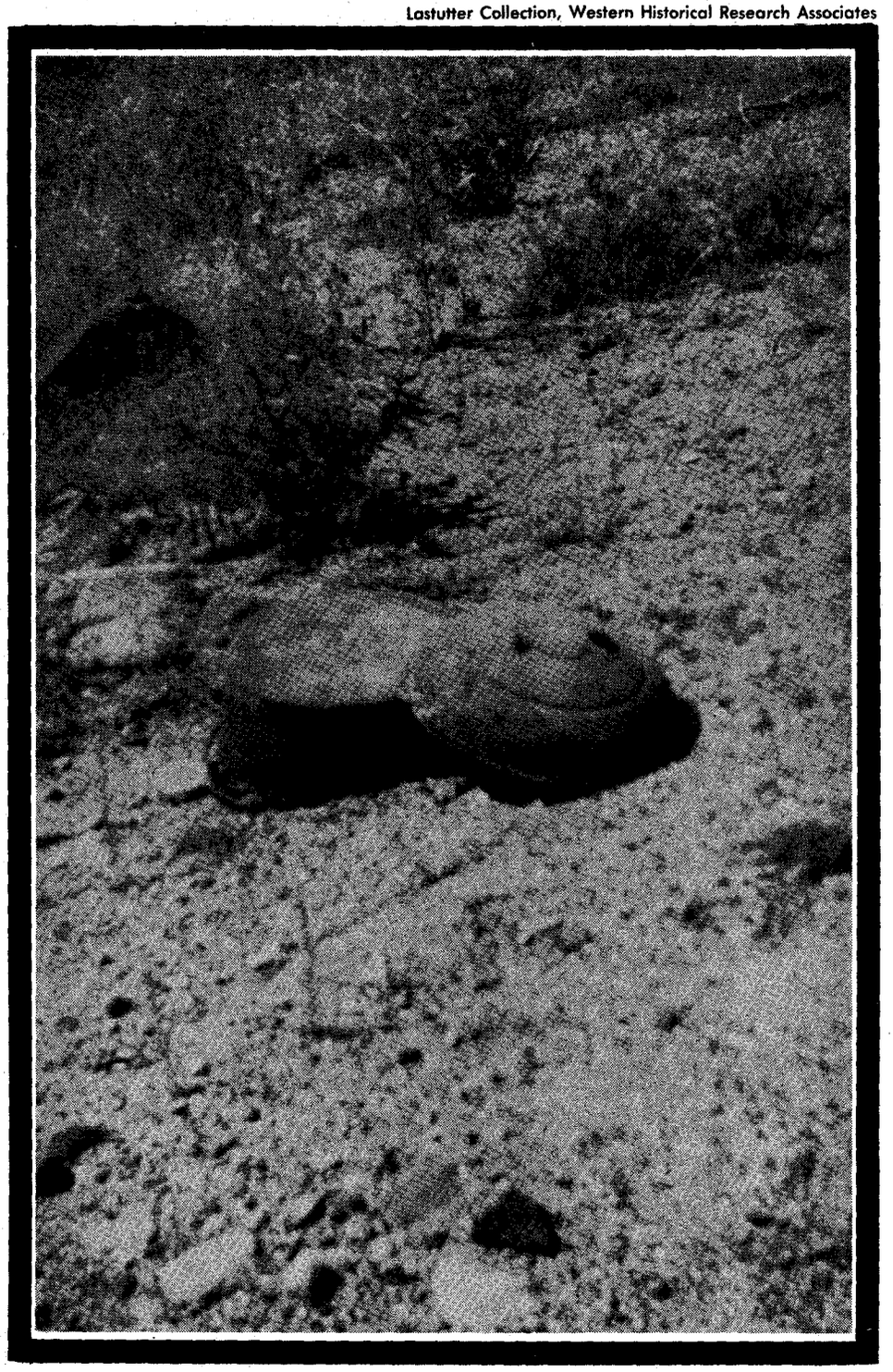

Dutch oven belonging to the Carters found near the site of the rocked-in room.

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under the trail and the wagons driven across them to hide and protect the bodies from the prowling Indians and other animals.

Will Johnstone has been chosen to lead the whole train. He is a wise and good man. I wonder why I was ever afraid of him? His election to the leadership was put in effect after it was learned he had been over a portion of this trail as far as Fort Hall when he worked as a teamster for some fur trading concern that took wagon loads of supplies into the mountains about ten or fifteen years ago. And it seems that ever since he returned from that trip he has been preparing for this one and we are lucky to have found such a man to lead us.

Will has taught us to "circle" the wagons. And now that we are in such wild country, we camp each night with the wagons in a circle and our campfires inside the ring. Night guards keep the oxen, horses and milch cows outside the circle to graze and at the first alarm these can be driven into the circle. Every able bodied man has to stand his turn at night guard and I do not sleep well when it is Cole's turn.

There is now sixty wagons in the train. We have picked them up in bunches of four and five as we came along. People that thought to make it on their own are now glad of the extra protection in case of trouble. We are also glad of the extra men and guns after seeing those wagons today and thinking this may be our fate also.

May 26. - There is much excitement in camp tonight. Tom Potter was out ahead of the wagon train scouting for grass for the stock and also a good place to camp for the night. When he rode in he said he had seen buffalo, thousands of them. So the men are arranging a hunt and all are as excited as children. One old man, who claims to have made numerous trips to the mountains as a trapper, joined our company several days ago along with five wagons he was leading. He is telling them how the hunt should be undertaken. I sure hope he really knows!

Old Mrs. Babson is very ill. I have been concerned about her all along. I believe the terrible dust has affected her lungs. She coughs continually and seems to have a high fever. Eva Johnstone and I have been setting up with her the past few nights but Mrs. Babson can keep nothing on her stomach. She is, though, very sweet and patient but I am sure we will lose her before long.

There is too much illness with us. Tom and Sarah's baby girl is in a bad way. She cries continually and is so thin and frail. I do not think the constant jarring of the wagon is of much help although Sarah holds her constantly. I do blame most of our sickness on this everlasting dust. It would help, too, if our diet wasn't so monotonous. A few fresh vegetables or some fruit would do wonders.

May 29. - Camped near a distinct landmark. Some call it Chimney Rock. I cannot write the words for the way I feel tonight. In the last two weeks we have buried fourteen of our number. Dear Grandma Babson was the first to leave us. She died on the Platte River. Tom and Sarah's little girl also passed on the next day and Sarah is inconsolable. She is so quiet and goes about her chores as usual but never says a word to anyone and doesn't seem to hear a word spoken to her. Tom is not much better but we truly fear for Sarah's sanity. My heart bleeds for both of them. Eva and I have "adopted" their two little boys, the poor dears, as their parents don't seem to know they are alive. It is such a tragedy.

Ellen, though, is a tower of strength. Nursing the sick, comforting those who have lost loved ones, and I can't begin to give her and her husband the credit they deserve.

So far Cole and I have our health but there is so much misery and despair. Some families I know would turn back if they were not afraid of the long journey and the dangers. But as has been pointed out to them, it is nearly impossible to turn back at this stage and make it to the Missouri River.

June 4. - Arrived at Fort Laramie today after many misfortunes which included a great deal of rain. Where once we were bemoaning the dust, we are now bemoaning the mud. The people living at the fort cannot believe we made such good time.

We will stay here a few days while the wagons are being repaired and some of the people are replenishing their supplies. The prices are outrageous and there is little that can be obtained. We have, though, through various sources, obtained two parfleches of pemmican from the Indians living near the fort. This is, supposedly, good to eat and is made of dried meat pounded together with some sort of berries and then packed in a rawhide container. The container doesn't small too good and I hope the contents don't taste the way it smells. But Cole says it is a staple food of the Indians and also the white men who live year around in the mountains. By that I mean, the white men that trap all over the mountains and never once return East. They are, from one or two I have seen here at the fort, worse than the Indians and it seems all of them have Indian women companions. Some say they are their wives but I doubt this very much.

It is really colorful here at Fort Laramie. I have seen my first wild Indians and some of them are sorry specimens. There are several families (?) of them camped just north of the fort and all seem to be nothing but beggars. Some of the young girls could be quite pretty if they were cleaned up a little.

We are camped just outside the fort and there is so much noise and confusion all the time. It never ceases, not even at night.

Cole has become acquainted with a Mr. Gardner who just arrived at Fort Laramie from Fort Hall where he wintered. Mr. Gardner is trying to interest members of our wagon train in taking a route to California over which Mr. Gardner has guided two wagon trains. His route would reach the northern portion of California and means going on to a fort called Boise before branching off the main trail to Oregon. I hope Cole decides to go with Mr. Gardner as that will mean weeks longer with our friends, the Johnstones. Even though I have mentioned going to Oregon, Cole is still determined to go to California.

July 8. - Many things have happened since the last entry in my journal. I have seen so many things and so much country since Fort Laramie including Fort Bridger where we stopped for two days. We heard many stories concerning the man who owns this fort, a Mr. Bridger. So many, in fact, that he surely should have been at least ten feet tall instead of a man of normal size. Cole says he is the biggest liar in the west and when it comes to telling tall tales, he cannot be surpassed.

At dawn this morning we heard rifle fire. Smith, the old man that showed us how to hunt buffalo, claims he heard Indian guns intermixed with the rifle fire. He says their guns have a distinctive report and advised us to circle the wagons while a few of the men went on to investigate. I can't truly say we are

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frightened as it seems we are too numb with despair and the fatigue of travel.

The men have returned and said the wagon train that had left Fort Bridger ahead of us had been attacked. This was a train of only eleven wagons and they had been urged to wait for us but were impatient to be on their way. Cole said all the people were dead, the wagons burned, clothing strewn across the countryside and there is some talk of two young girls missing. Their bodies weren't found and it is known one family had two young girls, one sixteen and the other fourteen. What is their fate if not already dead? It is hoped they are dead. How can a God permit such horrors? Cole also described other things I will not put in my journal. They are too sickening.

We are still circled on the Bear River while Smith, the old trapper, although I doubt that is the name he was born with, is out scouting the advance trail and the surrounding country.

July 11. - Smith returned in the early hours of the morning and slipped into camp regardless of the guards we had out. He reported no sign of Indians on the forward route nor could he pick up any signs of Indians near us. It has been decided we would move on and attempt to reach Fort Hall.

We cannot understand why our train wasn't attacked also as those other wagons were but a short distance ahead of us. Cole says it was because we are too large a party and if those people had stayed with us, as they were urged to do, they would be alive now.

July 16. - We can see Fort Hall from the mountain but are going into camp for the night and will proceed early in the morning. It is not our intent to spend much time at the fort — just enough time for some washing, baking, and repair work. We have slowed down and Cole says we have to make better time from here on or we will be trapped in the mountains by snow.

I had looked forward to Fort Hall as a highlight in our journey but so much has happened I don't have much heart left for anything. One good thing has happened. Sarah Johnstone is her old self again. Of course, she still sorrows for her little girl but she is once again a loving mother to her two young boys.

Cole has, eventually, made arrangements with Mr. Gardner to go with his company over what he calls the Spring Creek Cut-off. Mr. Gardner took a wagon train over this route a year ago and also one the year before and says there is some rough going in portions of it but it does cut off a great deal of distance. His brother is about two weeks behind us with another train of twenty wagons that is taking this same route.

I do hope he is right about the trail and although things have gone well since leaving Fort Hall, we are still a company of discouraged, weary travelers. The sickness that plagued us on the Platte and for many weary miles after that seems to have left us in peace. It did, though, before it ran its course, take fifty of our people and that is how many graves we added to the total between the Platte and the Snake Rivers.

We will cross the Snake River tomorrow at a place called Salmon Falls and from there it is only four or five days into Fort Boise. And it will break my heart to leave the Johnstones as the three women have been like sisters to me and the men like brothers to Cole. We knew the day of parting would come and have been trying to reconcile ourselves to it, but it is hard.

August 10. - We are camped a few miles below Fort Boise which is being rebuilt due to a big flood last year which washed away the old fort. There are a few reminders of it left in the form of adobe walls but the people expect the next flood to wipe it out completely. This new fort is no protection from the Indians and I would hate to live in this spot without protection of some kind.

The people here say the Indians are restless and we wonder as to what may have happened to the Ward wagons that split from us at Fort Hall. They were supposed to come along within a week. Illness held them up at Fort Hall and we do hope they had no trouble.

August 14. - Again we are encamped on the Snake River but tomorrow we leave it for the last time and I am not sorry. As a whole, our wagon train has had good luck on our river crossings. We've lost a few head of stock but not one person. Will Johnstone was a wonderful wagon boss and a careful one. Now we have Mr. Gardner and we wonder if he can come up to Will.

This is desert country. Sage brush and greasewood, rattlesnakes and rabbits. We are careful where we sit, step, and squat.

Tomorrow we start up. It is not a promising looking trail and from here all we can see are desert hills. Mr. Gardner says we will be surprised at the country once we are over this first range of hills.

Mr. Gardner says we will have to travel faster. We will not be allowed unnecessary stops as we will have to hurry to beat the snows in the Sierras. A train of wagons led by a Mr. Donner got caught in an early snow there a few years ago and nearly all perished. Terrible things happened to those people if all the stories told of them are true.

That was the last entry in the journal made in the hand writing of Mary Scott Carter, but, there were several more pages covered with a coarser script.

My Mary is gone. With her went all our dreams and plans. Now I am alone. I must leave my beloved wife here in this high mountain valley. I can hardly put on paper what has happened, but before she left me, I promised to finish her journal.

Twelve days ago we reached this high valley and camped by a small stream. In the morning we had to take ropes and let the wagons down the first part of the trail. We started early and the work went well and all but our wagon and two others were down by mid-afternoon.

We were letting down the Tackett wagon when Mary and Mrs. Tackett decided they would start down also so to have things ready for us when we finished with the other wagons. But just as we got the Tackett wagon over the edge, the dead-man snapped and the wagon hurtled to the bottom, catching and dragging my Mary with it. She was still alive when I arrived at the bottom but so broken in body I knew she would not last long. With Tackett, Gardner, and others helping, we brought her back to the valley and to our wagon as she was in such pain we knew she could not go on. The women made her comfortable in the shade of a rock ledge and the men returned to their work of letting down the remaining wagons. They asked if they should let mine down and I said, "No."

Gardner and I talked long into the night and we finally decided I should stay here with Mary and make her as comfortable as I could until the end which we knew was not far away. Gardner's brother, Tom, was two or three weeks behind us with another wagon train and they would come through this pass and I could go on with them. It might,

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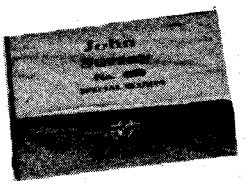

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although it was wishful thinking, be that Mary would live, and I had that hope.

I cannot write of the four days she remained with me. Her suffering was terrible to see and no way to alleviate it. My Mary, always so good, so sweet and kind. Why? Why should she bear so much pain, and at the end I prayed God to release her.

On the evening of the fourth day, she looked up at me, smiled and said, "Darling, I don't hurt any more. Hold my hand and talk to me. Promise you will go on and do all the things we planned. Please try to finish the journal I have been writing and some day, a long time from now, maybe you will come back to me."

She closed her eyes and seemed to sleep. I sat by her pallet and held her hands until they turned cold and I knew my Mary was with the angels, but I sat by her side the rest of the night and the next morning, I buried her in a spot where the sun shines all day long. I found a large rock I could move and placed it on her grave. With a chisel from the wagon, I fashioned these words on the rock - Beloved Wife, Mary Carter 1836-1854.

I then lost all track of the days but I knew before long Tom Gardner's wagon train would be arriving. Then one morning I awoke to all the sound in the world. It was just after daybreak and the air was full of dust and huge rocks were rolling down the mountainsides. The earth was shaking so hard I was thrown to the ground each time I tried to stand. I rolled under an outcropping of rock and lay trembling for what seemed hours. The earth finally quit shaking but the air was still so full of dust I could scarcely breathe and I could still hear the rocks rolling and crashing.

In a short time the uproar ceased, the air cleared of dust, and the sun shone again but on what a changed world. To the east the valley was now blocked from wall to wall by huge rocks. The oxen and the horses had been feeding at that end of the valley the night before, but there was no sign of them now.

I walked to the west end of the valley and found the trail where we had let the wagons down, and where Mary had been so horribly hurt, had also been destroyed. Only a bird could make it down that sheer wall. And I, my wagon, and Mary's grave, were sealed off from the world.

I can leave this valley with only the clothes on my back, my gun, powder and ball, but some day I hope to return to my Mary.

I unloaded the boxes and barrels from the wagon and placed them under the outcropping that had sheltered me during the earthquake. I took the washtub to the little stream and there mixed mud and grass to make a mortar and rocked up the outcropping, all but an opening I could get through. I placed in the little room the table and three-legged stool I had made before our journey so we could eat outside when the weather was nice. And I debated a long time before leaving our wedding picture and Mary's journal but I felt these should remain with her until I returned and after placing the metal box on the table, I sealed the opening with rocks and mud.

This afternoon I climbed to the top of the north ridge. I could see a dust cloud far to the north, a dust cloud that could only have been made by a wagon train on the move.

One more night here where my life ended — even though I still live — and in the morning I must fill in the door of my memories and climb that cliff again for the last time. I must go tell the wagon boss that there is no pass here any more, another way must be found through these mountains.

I leave my Mary to sleep in peace.

***

The man that discovered that high valley and its contents returned there and made a verbatim copy of the journal. Then, as Cole Carter had done so many years before, he mixed mud and grass at the little stream and plugged the hole in the rocked-in room after returning the journal to its resting place in the metal chest.

Who is to say that it wasn't Cole Carter's uneasy spirit that guided the man to that mountain valley, and now that Cole Carter's story is known, may he, too, REST IN PEACE. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Verbatim copy of the Journal of Mary Scott Carter, 1854

Fort Boise - Annie Laurie Bird

Fort Hall on the Oregon Trail - Jennie Broughton Brown

First Women Over The Rockies - C.M. Drury

The British and American Joint Claims Commission On Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Company's Claims, 8:85

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SEGHERS: MARTYR

(continued from page 39)

ing guide had slipped away rather than face them, he could not shake a foreboding that something had happened to him.

The missionaries continued, overcoming one natural obstacle after another, Fuller shouldering the frail bishop's pack when the going became too rough. At Bennett Lake, they even had to whipsaw lumber for boats. Throughout the journey, no day passed without a scene between Fuller and the two priests who had become intolerant of his actions.

But, after a month of hardship and increasing antipathy, the party had become divided into two factions: that of Seghers and Fuller being opposed by Tosi and Robaut. The elder priest had become bitterly critical of the bishop's unswerving loyalty to his Dr. Jekyll helper and, in early September while encamped on the Stewart River, they agreed to separate. Having learned that a Protestant mission was to be established at Nulato, the site Seghers himself had decided upon three years before, the disappointed bishop decided to push on to the settlement immediately. Fathers Tosi and Robaut emphatically refused to follow until spring.

Nine months later, the rested priests started down the Yukon by steamer. When the vessel put in at an Indian camp, they were appalled to hear that Seghers was dead—shot down by Frank Fuller.

From the testimony of the Indians who had accompanied the bishop and his assistant, it became apparent to a stunned outside world that the isolation and exhaustion of their hectic push through the wilderness in worsening weather had been the final straw for Fuller's already unbalanced mind. From statements he was to make to officials who arrested and confined him for trial, and from the last, lengthening entries in Seghers' diary, all realized that his persecution complex (totally unjustified by reality) had rendered him mad. Finally, after days of forced march, but days from their objective, Fuller had grabbed up his rifle and shot the unsuspecting bishop, who died instantly.

His native companions spoke of Fuller's belligerent behavior and of the fits of depression which had worsened steadily in the days leading up to the tragedy. Ironically, Seghers' conduct had become just the opposite. For, with the end of his trying journey in sight, he had become correspondingly enthusiastic, shaking off the effects of the trail. Some wondered if this contrast in spirits, after their long ordeal had not toppled Fuller's mind over the edge.

Taken to St. Michael, where he was allowed the run of the town as he could not escape, Fuller's mental condition deteriorated daily. Immediately after the slaying, he had seemed to be relieved of a great burden and at peace with himself and others. But, with each passing day, guilt unhinged what self control remained, his captors noting that he would awaken during the night, screaming that he must push on to Nulato.

When Fuller faced trial in Sitka a full year after the murder, a baffled jury eventually returned a verdict of manslaughter, for which he received a sentence of 10 years' hard labor and a fine of $1,000. In May of 1888, the southbound steamer *Elder* docked briefly in Victoria. Among her passengers that spring day were a United States marshal and Frank Fuller, enroute to the McNeil Island penitentiary. Asked about his prisoner by a *Colonist* reporter, Marshal Atkins replied that Fuller " ... is of pious nature and is what I would call a religious crank ... He ... comforts himself with the belief that the Lord bade him to commit the deed."

Eight years later, his sentence having been reduced for good behavior, Frank Fuller was a free man. Several years after, during a violent argument, his antagonist shot him dead in self-defense.

Curiously, this final act of tragedy did not end the many questions concerning Archbishop Seghers' murder. For, throughout the months leading up to his trial, in the courtroom, and even upon his release from prison, Fuller, the only man to really know what happened, had offered numerous conflicting statements: that he had killed Seghers in self-defense, as the bishop had been plotting with the Indians to kill him; that his rifle had discharged accidentally; that God had ordered him to commit the deed; and, once, that Seghers had not been shot at all.

(continued on page 63)

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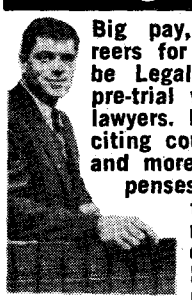

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NO NIGHT IN CREEDE

(continued from page 43)

The big blaze, fanned by fresh breezes coming down Willow Canyon danced from one pine shack or tent to another, jumped the narrow streets, and by eight o'clock it was all over. Creede's business district was a field of smoldering ashes. Hundreds were homeless. The camp would never be the same again.

Of Creede's great fire, the *Denver Republican* said:

Following the fire, a wild debauch was entered into by all the sots and fast women of the camp. Free liquor was had for the stealing, and many cases of wine, bottles of whiskey, cigars, and such goods, and hundreds were drunk before the flames half burned down.

Inside of a week, 6,000 people left Creede, but the town was rebuilt. It was destroyed again in 1895 by another fire — the smoke from it could be seen seventy miles away. Along with disaster, though, Creede had its humor. One of the old silver camp's most inventive swindles concerned the famous "Petrified Man."

Until the hoax was exposed, it was the town's most profitable attraction. Bob Fitzsimmons, Creede gambler and bunco artist, bought a man made of cement in Denver. The thing was shipped to Creede on the railroad, then hauled out to the edge of town and buried in the mud along Farmer's Creek. Some days later, J.J. Dore, a friend and associate of Fitzsimmons, "discovered" the petrified man and notified the state's newspapers about his marvelous find.

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Jefferson R. Smith, better known as Soapy Smith. Soapy perpetrated the petrified man hoax on the gullible citizens of Creede.

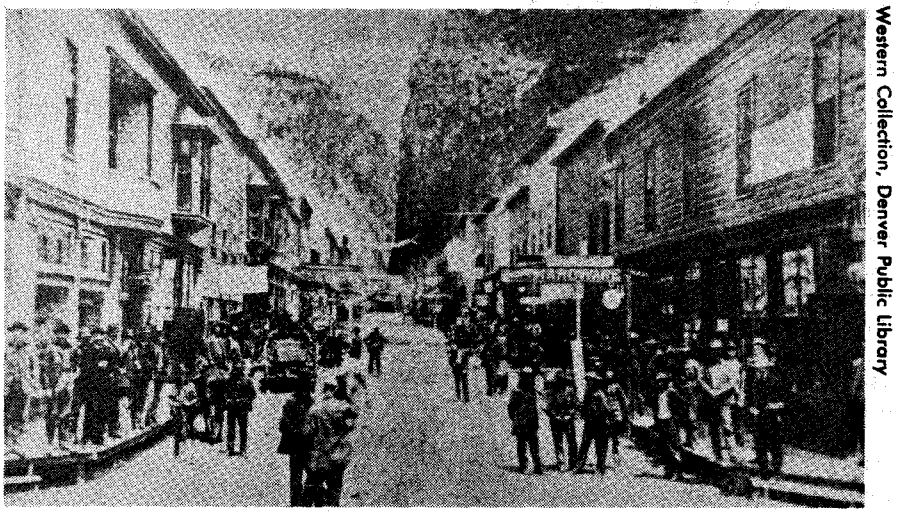
They gave the discovery front-page space and even advanced the theory the man must have been a member of the Fremont Party which explored the Creede area in 1842. The *Creede Candle* called the monster "McGinty" after it was hauled back into Creede and put on display at the Vaughn Hotel under a couple of flickering lamps. Crowds lined up to see the sight at 25¢ a head until finally the concrete started to fleck away and the hoax was discovered.

In the meantime, as might be expected, Soapy Smith moved in for a piece of the action. Soapy himself took over as spieler and there was never a better one. He shaded the coal oil lamps to give the eerie impression of a tomb, and "Colonel Stone" promptly became a prehistoric monster rather than a deceased American pioneer. The people who paid their hoax money to look were treated to a "learned" lecture on the habits of man.

"And in those days there were giants in the land," Soapy quoted from the Bible. "Men didn't look then as they do now," explained the erudite Soapy. "Not only were they larger, but in brain capacity they were not far removed from the ape family. There is a fellow over in England named Darwin who has just proved it. But now, right here in Creede, you people are privileged to gaze upon the only complete specimen of prehistoric man in existence today."

But the possibilities for a monster

Creede Avenue in Creede, Colorado as it appeared in 1892.



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Cy Martin photo

Creede Avenue in Creede, Colorado as it appeared in December 1965.

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in Creede were soon exhausted, for one look was enough. "Colonel Stone" was leased out to P. T. Barnum, traveling in the side show and attracting crowds for years. He was returned to Denver only when his cement hide began to disentegrate from age.

While Creede was always one of the wildest mining camps, it did have its gentler side. One of the camp's first places of worship was an old circus tent from Denver. On Easter Sunday morning it was jammed with the God-fearing who came to hear the preaching. That very same evening it was jammed with the sporting crowd for a boxing match. Fine church buildings were later built in Creede and the little town supported them. Schools came to Creede, the first one being established in April of 1892. By then, Creede was connected by telephone to the outside world and the streets were electrically lighted. The idea of an electric plant in Creede was conceived at noon on February 1, 1892. Five days later the light flickered on all over downtown.

Soon after the boom really got under way, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway started pushing its narrow gauge rail service toward Creede from Wagon Wheel Gap. The ten - mile extension was completed in October of 1891, and within four months the line paid for itself. Long freight trains steamed in and out of Creede at all hours. Until the depot was built, a big tent pitched by the tracks made do, with the ticket office housed in a boxcar.

On the sidings, the Rio Grande parked a string of Pullman cars for their own help and to ease the impossible housing shortage. There was never dining car service into Creede, but plenty of time was allowed to patronize the depot lunch counters at Alamosa and Pueblo on the way to Denver. Variety shows, melodrama and concerts, performed both by home talent and by road companies making the circuit of the mining camps, provided other entertainment.

Yet, the town really never recovered from the disastrous fire of 1892. And once the price of silver was cut in half by the Silver Act, it could not be mined profitably. Men such as Nicholas Creede and Major Wasson would not leave, but the exodus was on. The drifters who were among the first arrival, were the first to smell the early decay and quit their dance with Creede.

When Creede went up the spout after producing over $5 million, Soapy Smith was not the only one to board the steam cars for greener pastures. Cy Warman folded his *Creede Chronicle* and went to work for *The Rocky Mountain News.* Warman celebrated his change of employment in a poem:

It was sometime in the p.m. in the
fall of '92
I had cashed in the Creede
Chronicle — had nothing else to do

—

I had seen a man of leisure who was
loafing in the street
Who had every fad and fashion
from his head down to his feet.

While it lasted, there was no night in Creede. ●**RW**

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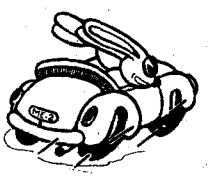
SEGHERS: MARTYR

(continued from page 61)

In fact, almost a century after, we can be sure of but one thing; that the trusting Bishop Charles John Seghers had paid with his life for having failed to recognize that his formerly eager assistant was what is today termed a schizophrenic. But on that point, even the jury had missed, being aware only that the contradictory killer, through his actions and speeches, was not a murderer in the accepted sense; at least, we must assume this by their extraordinary verdict of manslaughter.

Ten years ago, Rev. Gerard Steckler, S. J., of the University of Seattle's department of history, visited Victoria while engaged in researching a book on what one early writer had termed "one of the most cowardly and purposeless crimes ever committed." ●**RW**

Safety belts, when you think about it, it's a nice way to say I love you.



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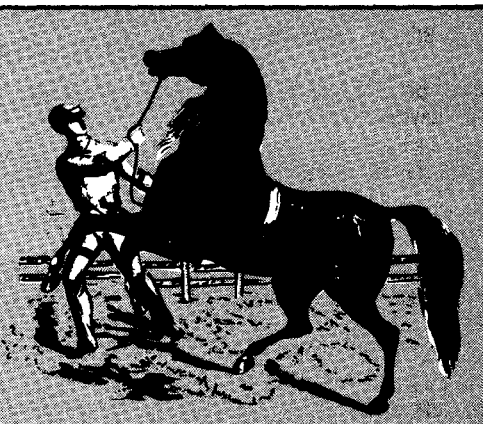
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

EXPLORATION OF NORTHWESTERN CANADA

Mr. Ogilvie, a Canadian surveyor, has completed his explorations in Northern British Columbia and the Mackenzie River district — a region which has hitherto been almost as little known as Central Africa — and he will prepare a report for the Dominion Parliament. He may have verified the impression that there are large gold deposits in the upper part of the Yukon basin, and if so, a new field will be opened to modern enterprise.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
January 26, 1889

ASPHALT DISCOVERED IN UTAH

Great fields of asphaltum have been discovered in Utah and Wyoming Territories. One field near Vernial, Utah, contains 700,000 tons of asphalt. This asphalt was formerly crude petroleum, which, escaping from natural openings in the ground, flowed into the plains where it now lies, and there dried.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
February 23, 1889

MORMONS LOSE AT OGDEN

At an election, last week, in Ogden, Utah, the Liberal or Gentile party won a sweeping victory. Their candidate for Mayor was elected by 439 majority, and all the balance of the ticket is elected, including Councilmen, Aldermen, Chief or Police and officers. The whole Territory has been looking to Ogden to be the first to break the chain of Mormondom, and the result has given widespread satisfaction.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
February 23, 1889

WHISKEY CONFIDENCE MAN

A man in Malton, Nevada tipped a couple of barrels of whiskey into a natural spring which flowed on his premises, and invited all the ranchmen for miles around to come and see it. The next day he sold the spring for $10,000 in gold dust and fled the country.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
January 5, 1889

UTES SIGNING RATIFICATION OF TREATY

The Ute Commission have secured to the instrument of ratification the signatures of 582 adult males of the confederate bands of Ute Indians in Colorado. This number is more than three-fourths of the male adults of the Ute bands.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 9, 1880.

JOAQUIN MILLER APPOINTED TO POST

Joaquin Miller has been appointed by the Governor of California a member of the State Forestry Commission. The poet has taken a great interest in the preservation of California's forests.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
April 6, 1889

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS CITY

A genuine sensation has been created in Kansas City, Kansas, by a vigorous enforcement of the prohibitory laws. The liquor dealers having grown insolent and defiant, the authorities took them in hand, and sent a score or more to prison for long terms, besides imposing on them a fine of $100 for every glass of intoxicants they had been convicted of vending. At the same time gambling dens were closed and other dives were compelled to put up their shutters, greatly to the public satisfaction.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
March 30, 1889

THE OPENING OF OKLAHOMA

The proclamation of the President opening Oklahoma to settlement on the 22nd of April was received with demonstrations of the greatest joy among the boomers assembled along the Kansas border. At Wichita flags were displayed, cannons were fired, and bonfires built. In some of the camps, men who had been waiting for months received the news with dancing, songs and tears, embracing each other in a wild delirium of joy. Reports from a number of Kansas points indicate that a monster exodus to "the promised land" will begin within a week or two, unless the thousands now preparing to go can be induced to examine the situation carefully, under the provisions of the proclamation. But 1,887, 000 acres of land will be opened to homesteaders on the date mentioned, which should afford a claim of 160 acres to each of 11,798 settlers; but there will be any number of town sites and plenty of waste land, so that not more than 10,000 homesteads will be available.

The smallest estimate of the number of people now encamped on the borders of Oklahoma or en route is 20,000, and people who have examined the situation thoroughly declare that fully 40,000 will be prepared to cross the line on the opening day and begin locating claims. It is easy to predict the state of affairs that is sure to follow. With each settler in quest of a quarter - section, and only 10,000 of these to be had, in a short time every section would have from ten to twenty claimants, each resolved to hold his ground. It will be fortunate, indeed, if serious trouble does not follow.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
April 6, 1889

PRAIRIE FIRES IN DAKOTA

Prairie Fires in East and South Dakota, last week, devastated large areas of territory, destroying several small villages, with many scattered hamlets, live stock and other property — the toal loss being estimated at $2,000,000. A number of lives were also lost.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
April 13, 1889

THE DAKOTAS SEEK TO BECOME STATES

A constitutional convention has been called for December 5, at Jamestown, Dak., to further the admission of the two Dakotas into the Union.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
December 1, 1888

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BUFFALO BILL TO ENTERTAIN ROYALTY

Buffalo Bill will entertain Lord Clifford, Lord Mandeville and six other English guests on a hunting expedition in the northern part of Mexico the latter part of this month.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 24, 1888

BOOMERS ARRESTED

A body of forty "boomers" who invaded Oklahoma upon Christmas Day were arrested by the Indian militia.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 5, 1889

NEW GOLD BONANZA IN ARIZONA

Additional reports from Harqua Harla, the new Arizona bonanza, go far to prove that the ledges are very rich. Many tons of ore have been taken out, which assays from $500 to $1,000 per ton. A large amount of beautiful nuggets ranging in value from $5 to $400 continue to be taken out just under the surface of the ledge. The ore shows little gold to the eye, but the decomposed iron rock is largely made up on gold. Prospectors are pouring into the new district, and the chances are that much suffering will result from lack of shelter and food. In fact, the past experiences at the Coeur d'Alene mines bid fair to be repeated.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 12, 1889

NEW GOLD STRIKE IN MONTANA

Gold in large quantities is said to have been discovered on the Sweet Grass Hills, Montana, and adventurers are flocking there in great numbers.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 30, 1889

SITTING BULL READY TO SETTLE

Sitting Bull, Gall, and other hostile Indians, show a disposition to accept $1.25 per acre for the lands of the great Sioux Reservation.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 20, 1889

BUFFALO BILL TO OPEN TO PARIS

Buffalo Bill's new Wild West Show will open in Paris in connection with the great Exposition of May 15. Several hundred Indians and cowboys sailed from New York on Saturday last. After the Paris season is over the exhibition will give entertainments in London, under cover, for the winter. Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, and possibly St. Petersburg and Moscow will be visited in turn.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 4, 1889 ●RW

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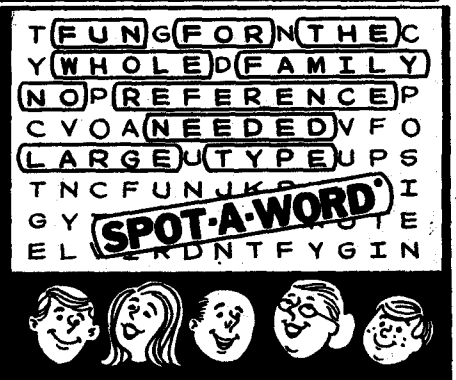

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MONTEZUMA'S TREASURE

(continued from page 54)

side; *the tunnel was there!*

Finding the tunnel, however, took some doing. Freddy finally located a place on the stone wall that looked somewhat different than the surrounding areas. Gouging into this section revealed it to be sand mortar, not rock. By evening, the men had dug out quite a large hole. They all returned early the next morning and worked hard at removing the sand from the tunnel ... which had itself been carved through solid rock. Within a week, they had penetrated 60 feet into the mountain. On the Sunday following their discovery, they came face to face with a massive, man-made wall of blue limestone blocks. Built with a mortar of marsh clay and wire-grass, the wall was 15 feet wide and as tall as the tunnel!

That wall had represented a lot of hard work for the builders, whoever they were! The nearest deposit of blue limestone was more than 30 miles away, and, as far as the men knew, there was neither marsh clay nor wire-grass anywhere in Kane County. But Freddy remembered reading that geologists claim the existence of marshes nearby, 400 or so years ago ... about the time the Aztecs were moving their treasures away from Tenochtitlan!

By now, rumors of the mysterious goings on at White Mountain had begun circulating. Freddy and his friends started having company! Soon, nearly all the men of Kanab were at the diggings, helping to remove the limestone wall and clean out the tunnel beyond. The tunneling quickly became a town project, with all its resources directed toward unearthing Montezuma's millions. Food was supplied from Judd's Store; water was hauled all the way from Robinson's ranch, about 20 miles distant. A tent city was erected near the tunnel, and a commisary was set up to feed the diggers.

With so many eager helpers, the work speeded up. About 160 feet in from the entrance, the tunnel opened into a large room, then another, and even more tunnels, apparently penetrating deeper into the mountain. The work wasn't without hazards; whoever had filled in the tunnels, whether Aztec or not. left behind a series of concealed, deadly booby traps, one of which nearly cost Freddy his life! Mostly large boulders set high in the sand plug, the traps had to be removed with extreme care.

A year passed by with the work going on every day, but without the finding of one single piece of gold. In fact, nothing was ever found but charcoal remnants from cooking fires and some deer and rabbit bones. As the weeks and months of the second year went by, the bright dream of Montezuma's golden treasure began to lose some of its luster; fewer and fewer people were willing or able to continue digging. By the end of the second year, most had deserted the tunnel and returned to making their livings.

At about this time, accumulated disappointments began to cause second thoughts about the location of the treasure , but not its existence. But, the diggers were used up physically, and their money was gone. So both the dream and the project had to be put off until some time in the future.

The tunnel was abandoned, a tiny scar in the immensity of that wilderness, its size completely out of proportion to the great effort that produced it! Freddy Crystal disappeared one day, never to be seen at Kanab again. Some felt that he had returned to Mexico, hoping to find more information, and maybe he did.

No serious efforts to solve the puzzle have been made since that time, which seems strange, considering the possibility that this hoard may contain 10,000,000 dollars in gold, silver and precious gems! *The lure of this great treasure does from time to time beckon, but it is the solitary seeker who now responds, drawn —as were the Conquistadores—to the lure of treasure, free for the finding and taking!*

What do I believe about this story?

Remember this: Even after eliminating whatever the *Conquistadores* successfully removed from Mexico and the treasures irredeemably lost in the mud of Lake Texcoco (and now buried deeply under the buildings of modern-day Mexico City), a great many tons of Aztec gold, silver and precious gemstones remain unaccounted for. Such a bulk couldn't just disappear off the face of the earth; it has to be somewhere!

Is any, or all, of Montezuma's treasure cached at White Mountain?

This is a story about which I have no strong opinions. Careful consideration of the following questions can perhaps help you make up your own mind. Let's start with the agreement that some large group of people did do a tremendous amount of work at that place, 400 years or so ago. Why were the tunnels and rooms dug at White Mountain, and by whom? Why were they abandoned and plugged tight with sand mortar and the entrance hidden? Why were deadly boobytraps placed in the tunnels, when no treasures have been found? Why was the limestone masonry plug laid in the tunnel? Why were Aztec petroglyphs carved on the stone walls of Johnson Canyon? Why was a map of that area drawn some hundreds of years ago, then stored in a remote Mexican monastery? In other words, what was it all about? *Quien sabe?* No one alive today knows! Yet, in spite of such questions, the following factors cannot be ignored:

1. *The treasure:* It did and does exist, and in immense quantities.
2. *Time enough to move it out of the Spaniard's reach:* There was ample time, from the moment Montezuma realized the totality of the *Conquistadores'* greed and their true intentions and / or before the Aztecs were conquered many months later.
3. *The ability to move the treasure:* The Aztecs possessed both the skill and the means to move such heavy cargoes across great distances.
4. *The ability to cache the treasure deep within a mountain:* The Aztecs had nothing in more abundant supply than slaves for digging and hiding.

I can only add this: *If you dream big dreams, and if you have the means to back up those dreams, this could very well be the treasure for you to seek!* But remember, White Mountain is located in a harsh land where certain mistakes can cost you your life, and it is no place for a loner. You will need help. You will also need plenty of time and energy, and the ability to sustain hope and the bright luster of your dreams—even in the face of extreme discomforts and repeated disappointments.

But, if you are persistent and extraordinarily lucky, you just might unlock the puzzle to Montezuma's White Mountain Treasure. And if so, you are going to be so rich that you will even be able to afford the confiscatory income taxes you will be forced to pay the government!

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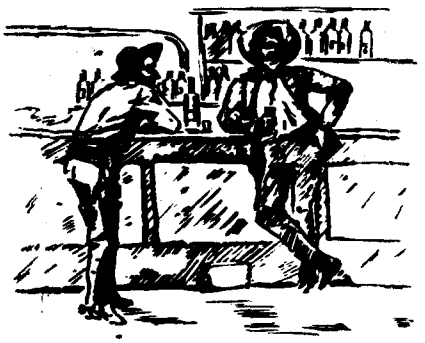
GOOD IN A PINCH



by Clarence M. Fink

The subtitle to this article should read: "Or The Fine Art Of Fleecing Drinking 49ers." There was always a great demand for liquor, and there was no business more important in the Mother Lode country than that of a bartender. Delirium tremors was quite common among the gold miners who endured extremely hard labor, and the long severe toil was a great inducement for them to relax and drink.

The dispenser of drinks at Shaw's Flat, California did quite well for himself. His rotgut whiskey, second-rate at best, was well watered but just enough to stretch its contents without weakening its taste too much. In 1849 a customer at his ramshackle establishment paid for his small glass of liquid refreshment by allowing the bartender to remove a pinch of gold dust from his poke for each drink.

Possessor of a broad thumb, the man behind the bar was an expert at taking a good pinch of gold and spilling a little on the bar top. He was careful not to spill too much so as not to anger his patrons. To tidy his bar top he would brush the spilled gold to the floor behind it. About every hour the bartender would go outside to a wet spring and coat his boots with a sticky, gooey adobe mud and then carefully walk over the spilled gold area.

Then being cautious not to be observed, he washed the mud off his footware discreetly into a large pan. At the end of the day he panned an average of $30, and made three times that much on Sundays and holidays when the crowds gathered to celebrate their days off. ● **RW**

SOURCE:
"Anybody's Gold," by Joseph H. Jackson, New York, 1941.

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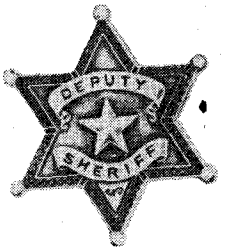

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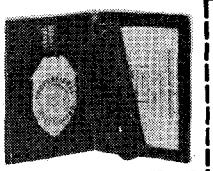

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FORT CRAIG

(continued from page 51)

was confirmed in Richmond, Virginia. Baylor's Babies did open the road along the Rio Grande and paved the way for Sibley to Fort Craig.

In the first year of the Civil War the Confederates made a successful conquest of Fort Fillmore, south of Las Cruces. Canby figured that Sibley's forces would come along the Rio Grande. He accordingly made ready to receive the Confederates. By December 14, 1861 Sibley was at Fort Bliss. He incorporated Baylor and his Babies and all Confederate units in New Mexico into what he called his Army of New Mexico. While he was doing this, Canby was enlarging his forces. The War Department had raised the quota for New Mexico to two regiments of cavalry and two of infantry.

Governor Gilpin of Colorado had already authorized the raising of a company of Infantry to work with General Carleton in the Adjutant's office at Santa Fe for the duration of the war. Another company of the Colorado Volunteers under Captain Theodore H. Dodd hastened to New Mexico and there received orders to march South to Craig. Thus the New Mexico forces at the post were to be aided by the Colorado Volunteers.

And so Sibley came to New Mexico Territory intent on taking it over for the Confederacy. By that time Canby was certain that Sibley had used the Rio Grande. He figured that no attack would come from the Pecos or Canadian Rivers. He marched once more to Fort Craig. The post then had 3,810 troops. Twelve hundred of these were regulars. The others were the volunteers, some 2,600 of the New Mexico Volunteers and the Colorado Volunteers. The New Mexico Volunteers were commanded by Colonel Kit Carson, the famous mountain man, and by Colonel M. E. Pino.

Sibley had also a large force of men, some 3,500 according to Marjorie White writing in the *El Paso Times* in an article entitled, "Fort Craig Was a Major Military Post 30 Years." He did not attack Fort Craig, as he decided it was too well garrisoned.

Canby refused to fight in the open field. He was sure that Fort Craig could survive any attack which Sibley might make. He was also sure that if the Confederates were to keep marching north that they would have to cross the Rio Grande. He decided to surprise the Confederate forces at the ford. He accordingly made plans to meet the enemy at that ford on the Rio Grande. The two forces camped for several nights on opposite banks of the Rio Grande.

On the morning of February 20, 1862 Sibley prepared to cross his troops by the Valverde Forde which was near Fort Craig. The Union forces moved their howitzers to the bank of the great river and fired point blank at the Confederates who were getting ready to cross via the ford. The soldiers of the Union and those of the Confederacy met in hand-to-hand combat in the muddy and icy waters of the Rio Grande.

In the midst of the battle, Canby decided that his left would be a pivot or fulcrum to swing the right and center of his line in order to drive the enemy from its strong position, as they were on the side of the dry channel of the river and the sand hills before it shielded their movements from the Union forces. As soon as Canby gave the order for the Flanking movement, Captain Alexander McRae ordered his battery to swing and moved two hundred yards to the left front. He was supported by Ingraham and Plympton and the Colorado Volunteers.

The command of Colonel Pino were ordered across the river as reserves. This flanking movement by Canby weakened his right wing, and Colonel Tom Green of the Confederates mustered his men into an attack and took over a Union howitzer. The enemy turned this weapon on the advancing Union forces.

Canby was fighting fiercely but his horse was shot from under him. Many of the inexperienced New Mexico Volunteers who had never been in actual battle before took to their heels and fled the field.

For a hundred miles or more blood ran in the waters of the Rio Grande. The Confederates and the Union forces lost about an equal number of men, dead and wounded.

Then Canby sent a flag of truce and asked for time to bury his dead and take care of the wounded. The truce was granted and Canby retreated to Fort Craig.

At the first the Battle of Valverde went to the Union forces, but at the last the victory definitely belonged to the Confederates. But Canby refused to surrender Fort Craig to Sibley, and Sibley knew that the fort was sufficiently garrisoned to withstand an attack. He started for Albuquerque and Santa Fé where resided many southern sympathizers from whom he was sure he could obtain help and supplies. He also planned to cut the supply lines to and from Fort Craig. He entertained the idea that he could literally starve the garrison there into surrender.

Captain Alexander McRae who died fighting for the Union was one of the heroes of the Battle of Valverde.

During the Battle of Valverde Captain James Graydon (known as Paddy, a former saloon and sutler at Fort Buchanan) attempted to invade the camp of the Confederates by sending forth some mules loaded with dynamite, but the noise of the lighted fuses scared the animals so badly that they turned back into the Union camp. When the dynamite exploded, both the Confederates and the Union forces emptied their camps in a hurry. The Confederates thought that the Federals were upon them, and the Union forces were making tracks to get out of the way of the death-loaded mules. As it turned out, the only destruction was that of the mules who were of course blown sky high. For the rest of his life Paddy was kidded over the fiasco.

For the next few weeks a few rations were short at Fort Craig, but no one suffered. And then in April of 1862 came the news that the Confederates had been defeated at Glorietta Pass east of Santa Fe on March 28. Also came the most welcome news that Genereral Carleton with his California Column was enroute to aid the Union forces of New Mexico.

And indeed the California Column under the command of General James Carleton moved into Fort Craig during the summer of 1862. Since the Confederates no longer posed a serious threat to the Territory of New Mexico, General Carleton turned his attention toward halting the depredations of the Apaches who were still marauding throughout the territory.

Since many of the small forts of New Mexico had been abandoned at the outbreak of the Civil War, the troopers at Fort Craig had a wide

(continued on page 70)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

was allowed to vote in tribal affairs.

The Hopi lived in Northwestern Arizona, where there is much snow but little rain. They probably lived here six to eight hundred years prior to the discovery of America. Before the arrival of the Spanish, the villages were located in the valleys, but after 1680 they moved and built villages at the top of the mesa. In 1882 a reservation school was set up for the Indians by the United States government, and the land was divided so each family would have 160 acres. The Oranini, one of the most ancient of these people, refused this and would pull up the surveyors' stakes. This caused the United States to send troops and the Oranini declared war on the United States. After five of their chiefs were captured, they gave up. Among the Hopi the woman is head of the household and owns the farms and springs. When a man marries, he goes into his wife's home and children belong to the wife's or mother's clan. Every Hopi must marry, for it is believed if they do not, they cannot go to the Underworld when they die.

The Pueblos of New Mexico settled near the Rio Grande and other rivers. The major groups are the Laguna, Zuni, Islete, Acoma, Santa Domingo, Taos, Jemez and San Ildefonso. The Acoma are believed to have originated from the Zia pueblo. The village of the Santa Domingo is closely knit, and many of the people will not speak to a stranger or outsider.

On ceremonial days all foreigners must leave the village. The Jemez speak Tewa; at one time there were seven other pueblos speaking this language, but most died out and those left joined the Jemez pueblo. Here all garden work was done by hand. The San Ildefonso pueblo is well known; in 1918 the Pueblo split due to disputes known only to the Indians. Witchcraft is a crime and punishable by death. The Taos pueblo took part in the Indian rebellion of 1680 and fought with the Americans against the Spanish in the war of 1847.

These are but a few of the tribes of this area, and generally the best known. ● **RW**

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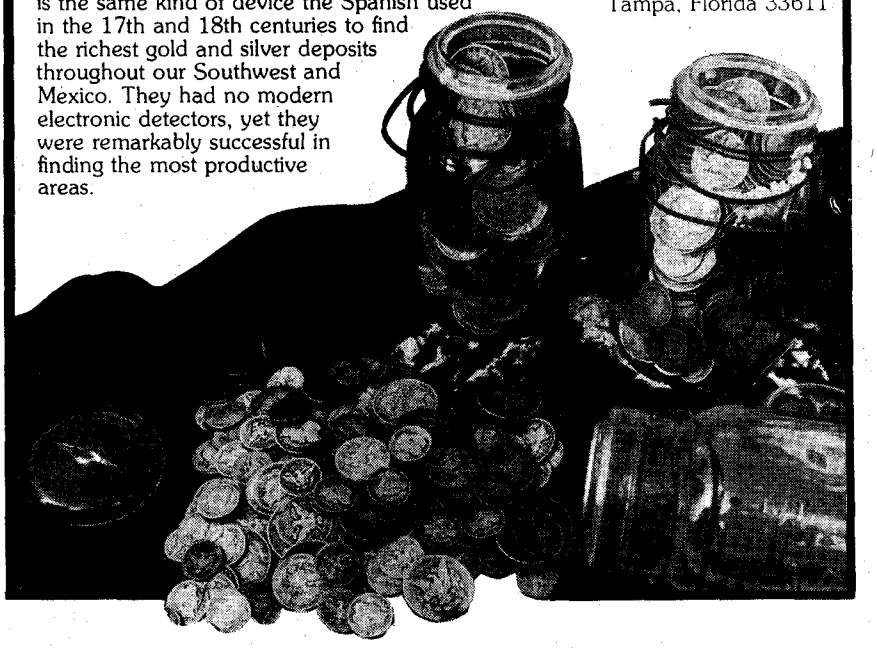

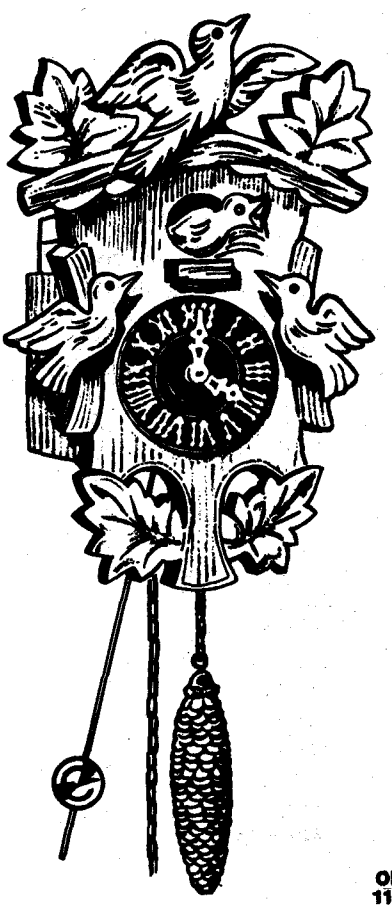

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FORT CRAIG

(continued from page 68)

territory to cover in their all-out campaign against the hostiles. Their campaigns took them from Albuquerque to the border and from the Rio Grande west to the Chiricahua Mountains of Arizona.

General Carleton established six new forts in New Mexico after his arrival. Among them was Fort McRae, established April 3, 1863, and named in honor of the heroic Alenander McRae of Valverde fame. Before coming to New Mexico he had established Fort Bowie in Arizona, one of the most important posts of that territory since it guarded Apache Pass in which were the life-giving springs, Puerto de Dadao.

The soldiers of Fort Craig answered calls for help from the mining camps in the Pinos Altos and the Mogollon Mountains. It was in these parts that the fierce Apache chieftain, Mangas Colorados (Red Sleeves), holed up with his fierce Mimbrenos Apaches.

The Indian Wars in New Mexico continued into the 1880's. During the years 1878 to 1881, Lew Wallace, the most famous and colorful governor of New Mexico Territory, occupied the Governor's Palace in Santa Fe. It was there he finished his famous novel, *Ben Hur,*

Wallace was a brave man; he had been a Major General during the Civil War. When the Indian trouble in New Mexico was at its worst he rode through hostile-infested country in an ambulance to evaluate the trouble. On arriving at his destination he found the bodies of sixteen white people who had been killed by the Apaches. He returned to Santa Fe the same way he had come, and one of his party shot an Apache warrior enroute. The shield of the warrior was given to Wallace, and he kept it until his death.

During the Indian wars in New Mexico, the Apaches were so bold as to attack Fort Craig. This happened on July 4, 1863. The greater part of the garrison was absent from the post on a scouting trip. Only a small detail was at the post, and that detail was busy celebrating the 4th by drinking whiskey. The Indians, who knew that the soldiers were drinking, crept upon the fort expecting to find the garrison too drunk to fight. But it so happened that the soldiers had drunk just enough to give them extra courage, and so the little detail, fighting furiously, drove off the Apaches.

By the end of the 1860's and well into the '70's the garrison at Fort Craig was drastically reduced, for by that time many of the Indians had been placed on reservations. But in 1877 Chief Victorio of the Apaches decided to go on a rampage. This he proceeded to do, and once more New Mexico Territory was harassed by the hostiles. At that time there were only fifteen black soldiers and a few Indians at Fort Craig. But as the raids of Victorio increased in violence, reinforcements were rushed to the post. Also at that time the post became the storage center for all of Southern New Mexico and Fort Bliss at El Paso, Texas.

Although Victorio was finally killed in Mexico, Geronimo, Nana, Ju and other chieftains took up the torch from his failing hands and dealt New Mexico plenty of misery for the next few years.

It was in the year 1876 that Captain Jack Crawford, known as the Poet-Scout, came to Fort Craig as chief of scouts for the army. With his wife and daughter he ran the post office and general store. When the War Department decided to abandon Fort Craig in 1885, Captain Jack was appointed custodian. For almost 20 years he maintained a home near the old post. He wrote poetry and plays and appeared many times on the stage. He had earned his fame as a scout in the Sioux Campaign. He was the last resident of Fort Craig. He moved to New York after leaving the old post, and it was in that state that he passed away in 1917.

Lee Myers' notes which I used to describe the physical plant of Fort Craig, also hold the details of his personal visit to the ruins of the old post in 1960. I quote them below.

"I visited the site of old Fort Craig on Sunday, June 5, 1960. Nothing left but a few adobe and lava rock ruins. Part of the walls and the underground portions of the three warehouses which are referred to in inspection reports as the casements still exist in a fair state of preservation. The wall or parapet is the most unusual part of the ruins, surrounding the site except on the river side. The parapet resembles a dike, built for flood control, in both size and appearance. It was built mostly of native earth taken from the ground outside and adjacent to it, forming a ditch or moat, next to it. The dike is composed of both dirt and the rounded gravel of the plain. A great amount of work must have been required to build it.

I found what may have been the sutler's store judging from the broken bottles. I also found what I believe to have been the inn, also with a large amount of broken bottles. Those bottle fragments had the unmistakable top formed by hand with the seam quite visible.

"There is a geological survey bench mark near the site of the sutler's store which reads 'Craig, R. G. elevation 1,950.'

"I found a Mr. and Mrs. Magee near the site, hunting spent bullets, both of them having a small handful of them, every conceivable calibre, one a pistol bullet that was about ¾ inch in diameter. The Magees were about half a mile northwest of the fort site, which they said was the site of the Battle of Valverde. Keleher in TURMOIL IN NEW MEXICO also says it was fought on the west side of the Rio Grande.

"Several miles north, however, and next to the highway is located the monument dedicated to the Confederates killed in the battle.

It reads:

In Memory of
Texas Mounted Volunteers,
Sibleys' Brigade C. S. A.
Lieut. Col. 7th Regt.
S. A. Lockridge
Major 5th Regt.
M. Heuvel
Capt. 4th Regt.
And all unknown soldiers
Killed in the Battle of Valverde
Feb. 21; 1862
Erected by Texas Division
United Daughters of the
Confederacy.
June 1, 1936

And so only the name and the crumbling ruins of Fort Craig remain. It is now silent and lifeless but once it stood proudly on the Rio Grande, vital and staunch. There was fought the important battle of Valverde. There, the Confederate attempt to invade New Mexico was thwarted by its brave troopers in blue. There also, the troopers eventually crushed the Indian barrier in New Mexico Territory. It hastened civilization for all of the southwest. Let it not be forgotten that it had its day in the sun. Its past glory will never die so long as there is a New Mexico. ●RW

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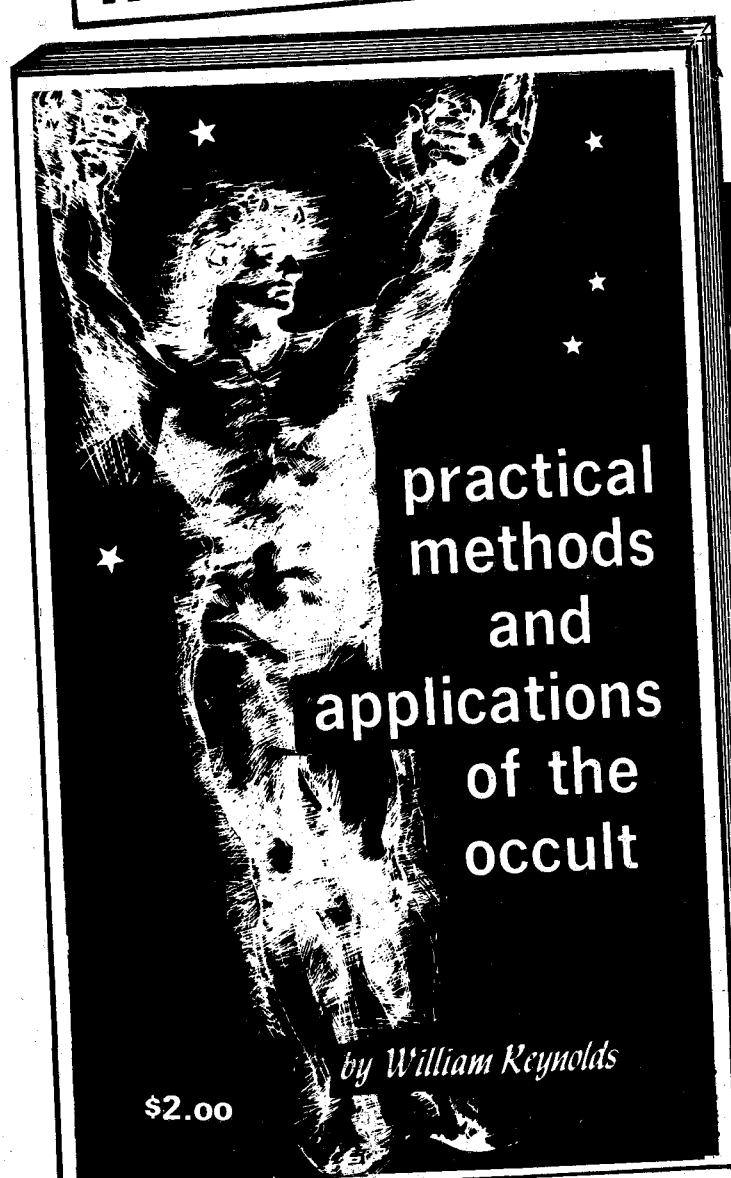

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BROWNING AND BRADY

(continued from page 17)

Soon they found the store which had rented them. The store owner was shown a photograph taken of the dead robber and he identified it as one of the men who had rented the bicycles. Captain Lees and his men then showed the photo to a number of people in the neighborhood and finally found someone who identified the dead man as being Sam Browning, an ex-con who lived on Golden Gate Avenue. Further investigation by Captain Lees revealed that Browning's best friend was another ex-convict named Jack Brady who had disappeared a week before. As Brady's description fit that of the second train robber and the murderer of Sheriff Bogard, wanted flyers were issued for his arrest and circulated throughout the state.

Brady, however, had dropped out of sight and for the next four months somehow managed to elude capture. Then, on July 25, 1895, he entered Phil Reihl's grocery store in Freeport, a small town ten miles south of Sacramento. After making a small purchase, he stopped to pick up and read a newspaper. Reihl, who was wrapping up the stranger's order, noticed that something in the newspaper caused the customer to become very excited. After reading for a few moments, he threw down the paper and rushed out of the store.

Reihl, curious about the man's strange actions, picked up the newspaper and was shocked to see that the article he had been reading was about a clue lawmen had uncovered as to the whereabouts of train robber Jack Brady. Reihl immediately telephoned the county sheriff in Sacramento who dispatched Deputy Sheriffs W. A. Johnson and Alexander McDonald to pick up the stranger for questioning. Johnson and McDonald went to Freeport where they began a search for the stranger. At eight the following morning they spotted him sitting under a bridge outside the town of Richland, seventeen miles from Sacramento.

The two deputies closed in on Brady, covered him with their guns, and ordered him to put up his hands. Although his shotgun was within easy reach, Brady made no attempt to use it and surrendered peacefully.

Taken to jail at Sacramento, Brady at first denied being a train robber, but when his shotgun was identified as being the one taken from the messenger during the Wheatland holdup, he made a full confession of his criminal activities. He then led Wells Fargo Detective John Thacker and other officers to the spot near Sacramento where he and Browning had buried the loot from their first train robbery. Much to his surprise, the loot was missing from its cache. After a long search Thacker dug up about $8,000 of the treasure nearby, but no trace of the rest of it could be found.

Brady was placed in the Yuba County jail at Marysville where he was tried for the murder of Sheriff Bogard. On November 27, 1895, he was convicted of first degree murder and sentenced to life in the state prison at Folsom where he remained until his death in the 1920's.

Wells Fargo detectives were completely baffled by the mysterious disappearance of the treasure from the Davisville robbery. It was not until the following year that they were to discover the amazing details of the loot's disappearance.

On October 11, 1894, the night of the Davisville train holdup, an old hobo known as Carl the Tramp was sleeping in the tules near the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks outside of Sacramento. Carl awoke briefly to see two men digging in the ground some distance away and then he went back to sleep. In the morning Carl investigated the area where the men had been digging and soon dug up four canvas bags.

Curious, the old hobo opened one of the bags and a surge of excitement swept through him. The sack was crammed full of double eagles. In a frenzy, he began counting the money and soon realized that he had found over $50,000. Carl had no idea who owned the money or where it was from, and he didn't care. He told himself that he had been dirt poor all his life and now he had struck it rich and was going to make the best of it.

Taking as much of the money as he could, Carl re-buried the remainder, about $8,000, nearby and then beat his way to San Francisco. Here he outfitted himself in an elegant suit of clothes, rented a suite in one of the city's finest hotels, and deposited his fortune in a bank account.

Assuming the name of Carl Herman, he soon became a well known and popular sporting man. He dined regularly in the finest restaurants, drank in fashionable saloons, and made frequent trips to the racetrack to bet on the horses. Dressed in the height of fashion, with a derby hat, kid gloves, and diamond jewelry and wearing a monocle and a drooping grey moustache, Carl presented a dashing figure. He made many new friends and told his acquaintances that a relative of his had died in Germany and left him a small fortune.

Carl spent his money recklessly. One night he hosted an expensive dinner in one of San Francisco's costliest restaurants, and at another time he took a sightseeing trip to the east. He loaned large amounts of money to his new-found friends and for well over a year had the time of his life.

Then, on February 7, 1896, Carl was arrested in a saloon on Howard Street by Wells Fargo Detectives John Thacker and John White and taken to the office of Chief Detective Jim Hume. That morning, an informant had tipped Hume about Carl the Tramp's mysterious wealth.

Under questioning, Carl said that his real name was John P. Harms and admitted that he had found the money near Sacramento. He told Hume that he had only $2,000 left — he had spent the rest in his wild spree in San Francisco.

Harms, alias Carl the Tramp, was charged with theft and taken to Sacramento to stand trial. He was convicted and sentenced to three years in the state penitentiary.

The old hobo never regretted what he had done. Before entering prison he told reporters, "The only thing I regret is that they did not let me alone long enough to spend it all. I had a great time, indeed, before they found me out." ●**RW**

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STORY BEHIND THE SONG

(continued from page 21)

never realized, dream of finally returning to a long unseen home, a family—and most of all, an anxious mother.

By the first verse:

"A group of jolly cowboys, discussing plans at ease.
Says one, I'll tell you something, boys, if you will listen please.
I'm an old cowpuncher and here I'm dressed in rags,
I used to be a tough one and go on great big jags.
But I've got a home, boys, a good one you all know,
Although I have not seen it since long, long ago.
I'm going back to Dixie once more to see them all:
I'm going back to see my mother when the work's all done this fall."

It is unlikely that this played-out Charlie would have ever gotten back home to see his mother even if death hadn't vetoed his intentions. Punchers of his type usually couldn't hold onto money for any length of time.

They drank up their pay at frontier saloons, lost it to gamblers lying in wait for their pathetic kind, or found themselves "cleaned out" by saloon strumpets. Then began again the desperate routine of "riding the grub line" from range to range, finding a temporary job here, another there.

A proabale majority wound up as barroom derelicts in contemptuous cowtowns. Others drifted into places like Denver and Kansas City where they became perpetual, unrescued clients of religious rescue groups like the Salvation Army.

More men than we will ever know, like Charlie of the ballad, died on the range. Their scant possessions would be sent to relatives of any known names and addresses. Otherwise, whatever they owned would be divided among the dead man's current friends or saddlemates.

But in this rare instance, the victim lives long enough to make oral bequests. By a later improved version of some unidentified balladeer:

"Fred, you take my saddle, George you take my bed (meaning blankets)
Bill, you take my pistol after I am dead.
And think of me kindly when you look upon them all,
For I'll not see my mother when the work's all done this fall."

Followed by this verse of sorrowful imagery:

"Poor Charlie was buried at sunrise, no tombstone at his head,
Nothing but a little board, and this is what it said:
'Charlie died at daybreak, he died from a fall,'
And he'll not see his mother when the work's all done this fall."

By text, this ballad fits right into the pattern of cowboy lamentations for the dead. By tune it is a contradiction of sentiment versus sound. It hits the ear more like an old time saloon or political campaign song than a dirge.

The author would tell John White that he had originally set the verses to the tune of "After the Ball Is Over" a mournfully rendered stage lyric popular during the late eighteen - nineties. John A. Lomax, America's great authority on rangeland numbers, would say cautiously that the words of "When the Work's All Done This Fall" are sometimes sung to the tune of 'After the Ball Is Over' " when he published it in Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads, second edition (Macmillan, 1938).

At the same time, Mr. Lomax noted that the White - O'Malley song, which he notated in the key of D, was to be sung "in ballad style moderately fast" and did not use the melody from "After the Ball," but instead used a more spirited tune in four - four time.

This melody, as we know it from discs and notated collections of folk music, bears a strong resemblance to many drinking songs of Germany and the British Isles. If you were not listening to the words, you could almost hear the click of steins being hoisted by convivial souls. Particularly, in certain passages one gets the feel from the music of some old dark beer cellar with customers singing while half - drunk.

The tune consists of two different musical sections or phrases. One, called for convenience Phrase A, has two measures and a comical sort of octave skip for the voice. This buffoon skip is often used in parodies of country music. You can hear it on the latest popular TV "country shows" of light character.

The second part, Phrase B, follows a normal pattern of cowboy songs and contains two measures leading into a return to Phrase A; this time it modifies the octave into a skip of only six tones. Finally, there is a return to the first part, with a small change for an ending.

What detracts from the seriousness of the song, giving it a beer hall or humorous touch, is the incongruously fast tempo plus the voice drop in two places, almost as if the cowboy singer were making fun of the words. Or as if he were singing them tongue in cheek while boozed up.

Yet cowhands would never knowingly sing parodies of motherhood or of death. One was to be commemorated by reverence, the other by sorrow. Everything seems to indicate that some old German or British drinking song may have been used as a model, though "When the Work's All Done This Fall" could be an innocent adaptation of an adaptation. Somebody may have put respectable words to one of those bawdy old numbers. That derived song could have reached the Western cow country and furnished the tune for what is the strangest sounding of all the cowboy elegies.

The spirited version of the song has always been an especial favorite in Texas, particularly among that now remnant breed of old time cowboys. Punchers on temporary duty in Montana probably carried it back to the Lone Star State during the last decade of the nineteenth century.

For many years the name of the original composer of the words was as much a mystery as the source of the tune.

The identity of the author became lost after the song passed into what folklorists call "the oral tradition". The more changes and improvisations made by individual singers and players, the more difficulty in tracing the man to whom credit was due. The ballad never faded into oblivion, even if its composer almost did.

It is fitting that that great pioneer in the folk field, Mr. Lomax, a Texan, published the words, minus the tune, in his premier edition of *Cowboy Songs* dated 1910. The first phonograph recording (instrumental without words) using the fast "beer hall" version of the tune, was done by Fiddlin' John Carson on the Okeh label in 1921. Four years later, a Texas vocalist, Carl Sprague, recorded it for Victor with nearly a million copies sold. The Sprague rendition was later in-

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cluded in a song collection: RCA - Victor Vintage Record LPV 522, entitled *Authentic Cowboys and Their Western Folksongs,* released during 1965.

Other recordings would follow. In 1927 the words appeared with music in Carl Sandburg's famous work, *The American Songbag.* The tune supplied by Lomax from the Texas cowboys closely resembles the one utilized by Sandburg.

An infamous sort of happening would finally identify the old cowboy, "Kid White", whom most authorities now believe to have been the author of the words.

During 1929, the now defunct F. B. Haviland Publishing Company of New York published "When the Work's All Done This Fall". One "R. O. Mack", actually a "house name" rather than that of an actual person, was listed as the author of both words and music. The whole thing was a cheap steal, since the Haviland song sheet was a copy (word for word and note for note) of the version published by Sandburg.

In 1931 an ethical firm, still existent, Carl Fischer, Inc., would publish a sheet music arrangement by a Texas composer yet living, David Guion. In 1932 John White went to New York from the West and began a career as a radio ballad singer.

A fine musical scholar, Mr. White was also interested in the history of Western balladry. During 1932, he happened to see in an issue of *Western Story Magazine,* now extinct, a protesting letter from one D. J. O'Malley of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, claiming authorship of "When the Work's All Done This Fall", and denouncing the fictitious R. O. Mack, and calling attention to his version, which the magazine published in full.

Excitedly, John White established contact with his ex - namesake, Kid White, now going by the legal name of O'Malley since his marriage to a Wisconsin girl, Mary Manchester, in 1909. The retired old cowboy - balladeer had followed a number of occupations since his departure from the range in 1901.

He had been a deputy sheriff, deputy stock inspector, and a prison guard in Montana; a local officer in Aberdeen, South Dakota; a trolley operator in Minneapolis. Currently, he was raising raspberries in Wisconsin while also "working in a factory that made tires for the machine that put the horse out of business".

Basically, Dominick John O'Malley was one more unhorsed old cowboy.

John White put him back in the stirrup.

From personally examining O'Malley's scrap books and back issues of the *Stock Growers Journal,* the young Westerner accepted the old Westerner's claim to authorship of the controversial ballad — not only of "When the Work's All Done This Fall," but of still other well - known ballads that had been circulating around anonymously all these years.

White began presenting O'Malley's claims to John Lomax, then America's foremost authority on cowboy balladry. Cautious by nature, Mr. Lomax finally gave recognition of a tentative sort to that colorful old wrangler out in Wisconsin.

That 1938 edition of *Cowboy Songs* carried Lomax's statement:

"D. J. O'Malley claims to be the author of this song," but added that another text had been "supplied" by one Lee Lytton of Fort Worth, Texas, with Mr. Lytton asserting "that the song originated on the Spotted Wood Trail, 140 miles out of Deadwood in Wyoming, and was based on an actual happening."

Another eminent Western cultural figure, J. Frank Dobie, was contemptuous of O'Malley's claims, declaring that the ballad had been composed by a Texan named Marshall Johnson to commemorate the death by stampede of a cowboy called "Arkansaw" on the Bosque River near Waco in 1870.

Folklorists are always fussing about the original authorship of this or that ballad or legend. Lomax did mention in his book that O'Malley had published his celebrated song in the *Stock Growers Journal.* The claims for Messrs. Lytton and Johnson rest upon unsubstantiated tradition, unless something to the contrary turns up in some dusty attic or rusty old trunk. Otherwise the major presumption of authorship must be accorded D. J. O'Malley.

Still other O'Malley ballads, first printed anonymously, were done to recordings and sheet music after that hassle about his best known work. One of these is "Charlie Rutledge", O'Malley's title having been "A Cowboy's Dream." That famous American composer, Charles Ives, later a Pulitzer prize winner, thought enough of it to publish a complex piano and voice arrangement in 1921 under the imprint of G. Schirmer, Inc.

Sad to say, this or that musical entrepreneur made a sizable fortune from the sale of O'Malley's compositions. Because he had never known anything about copyright procedures, he received not a penny.

His only reward for anything he ever wrote was a five - dollar hat given him by the *Stock Growers Journal* for a humorous poem, "The D - 2 Horse Wrangler," published during his beginning years as a rhymester. This effort is also to be found in those lists of records called discographies, but under two titles, *The Tenderfoot,* and *The Horse* Wrangler.

Eventually, O'Malley fell back on that last prop of elderly people: the old age pension. His application added still another fillip to his rugged personal epic. For a check of records made by the Wisconsin pension department showed that he had not been born in San Angelo, Texas, as he had proudly thought, but in his natural father's "up east" home town, New York City.

Muchly honored through the continued dedication of John White, he died at age seventy - five in Eau Claire on March 6, 1943.

One of his daughters took his remains back to Montana where they belonged. Six saddled pallbearers followed the hearse to Custer County cemetery in Miles City. At that time he had been the only survivor of the state's first big roundup held in 1881, sixty - two years before.

Today he rests beside other old wranglers with whom he fought wolves and wrestled longhorns along ranges of the Yellowstone River not far away. Finally, O'Malley of the Kid White road brand had come home, work "all done," even if in winter rather than fall. ●**RW**

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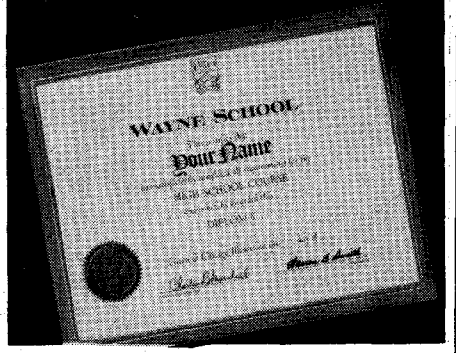

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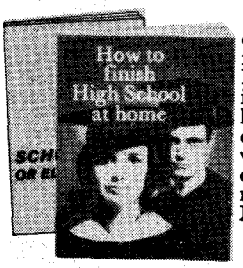

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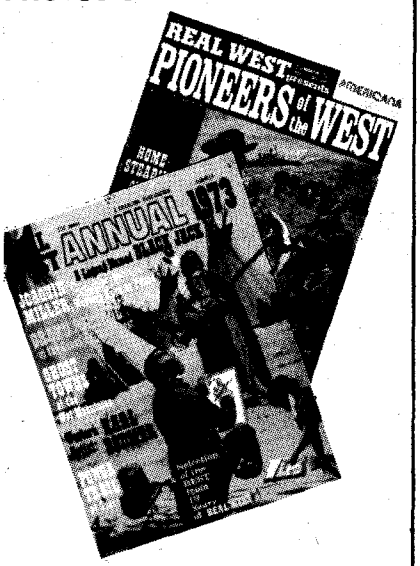

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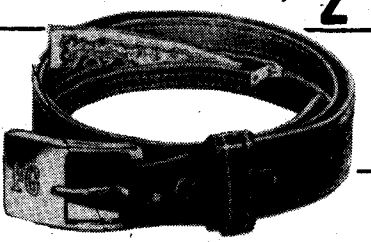

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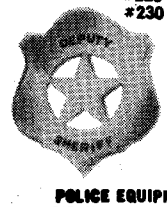

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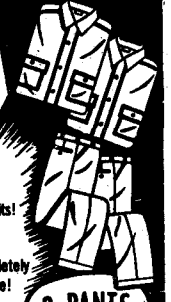

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RIDING HIGH ON THE CONCORD

(continued from page 11)

Miller lashing his horses.

An article in the February 19, 1878 issue of the Reese River *Reveille* relates the story of a traveling magician in Austin who, during the evening's performance, asked a member of the audience to secure a watch and chain for him. The plan was to shoot it out of a blunderbuss and then return it to the owner in perfect condition. Pat Lemmon, a miner's son, started up the aisle with a watch when he realized he was carrying Miller's watch. "I've changed my mind. You can't use this one. I wouldn't allow any man to shoot Jim Miller's big watch out of a blunderbuss," the boy exclaimed. "It just wouldn't be safe."

At the present time, the watch and chain are in the Wells Fargo museum in San Francisco.

Historians record that Emma Wixom, who went to Europe to study grand opera, was one of Miller's most famous passengers. She later returned to America and was known all over the world as the celebrated Emma Nevada. Another famous passenger who traveled extensively by stagecoach was Lola Montez. Her husband usually accompanied her as well as a Wells Fargo messenger to guard against highway perils.

The traditional accolade presented by Wells Fargo to brave men for capturing bandits or successfully fighting off and killing holdup men was most always a gold watch or a handsome rifle.

Such a token of gratitude was presented to Stephen Venard who killed three bandits as they tried to hold up and rob the North San Juan coach. He was awarded $3000 and a beautiful Henry rifle engraved with a drawing of the exploit and inscription — "for his gallant conduct, May 16, 1866".

Wells Fargo was plagued with banditry early in its history, and it cost them a pretty penny. In an 1884 record book of expenditures the following is listed:

Stage robberies - 313
Attempted robberies - 34
Amount of treasure stolen and replaced - $415,312.55
Rewards paid - $73,451.00
Salaries of guards and special officers $326,417.00

Total cost to Wells Fargo for eight teams and 347 stage drivers in 14 years, $905,259.55.

Their policy, which they religiously followed, was to pay each shipper for any money lost, no matter how large the amount. Then the company located the box and the bandit and always rewarded men who saved shipments. If the man who rode shotgun beside the stage driver bravely defended the valuables and was not killed, he was always given a gold watch with his name and occasion engraved inside the case. No doubt there are many Wells Fargo testimonial watches scattered in various parts of the West.

Another dandy was James E. Johnston who liked gaudy waistcoats. In addition, he was known throughout California for his unique habit of wearing a new pair of fine kid gloves on every run. High beaver hats were a favorite among drivers, too.

Some historians regard Hank Monk as California's most celebrated stage-coach driver. Undoubtedly, he was master of the reins with no equal, with the possible exception of Charlie Parkhurst. It is perhaps true that much of Hank's fame was due to various accounts of his prowess in the box as written by Mark Twain and Artemus Ward.

The famous story of how Hank drove Horace Greely from Carson City to Placerville and got him there on time to keep a speaking engagement was told and retold throughout the United States.

At the onset of the journey, Greely impressed upon Hank the need for a fast trip. Once the Sierra summit was passed and the precipitous descent begun, Greeley's desire for a rapid journey was replaced by an alarmed concern for his safety. The huge Concord skidded and lurched around each narrow, abrupt curve, tossing its occupant about like a peanut on a griddle. To each frightened plea for caution, Hank shouted nonchalantly, "Keep yore seat, Horace, I'll get you there in time."

A bruised, thoroughly shaken up Greeley never forgave Hank for scaring him witless and for upsetting his dignity. A few years after this episode, when Greeley was nominated for president, a campaign advisor sent Hank an apologetic letter in Greeley's name, a suit of expensive broadcloth, and a fine gold watch. Hank never wore the suit; he preferred his old, faded corduroy outfit and a battered old Stetson hat.

His route over the Sierras was one of the toughest in the West, which caused one of his passengers (a legislator) to remark that it took more talent to drive a stage down the Sierras than to be a member of Congress. During the severe winters, snowdrifts often 30 feet deep blotted out every familiar landmark, and small avalanches thundered down steep hillsides obliterating the road.

Hank had a habit of talking to his horse, not just one, but all six of them. He must have carried on some rather unique conversations with the animals, especially when he "was in his cups" which was a regular occurrence due to his weakness for whiskey.

The drinking habit forced his early retirement after two spectacular downgrade accidents. Reluctant to continue accepting handouts from generous friends, Hank hocked the "Greeley" watch to pay his saloon bill and re-establish his drinking credit. In fact the timepiece was more often in the pawnshop than in his possession, but at the time of his death in 1883 he had the watch.

Hank was buried in the fancy suit, but once again the gold watch had to be pawned in order to pay the funeral expenses.

On April 30, 1938 an E Clampus Vitus chapter erected a plaque in Placerville which reads,

To Remember Hank Monk
The World's Greatest Reinsman
Who Drove
Horace Greeley from Carson City
to here in 1859
Making the 109 miles in 10 hours.
Dedicated by E Clampus Vitus April 30, 1938

Progress via the railroads brought the romantic era of the stagecoach to an end, and its heroes, the colorful drivers, had to find other ways of displaying their talents. ● **RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Reese River Reveille for July 1866.
The Saga of Wells Fargo, by Beebe and Clegg
Gold Rushes and Mining Camps of the Early American West, by Fisher and Holmes
The Book of the West, by Charles Chilton, Wells Fargo Brochure published by Wells Fargo Bank 1963.

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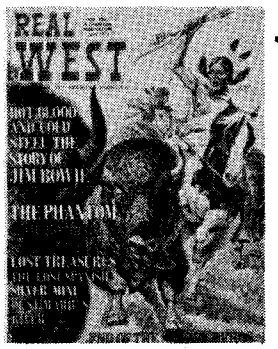

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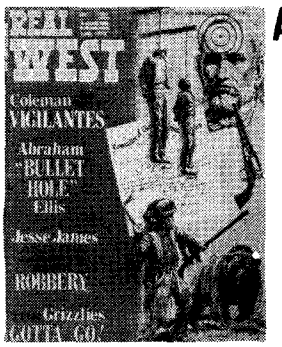

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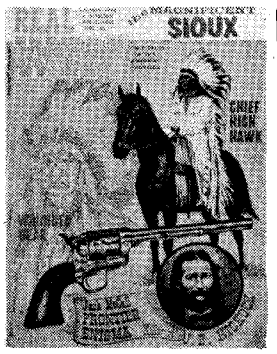

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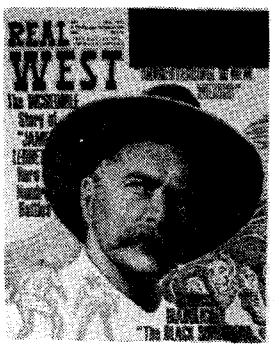

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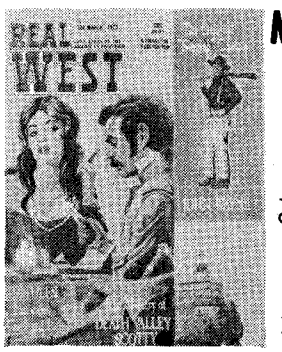

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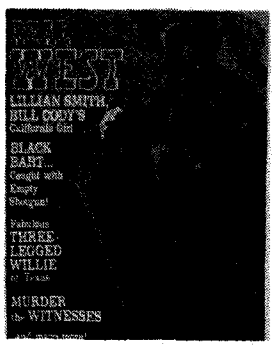

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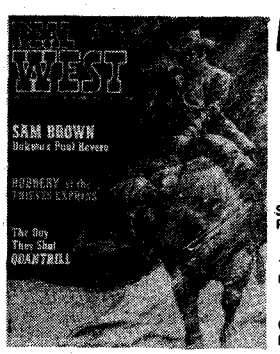

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

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This year, when many communities are celebrating anniversaries and the country is beginning to prepare for its bicentennial, it occurred to me that the general preparation of historical collections might well uncover useful material relating to postal history. The celebrations might also encourage older residents to write down or discuss what they remember about early communications.

I would deeply appreciate it if you could publish a brief notice of my search for this sort of information. While the project is not approved or supported in any way by the United States Government, all material collected will be passed on to the Division of Philately and Postal History of the Smithsonian.

Thank you very much indeed for any help you can give.

Sincerely yours,
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LIKES REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading my April **REAL WEST.** As always I enjoyed it very much. I have subscribed to it for years. I really like "Real West Movie Hall of Fame." As a young girl I have liked Westerns and I still do on TV. As a kid I used to go every Saturday to the old Pastime Theater. Once I walked 18 blocks to town to see Charles Starrett in a parade, and as a girl of 14 I remember thinking he was the most handsome man. How about some articles on Jack and Tim Holt and Richard Dix. I will never forget a movie I saw, I think the name was *Arizona,* when all the shooting and smoke died away the only one standing was Richard Dix. Who could ever forget *Cimarron* or *Stingaree?* I'm sure, for all they have, kids today do not get the thrill we did on Saturday with a dime for a show and, if we were lucky, another dime for popcorn. Every issue of **REAL WEST** is really good, this one was extra good. Thanks for the memories.

Cecile Johnson
P.O. Box 342
Tijeras, New Mexico 87059

PAT GARRETT

Dear Sirs,

I have just finished reading your column in the May 73 issue of REAL WEST and wish to do some little bit of commenting on your answer to Mr. B. Cozzens of Pine Bluff, Arkansas concerning his inquiry about Pat Garrett. I wish to say in opening the argument that I was a bit disappointed in you when you had to emphasize that Pat Garrett died under circumstances never satisfactorily explained. The circumstances are pretty well explained and very well documented also, except maybe to one who may think that Pat Garrett was Jesus Christ himself. Pat Garrett was just a shade lower than Billy the Kid whom he killed for glory and prestige.

I suggest that you take a good look (and read also) the story in the June - July 1972 issue of **FRONTIER TIMES** titled "Some Facts about Wayne Brazel", by Jack Carter. Also take a real good look at "The Untold Saga of Pat Garrett" by Earl Seavers in the April 1973 issue of **FRONTIER WEST.**

I have spent a little bit of my life in New Mexico, especially in the area of Las Cruces. I have delved into the history of the affair of Pat Garrett killing the Kid and I have asked a lot of questions of people who knew Pat Garrett. They all tell me the (essentially) same thing: That he killed the Kid for glory and prestige and that he was shot by Wayne Brazel when Brazel contested his right to make him vacate his (Garrett's) ranch, which Brazel had leased.

It is a well known fact also that Brazel was cleared by a coroner's jury in Las Cruces, and that the coroner found that Garrett was shot twice in front and not once from the back, which throws out the old story that Pat Garrett was shot from ambush. If there were any cartridge cases found at any place where Garrett could have been ambushed (which I seriously doubt ever happened), they were put there by someone who was a friend of Garrett and probably found by someone else who was his friend in order to concoct a bushwhack story in order to keep down the actual story of his death.

I read an account last winter (1971-72) in a western story magazine which stated that Garrett was shot from ambush by Jim Miller, a hired Killer from Texas. This was the very first story of this nature that I have found, and until the day of his lynching in Ada, Oklahoma, Jim Miller denied that he shot Garrett.

Under close investigation such as I have done, along with several others, the only story which will stand up against the facts that Brazel killed Garrett, except for a handful of people who remain in the Garrett camp, is the accepted story in New Mexico. Wayne Brazel was not a braggart nor a showoff and did not brag about killing Garrett as Garrett bragged about killing the Kid. Therefore, the only explanation for his story being covered up is the fact that Pat's friends made their voices heard with their bushwhack story — a story which does not make any kind of sense at all, besides being ridiculous, and is not logical in any way. There is only one explanation that will stand up and that is the one I have stated and, under the circumstances, it is the only one I can accept.

PAT GARRETT WAS KILLED BY WAYNE BRAZEL AND BY NOBODY ELSE AND BRAZEL SHOT HIM FROM THE FRONT AND NOT FROM AMBUSH. Please print this so the world can draw their own conclusions. It is time this matter was cleared up. Garrett was a thug and not one bit better than Billy the Kid, and this will all be found out in due time by anyone wishing to investigate just a little bit.

Thank you very much
Herb Book
P.O. Box 171
Elk City, Idaho 83525

You are entitled to your opinion. Space will be given to anyone who cares to rebut.

•RW

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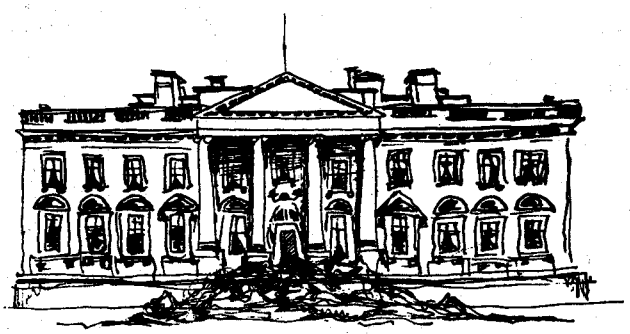

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Secretly written in the Orient the contents of this amazing "how-to" picture book was shipped to Hawaii, where it was printed under cover away from prying eyes, then sent to the U. S. for limited distribution to those who agree to apply KUNG-FU ONLY FOR SELF-DEFENSE! If you were fortunate enough to be able to go to China, Hong Kong or Hawaii to take this amazing course—and were willing to pay $500 or even $1,000 to your KUNG-FU Master—you would be refused, because KUNG-FU secrets are NEVER taught to strangers or outsiders! Because KUNG-FU is deadly beyond imagination (and since *attack* as well as *defense* is taught) only a small limited edition has been printed. Frankly we don't want just everybody to learn these secret maneuvers.

KUNG-FU will NOT be sold in any store, and is available ONLY by mail to serious students who must vow NEVER to use it as an aggresor—but only as self-defense to protect himself, his friends and family. We don't ever want a criminal or hoodlum to be able to buy it because of its deadly power.

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Become a NEW MAN!

Our streets aren't safe today. Crime increases daily. You no longer have to be helpless, ashamed or humiliated—and look pitiful in the eyes of your friends. Protect yourself, your family, your girl friend from hoodlums and *wisecracking bullies.* With KUNG-FU you can use the hidden power that lies within you to master every situation! You'll laugh as you send bullies and criminals flying in terror, and you'll walk the streets happy, calm and confident in your new power! And you'll do all this without working up a sweat or even spoiling the crease in your trousers. That's because brilliantly executed KUNG-FU requires NO bodily contact . . . virtually NO physical exertion . . . and almost NO application of your body or hands! And yet KUNG-FU can be *deadly, crippling* and *disastrous* to any unfortunate opponent who is foolish enough to threaten you with ANY other technique, such as punching, Savate, Judo, Wrestling, etc! Yes, with the confidence that KUNG-FU can give you, you can walk the streets with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you . . . that you can deal with ANY man, ANY weapon, ANY situation! Your friends and loved ones will be proud of you with your new power.

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It was originally decided to offer the complete KUNG-FU instruction at $10.00—a TREMENDOUS bargain at that price. However, to make it available to good citizens who want to use these secret maneuvers for self-defense and to help combat the ever-increasing crime rate, we are making KUNG-FU available now at *the amazingly low price of just* $3.98. If you and your friends don't say that KUNG-FU has made a NEW MAN out of you, every cent you have paid will be refunded without question! Don't even bother returning the KUNG-FU book. Just tear off the front cover and mail back to us for a full, no questions asked refund. We'll take your word for it. MAIL COUPON NOW! AIR MAIL reaches us overnight.

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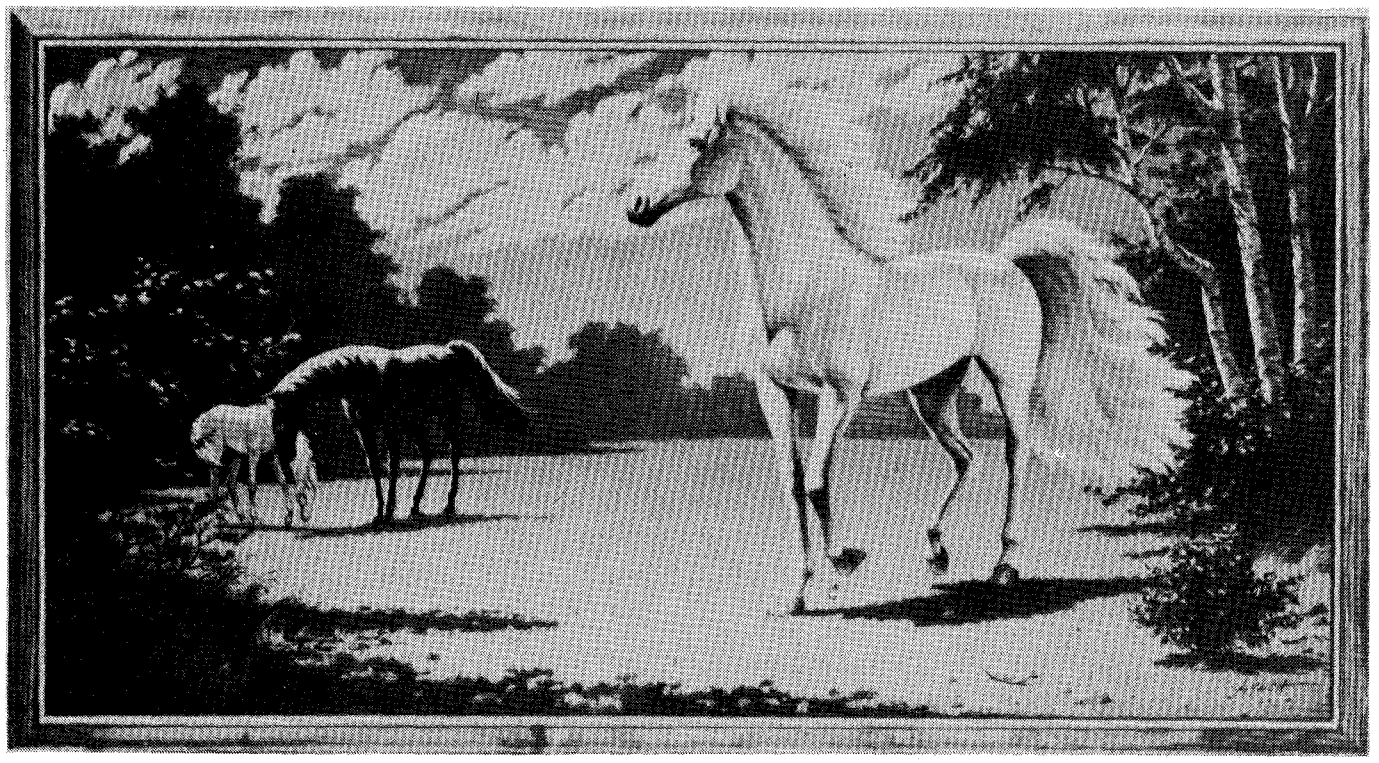

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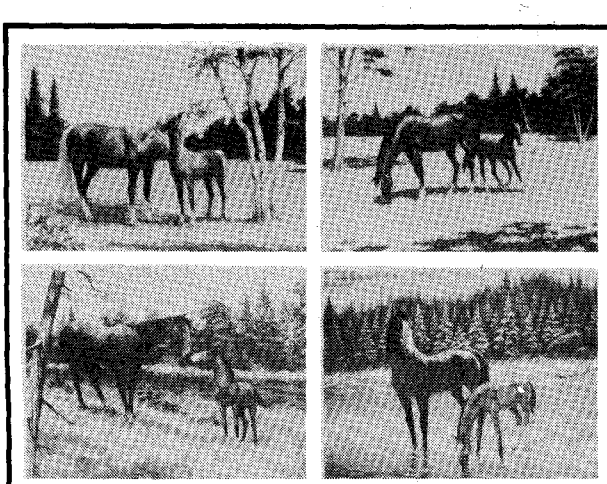

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